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Monsieur De St. Evremont

THE WORKS OF MONSIEUR *DE ST. EVREMOND*,

Made *Engliſh* from the *French* Original.

WITH

The AUTHOR'S LIFE,

BY

Mr. DES MAIZEAUX.

To which are added,

The MEMOIRS of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN, written in her Name by the Abbot *St. Real*, &c.

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON,
Printed for *J. Churchill* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, *J. Darby* in *Bartholomew-Cloſe*, *J. Round* in *Exchange-Alley*, *E. Curll* and *R. Goſling* againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*, and *T. Baker* in *Ludgate-ſtreet*.
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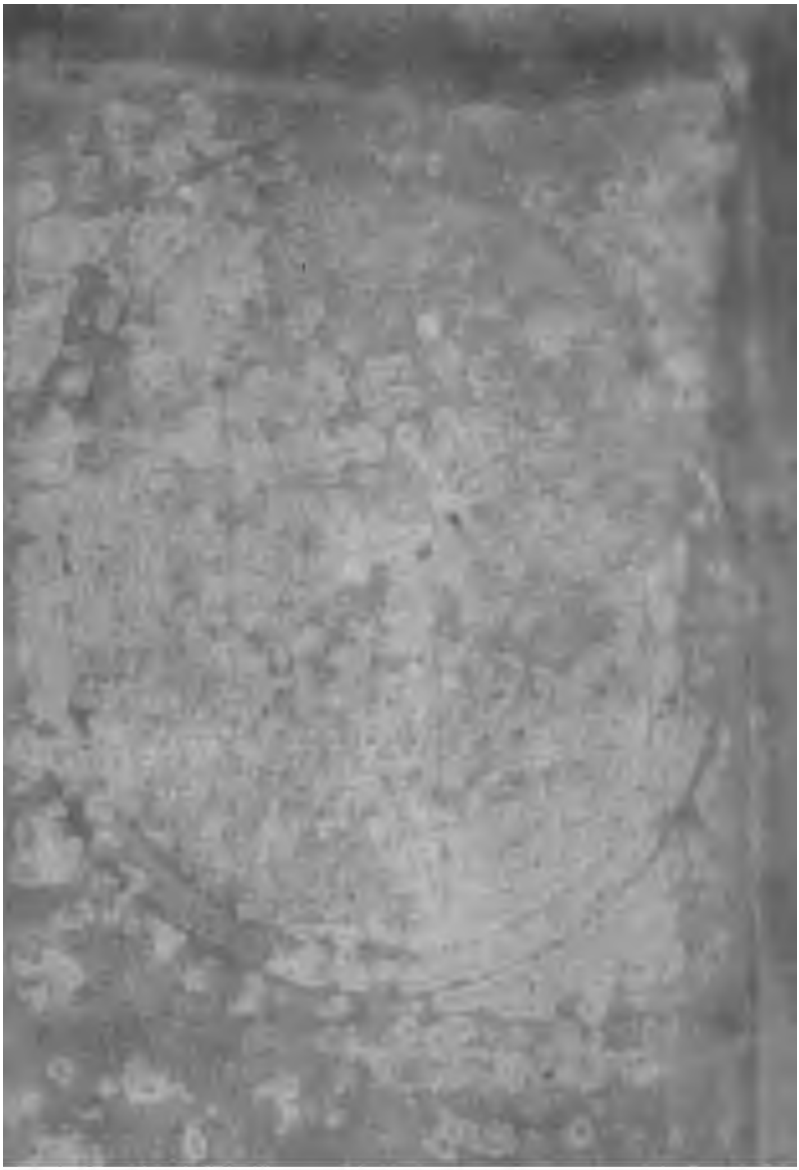

guiſh'd themſelves in polite Literature; hath ſerv'd me inſtead of Merit with YOUR LORDSHIP, and at the ſame time render'd me the Object of your Favour and Protection.

This, MY LORD, makes me hope, that you will not diſapprove the liberty I take, to offer you this Tranſlation of the *Works* of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, in order to teſtify my profound Acknowledgment to YOUR LORDSHIP.

Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Merit was perfectly known to you, and you have more than once given him Marks of your Eſteem: Can you, MY LORD, refuſe his Works that kind and gracious Reception which you were wont to give his Perſon?

Tho you are not unacquainted with the Niceties of the *French* Language, yet I flatter my ſelf, MY LORD, that you will ſee with pleaſure a Tranſla-

tion,

tion, which may be of ſome uſe to the *Engliſh* Nation.

'Tis the Love you have for your Country that makes you protect Men of Letters, and excite them, by your Generoſity, to apply themſelves to Works, which tend to form the Mind, and to render the Taſte more nice and delicate.

The Writings of Monſieur *De St. Evremond* are capable of producing that Effect; ſince they are no leſs remarkable for Delicacy of Thought, than for Exactneſs of Sentiments: But yet to make them uſeful to this Nation, it was neceſſary they ſhould be tranſlated from a foreign Language, and put in a condition of being read by every *Engliſhman.*

Beſides, My Lord, to publiſh in *Engliſh* the Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, is, if I may ſo ſay, no more

than reſtoring to *England* a Good that of right belong'd to it before. 'Twas in this happy Country that he wrote the greateſt part of them, during an Abode of above forty years; and *England* ſeems to have gain'd thereby the Right of looking upon his Productions as thoſe of one of its own Authors. They only wanted to appear in the Language of the Country to which they owe their Birth, and perhaps even their greateſt Beauties; ſince they contain ſuch bold and lively Strokes, as are peculiar only to the Writers of a free Nation.

And indeed, Liberty inſpires a noble and elevated Confidence, which naturally enlarges the Mind, and gives it an Emulation that inclines it to trace out new Roads towards attaining the Sciences; whereas a ſervile Dependance terrifies the Soul, and fills the Mind with a timorous Circumſpection, that renders it mean and groveling, and even debars the uſe of its moſt re-

fin'd

fin'd natural Talents. You know, My Lord, that *Greece* and *Italy* never had illuſtrious Writers, but whilſt they preſerv'd their Liberty; the Loſs of that was follow'd by the Decay of Wit, and the Ruin of polite Learning. *Greece*, formerly the Seat of the Muſes, is now involv'd in a frightful Barbarity, under the Slavery of the *Ottoman* Empire; and *Italy*, which, under the influence of a *Roman* Senate, was ſo fruitful in great and learned Men, now ſubject to the Tribunal of the Inquiſition, produces no conſiderable Works of Erudition or Politeneſs.

Even in *France*, the number of the Learned hath decreas'd, in proportion as the People loſt their Liberty. The Reign of *Francis* I. the Father and Reſtorer of Letters, produc'd a great number of ſuch; and under *Henry* IV. we find a *Scaliger*, a *Caſaubon*, a *Thuanus*, a *Montaigne*, a *Paſquier*, and a *Malherbe*. Thoſe great Genius's were follow'd, under the Reign of *Lewis* XIII. by ſe-

veral illuſtrious Perſons, who may be look'd upon as their Diſciples; *Salmaſius*, *Blondel*, *Bochart*, *Sirmond*, *Petavius*, all Men of immenſe Learning; thoſe great Philoſophers, *Gaſſendus* and *Des Cartes*; thoſe excellent Wits, *Balzac*, *Voiture*, *Sarraſin*, *Corneille*, &c. But the almoſt abſolute Power which *Richlieu* afterwards exercis'd, caſt a damp and diſtruſt upon Mens Minds, and ſtop'd the Progreſs of Letters. They made indeed an Effort to recover under the Miniſtry of Cardinal *Mazarin*, during which People enjoy'd a greater Liberty; and 'tis to this Diſpoſition of the time that we owe *Paſcal*, *Moliere*, *Racine*, *Deſpreaux*, and *La Fontaine*. And if ſince then there have been any great Genius's (as doubtleſs there have been and are) they were ſo conſtrain'd, as either to have ſaid nothing at all, or to have ſpoken what they thought, by halves. Thus *La Bruyere* complains, That *the* French *are cramp'd in Satyr*; *Regis*, the famous Philoſopher,

loſopher, could not, in ten years time, obtain a Licence for publiſhing his Courſe of Philoſophy, and had it at laſt only on this condition, to retrench whatever diſpleas'd his Cenſors; and Monſieur *De Fontenelle*, Nephew and Diſciple to the great *Corneille*, hath been oblig'd to depart from the Freedom which he us'd in the firſt Works he publiſh'd. And were we to judg of the State of Literature in *France* by the Writings of its preſent Authors, we might ſay, That an ill Taſte hath got the Aſcendant; that they diſtinguiſh themſelves neither with reſpect to Learning nor Wit; and that they corrupt even their Language by unnatural and irregular Turns, and by affecting a ſhort ſententious Stile. And I make no queſtion, MY LORD, but you are of Opinion, that this, as I was ſaying, is rather to be attributed to the Nature of the Government, than to the Genius of the Nation.

England,

England, more fortunate, continues to produce excellent Books of all kinds. It abounds in Men of Wit and Learning, who equal, if not ſurpaſs, the great Perſonages who have preceded them: And as it enjoys this Advantage above all the Nations of the Earth, ſo this it ſelf may ſerve for a Demonſtration, that it alone of all Nations is truly free. But that, MY LORD, which crowns its Happineſs, is it not to be under the Government of a QUEEN, who hath nothing ſo much at heart, as to maintain the Liberties of her Subjects, and to bleſs them with Peace and Plenty? The Muſes therefore, who were ever Friends to Eaſe and Tranquillity, will doubtleſs make their moſt vigorous Efforts to produce a rich Harveſt of ſuch Works, as may worthily anſwer ſo Auguſt a Protection.

I think my ſelf very happy, MY LORD, in publiſhing this Tranſlation of

of the Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, under ſuch favourable Auſpices. 'Tis true, ſeveral Pieces of that celebrated Author have been already done into *Engliſh*: but beſides that that Tranſlation was made from *French* Impreſſions, which Monſieur *De St. Evremond* diſown'd, becauſe of the infinite number of Faults that were in them; the Tranſlation it ſelf was ſo defective, that it became needful entirely to new-mould the greateſt part of it, and carefully to rectify the reſt by the *Genuine Works* of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, publiſh'd from his *own Manuſcripts*.

The Honour that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* did me, in pitching upon me to publiſh his Works in his Life-time, and the ſhare I had in their Publication after his Death, ingag'd me to ſuppreſs thoſe unfaithful Tranſlations, which would have diſhonour'd his Memory; and to take care, that nothing of his ſhould come abroad, which

which did not faithfully repreſent his Thoughts.

Beſides this, you will find here, MY LORD, a great many of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Pieces, which never appear'd in *Engliſh*: But ſome others I did not think proper to inſert, becauſe they relate to certain Facts that would not affect an *Engliſh* Reader; or becauſe they are not important enough to deſerve tranſlating.

I have prefix'd to the firſt Volume the *Life* of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, with new Improvements; and at the end of the laſt Volume, I have added the *Memoirs* of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, and a Collection of ſome Works *attributed* to Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, for which he had a great Value, tho he had no hand in them.

I ſhall have cauſe, MY LORD, to congratulate my ſelf, if you are not diſpleas'd

diſpleas'd with the Pains I have taken, to make all theſe Works appear in the beſt Condition I was able.

How fair a Field ſoever thoſe excellent Qualities, which diſtinguiſh YOUR LORDSHIP in ſuch an extraordinary manner, might furniſh me with, in this place; yet I ſhall not, MY LORD, undertake to enter upon Particulars, as not being either preſumptuous enough to believe my ſelf capable of giving them the Praiſes they deſerve; nor weak enough to imagine I might add to their Worth by any thing I could ſay.

And I am not even without Apprehenſion, MY LORD, leſt I may have already given too great a looſe to my Vanity of acquainting the World, that you honour me with your Favour; and to the Hopes I have, that you will not diſapprove the Liberty I take to aſſure you, on this occaſion, that I am, with

the

the deepeſt Senſe of Reſpect and Gratitude,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP's

Moſt Humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

P. Des Maizeaux.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THO a great many of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Pieces were publiſh'd during his Life, yet 'tis certain he had no hand in the Impreſſion of them; on the contrary, he oppos'd it as much as he could. But as he did not ſcruple to communicate ſeveral of his Manuſcripts to the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, or to ſome other of his particular Friends, thoſe whom he made uſe of to tranſcribe them often took a Copy for themſelves, which they afterwards ſold at their own Price to the Bookſellers of *Paris*. Thoſe ſurreptitious Copies being huddled very haſtily, were generally extremely defective; which, together with what was added to or diminiſh'd from them at *Paris*, in order the better to accommodate them to the Popiſh Religion or the *French* Government, had ſo disfigur'd them, that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* could ſcarce know them to be his own. Yet with all the Faults that had crept into them, there remaining

remaining ſtill a great many fine Paſſages, they were receiv'd with Applauſe in all the Countries where the *French* Language is underſtood. But this was the occaſion, at the ſame time, that the Bookſellers of *Paris*, to make the Volumes bigger, added ſeveral things to them from time to time, which Monſieur *De St. Evremond* had no ſhare in.

Such a general Approbation ingag'd ſome Perſons, who have not been pleas'd to name themſelves, to publiſh in the year 1692 a Volume of thoſe Pieces in *Engliſh (a)*, with the Title of *Miſcellaneous Eſſays (b)*; where they thought fit to give an Account of the Genius of the Author, and the Character of his Writings. " Whoever reads theſe Eſſays, (ſays the judicious Author of a little Diſcourſe, or *Character*, which is prefix'd to that Volume;) " will acknowledg, that he finds " there a Fineneſs of Expreſſion, and a Deli- " cateneſs of Thought, the Eaſineſs of a Gen- " tleman, the Exactneſs of a Scholar, and the " good Senſe of a Man of Buſineſs: That " the Author is thorowly acquainted with " the World, and hath convers'd with the " beſt ſort of Men to be found in it. His " Subjects are often Great and Noble, and

(a) *There was publiſh'd in* 1684, *a little Volume, containing an* Engliſh *Tranſlation of Monſieur* De St. Evremond's Reflections upon Tragedies, Comedies and Operas.

(b) *Here is the Title at large:* Miſcellaneous Eſſays; By Monſieur *St. Evremont.* Tranſlated out of *French.* With a Character by a Perſon of Honour here in *England*; continu'd by Mr. *Dryden. London, printed for* John Everingham.

" then

" then he never fails to write up to them;
" when he ſpeaks of the antient *Romans*, you
" would believe you were reading one of
" the ſame Age and Nation: the ſame Spirit,
" the ſame unaffected Greatneſs appear in
" both. If the Subject he chuſeth be of a
" lower Nature, he is ſure to write that
" which is not common upon it; there is
" ſtill ſomewhat new and agreeable, and be-
" yond what you could expect. However
" you were affected when you began to read
" him, he gains upon you inſenſibly, and be-
" fore you have done, you take a pleaſure to
" be of the ſame Opinion with him.

" The Variety and Choice of his Subjects
" pleaſes you no leſs, than what he writes up-
" on them: He perpetually entertains you
" with new Objects, and dwells not too long
" upon any of them. As for Method, it is
" inconſiſtent with his Deſign, neither pre-
" tends he to write all that can be ſaid: He
" ſets not up for a Teacher, but he inſtructs
" you unawares, and without pretending to
" it: Every thing appears ſo natural, that
" the Art is hidden, and yet the Obſerver
" finds all the Strokes of a Maſter's Hand:
" He knows exactly when to give over. All
" is ſo well, you'll wiſh he had ſaid more;
" and yet when he concludes, you believe he
" could not have ended better. He hath
" truly ſtudy'd Nature in that point, that it
" is with the Mind as with the Body, they
" are to be treated alike: the Deſires of both

" from one of the worſt Provinces of *France*;
" yet there is ſomething ſo forcible, ſo vigo-
" rous, and ſo maſculine in his Expreſſion,
" that after all the conſiderable Improve-
" ments the *French* Tongue hath receiv'd
" ſince his time, it ſtill pleaſes, nay it charms
" and affects us. Now as all this, and a
" great deal more, may deſervedly be ſaid
" in his Praiſe; yet his warmeſt Admirers
" muſt be forc'd to confeſs with me, that
" Nicety was never his Talent; that amongſt
" his infinite variety of Citations (for as our
" Author ſays very well of him, he's no
" troubleſom Hoſt; but when his own Con-
" verſation fails him, he hath ſome Friends
" to keep it up, till he hath got breath again)
" ſome never deſerv'd to be mention'd, and
" others are urg'd *mal a propos:* In ſhort,
" that his way of writing is too Pindarical,
" and his Excurſions too frequent. 'Tis true,
" he is ſo complaiſant to his Reader, as never
" to leave him in any barren uncultivated
" Places; he gives him an agreeable *Viſta* of
" Groves and Meadows: The Scene varies
" every moment, and conſequently muſt de-
" light him; but ſtill he makes him wander,
" ſtill he leads him out of the way, or at
" leaſt, for the ſake of one beautiful Proſpect,
" carries him a Mile or two about: and this
" at long run cannot fail to diſguſt nice Per-
" ſons, who are in pain till they arrive at
" their Journy's end. On the other hand,
" *St. Evremont* is not only Maſter of all the

" good

" good Qualities of *Montaigne*, without any " of his Defects, but poſſeſſes ſeveral others, " to which the former was either altogether " a Stranger, as Gallantry and a Delicate- " neſs of Diſcernment, or elſe was but ſlight- " ly acquainted with. To diſmiſs this Com- " pariſon; he hath a greater Depth of Pene- " tration, a greater Juſtneſs in Reaſoning, a " better Taſte of polite Learning, and a " more exquiſite Knowledg of the World: " Not to ſpeak of his Language, which will " admit no Compariſon "

By this, and the preceding Paſſages, one may ſee the high Value our beſt *Engliſh* Authors did ſet on the Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, under whatever Diſadvantage they appear'd.

Mr. *Brown* ſpeaks afterwards of the *Tranſlation* of that Second Volume. " My Friends, " and I, *ſays he*, did our beſt Endeavours, " but found, to our expence, it was equally " difficult to imitate and tranſlate *St. Evre-* " *mont*. The Periods every where ſo harmo- " nious, and yet ſo unaffected; the Language " ſo comprehenſive, and yet ſo clear; ſo po- " lite, and yet ſo natural; that tho we could " pretend to have reach'd his meaning in all " Places, which is no eaſy matter in an Au- " thor ſo very nice and penetrating; yet we " cannot, without a ſenſible regret, obſerve " how much we have fallen below the Ori- " ginal." I wonder Mr. *Brown* ſhould ſay, that *he* and *his Friends* cannot *pretend to have*

reach'd Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s *meaning in all Places*; for why did they undertake to tranſlate his Works, if they were not ſure to *reach his meaning in all Places?* Yet we ſhall ſoon ſee there was ſomething more than Modeſty in that Confeſſion.

At length, all that had appear'd in *Engliſh* under the name of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, was collected into one Body, and publiſh'd in the year 1700, in two large Volumes *in Octavo*, with the Title of *The Works of Monſieur* De St. Evremont *(f)*. The Editor *deſires the Reader*, in a ſhort *Advertiſement* prefix'd to the firſt Volume, *to take notice*, That "this Tranſlation of the Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremont* was done from a Copy of the laſt *French* Edition, corrected in "many Places by the Pen of the Author, "and on that account preferable to any yet "publiſh'd:" which ſeems to inſinuate, as if it were a new Tranſlation, tho it was indeed the ſame which had appear'd before. The truth is, it had been compar'd with a *French* printed Copy, wherein Monſieur *De St. Evremond* made ſeveral Corrections with his own Hand, and had partly mark'd the Pieces which were falſly attributed to him *(g)*. But for all theſe Corrections, there remain'd ſtill in that Edition a prodigious number of

(f) Printed for A. *and* J. Churchill.

(g) Theſe Pieces amounted very near to the Bulk of one of the Volumes, for they made up 27 Sheets, and each Volume conſiſted but of 32 *or* 33.

Faults;

Faults; and it was very far from having the perfection of the Original, as I am going to demonſtrate, by comparing the Editions of 1692 and 1700, with that we now publiſh.

In the *Fragment of Friendſhip without Friendſhip*, after Monſieur *De St. Evremond* had been ſpeaking of the Strayings of the Heart, and of the Diſorders it cauſes in Love as well as in Friendſhip, unleſs directed by the Dictates of Reaſon; they add, in the Volume publiſh'd in 1692 *(b)*.

"Behold the end of Love and Friendſhips. "Upon the Heart, by Reaſons juſt and "reaſonable, whoſe Diviſion the Mind can "take, there is no Rupture to be appre- "hended; for either it remains the whole "Life, or it is inſenſibly diſengag'd with Diſ- "cretion and Diligence. It is certain that "Nature hath put in our Hearts ſome- "thing of Laughter, if one may ſay ſo, "ſome ſecret Principle of Affection, that "conceals what's tender, that explains it "ſelf, and is communicable with Friends. "But the uſe of it hath not been receiv'd and "authoris'd amongſt Men, but only as much "as to render Life more peaceable and more "happy."

I deſire the Reader to give me leave to make two Remarks here: The firſt is, That I cannot apprehend how the Tranſlator of this Volume could honeſtly put into *Engliſ*

(*b*) Pag. 355, 356.

reach'd Monſieur *De St. Evremond's meaning in all Places*; for why did they undertake to tranſlate his Works, if they were not ſure to *reach his meaning in all Places?* Yet we ſhall ſoon ſee there was ſomething more than Modeſty in that Confeſſion.

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Faults;

They needed only, for example, deſire ſome of their Friends to tranſcribe a few Paſſages out of our Poets, or other *Engliſh* Writers, and to leave purpoſely in them a *Lacune*, or to change ſome Words or Lines; and to take afterwards upon themſelves to fill up thoſe *Lacunes*, or re-eſtabliſh thoſe Words or Lines: and by the trouble they would find to hit only upon the Terms and Phraſes of the Author, they might draw very mortifying Inferences with reſpect to the Emendations they attempt to make in the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers, whoſe Language, I believe, no body now will pretend to underſtand ſo well as they do their own.

To return to the Paſſage of Monſieur *De St. Evremond* above-mention'd, it was thus publiſh'd in the Edition of 1700 (*l*), wherein this *Fragment of Friendſhip without Friendſhip* (which of all Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Pieces, was, I think, worſt treated) appear'd in ſomewhat a better Condition than it had done before, by means of the *French* Copy, *corrected in many Places by the Pen of the Author:*

" And this is the common Fate of Love " and Friendſhip. But if the Heart grounds " its Affections upon juſt and ſolid Reaſons, " there is no Rupture to be apprehended; " for either it laſts ſo long as a Man lives, or " it inſenſibly breaks off with Diſcretion

(*l*) Vol. I. pag. 409.

" and

" and Speed. It is certain, that Nature " hath plac'd in our Hearts ſomething gay " and laughing, ſome ſecret Principle of Af- " fection, which conceals its own Tender- " neſs from others, but opens and communi- " cates it ſelf to its Friends. But the uſe " of it hath been no further receiv'd and au- " thoriz'd amongſt Men, than as it may ren- " der Life more eaſy and happy."

This Paſſage is here much more tolerable, as I ſaid, than it was in the Edition of 1692; yet ſtill 'tis very far from faithfully repreſenting the Thought and the Expreſſions of the Author. There remain in it even ſome Lines which have no Senſe at all: for, pray, what is that *ſomething gay and laughing* which *Nature hath plac'd in our Hearts*; and what are we to underſtand by that *ſecret Principle of Affection, which conceals its own Tenderneſs from others, but opens and communicates it ſelf to its Friends?*

But the Author himſelf wrote the Paſſage after the following manner, and as it ſtands in this preſent Edition (*m*).

" This is the common Fate of Love, and " Friendſhip grounded on the Heart. As " for thoſe juſt and reaſonable Ties directed " by Judgment, there is no Rupture to be " apprehended; for either they laſt for Life, " or inſenſibly wear off with Diſcretion and " Decency. It is certain, that Nature hath

(*m*) Vol. II. pag. 185. *The Printer hath by miſtake put* 180.

" plac'd

" plac'd in our Hearts a loving Faculty (if I " may ſo ſpeak) ſome ſecret Principle of " Affection, ſome hidden Stock of Tender- " neſs, which opens and communicates it " ſelf in time. But the uſe of it hath been " no further receiv'd, *&c.*"

I thought my ſelf oblig'd to ſhew, by this Example, how much the Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, publiſh'd during his Life, were defective, and how faithfully all the Ridicule and Nonſenſe of the Tranſcribers was preſerv'd in the *Engliſh* Tranſlation. 'Tis very hard to conceive how the Tranſlators could imagine that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* was capable of writing ſuch Stuff: and if they were ſo juſt as not to attribute it to him, how could they be at the pains to tranſlate it into their Language, and to publiſh it under his Name? But after all, 'tis poſſible they thought of nothing of this; and that looking upon themſelves, not in the quality of Criticks, who are oblig'd to uſe their Judgment, but only as Fellows honeſtly paid for turning into *Engliſh* a certain number of *French* Pages, they thought themſelves bound to furniſh, as Men of punctual Probity, the whole Task that was preſcrib'd them, without being in the leaſt concern'd about the clearneſs of the Thoughts, or the exactneſs of the Argument. What would make us believe that this was in good earneſt their View, is, That we ſee in other Places, where the *French* Impreſſion had ſuffer'd no Alteration,

but

... Society had been the greateſt ... Life. He afterwards adds, ... *thought that there were no well-... Men but in our Court* (*u*): ... *Obſtinacy of warmer Climates, and ... Barbarity in the colder, hinder'd ... from being rais'd to this pitch, ... rarely: But Experience hath at ...'d me, that there are ſuch eve-... and if I have not diſcover'd it ..., it is becauſe it is difficult for a ... to reliſh any but thoſe of his own ..., &c.*" But Dr. *Drake* makes him ..., "I have formerly thought that there ... no Men of Honour but in our ...;" which is ſo abſurd a Miſtake, ... cannot imagine how he could be guil-...

... true, the *French* Expreſſion, *honnetes* ... ſignifies *Men of Honour and Probity*, as ... as *polite and well-bred Perſons*: But is it ... a Maxim known to the very School-boys, ... when we tranſlate an Author, and that ... of the Terms he uſes hath different Significations, we muſt not take the next that comes uppermoſt in our Thought, at a venture, but chuſe that which beſt agrees with his End and Intention? And if Dr. *Drake* had made the leaſt uſe of his Diſcernment,

(*u*) J'avois cru autrefois qu'il n'y avoit d'honnetes gens que en notre Cour. *OEUVRES MESLEES, Tom. III. Pag.* 25. ubi ſupra.

(*w*) Vol. II. pag. 22. *Edit. of* 1700.

would

would not he have perceiv'd that the *Court of France*, which is the thing Monſieur *De St. Evremond* is ſpeaking of, and the whole Series of the Diſcourſe, requir'd him to underſtand that Expreſſion of *Politeneſs of Manners*, and not of *Honour* and Probity? Did he then mean to expoſe Monſieur *De St. Evremond* to the Laughter of the *Engliſh*, by repreſenting him as a Man capable of fancying, there were no *Men of Honour and Virtue*, but in the *French Court*?

In the next Page (*x*), Monſieur *De St. Evremond* had ſaid, "*When I am depriv'd of* "*the Converſation of the Men of Buſineſs, I* "*have recourſe to that of the Learned (y); and* "*if I meet with Men skill'd in polite Litera-* "*ture, I think my ſelf no great Loſer, by ex-* "*changing the Delicacy of the preſent for that* "*of paſt Ages.*" Dr. *Drake* hath tranſlated it (*z*): "When I want the Company of "Men of Converſation, I have recourſe to "the Learned." Which is abſurd and contradictory; for it is ſaying, that *the Learned* are not *Men of Converſation*; and that tho Monſieur *De St. Evremond* look'd upon them as ſuch, yet he ſought *to converſe with them.*

Some Pages further Monſieur *De St. Evremond* ſays (*a*), "That *next to the Study of po-*

(*x*) Ibid. pag. 346.

(*y*) Quand je ſuis privé du commerce des gens du monde, j'ai recours à celui des Savans. *Ibid. p.* 27.

(*z*) Pag. 23. ubi ſupra.

(*a*) Ibid. pag. 348.

"lite

" *lite Learning (for which he had a more parti-*
" *cular Affection) he lov'd the Science of thoſe*
" *great Lawyers and Civilians, who might them-*
" *ſelves be Legiſlators; who re-aſcend to that*
" *Original Juſtice that ſettled Human Society;*
" that know what Liberty Nature allows in
" eſtabliſh'd Governments, and how far the
" natural Liberty of private Perſons is re-
" ſtrain'd for the Publick Good, by neceſſary
" Politicks (*b*)." Dr. *Drake* hath tranſlated theſe laſt words thus (*c*): " That know
" what Liberty Nature permits in eſtabliſh'd
" Governments, and what for the Publick
" Good, eaſes private Men of the Burden of
" Politicks:" Which doth not in any wiſe repreſent the Author's Senſe; or to ſpeak more properly, which hath no Senſe at all in it.

Now let us give two or three more Examples out of other Pieces.

In Monſieur *De la Fontaine*'s *Anſwer* to the *Letter* which he receiv'd from Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, after having teſtify'd how much he was ſenſible of the Praiſes the latter had given him, he adds (*d*):

(*b*) Qui connoiſſent ce que la Nature nous laiſſe de Liberté dans les Gouvernemens etablis, & ce qu'en ote aux particuliers, pour le bien public, la neceſſité de la Politique. *Ibid. p.* 29.

(*c*) Pag. 25.

(*d*) Vol. II. p. 307. *of this Edition.*

To

To whom the ready World ſubmit,
Standard of Authors, Judg of Wit (e).

But inſtead of that they ſaid *(f)*:

'*You, whom all* Europe *does propoſe,*
'*The Standard both of Verſe and Proſe.*'

which was putting a mean unworthy Flattery into the mouth of Monſieur *De la Fontaine*; ſince being an excellent Poet himſelf, he very well knew that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* was not the *Standard of Verſe*, and that no body in *Europe* ever thought him ſo.

In the *Letter to Mr.* * * *, "who could "not endure that the Earl of *St. Albans* "ſhould be in love in his old Age," Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, to juſtify the old Men who *have an Inclination ſtill to love*, ſays gallantly *(g)*; "*The greateſt pleaſure that old Men* "*have left them, is to live; and nothing con-* "*vinces them more that they live, than that they* "*love (h).*" Inſtead of that, they wrote thus *(i)*: *The only pleaſure that old Men*

(e) Tout le Monde vous propoſe,
Pour modele aux bons Auteurs.
OEUVRES MESLEES, Tom. III. p. 182. ubi ſupr.
(f) Vol. II. p. 172. *Edit. of* 1700.
(g) Vol. II. p. 233, 234. *of this Edition.*
(h) Le plus grand plaiſir qui reſte aux vieilles gens, c'eſt de vivre; & rien ne les aſſeure ſi bien de leur vie que leur Amour. *OEUVRES MESLEES, Tom. V. p.* 41. ubi ſupr.
(i) Vol. II. p. 459. *Edit. of* 1700.

have left them, is to love; and nothing ſecures their Life ſo effectually as that.

In the Character that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* hath drawn of himſelf, he ſays, ſpeaking of his Religion *(k)*,

" *Juſtice and Charity ſupply the Place*
" *Of rigid Penance, and a formal Face (l):*

but inſtead of turning his Thought into *Engliſh* Verſe, as Monſieur *De St. Evremond* had purpoſely done in *French* Verſe, or at leaſt of repreſenting it faithfully in Proſe, they made him ſay *(m)*, *As for Religion, he makes his Piety conſiſt more in Juſtice and Charity, than in Repentance*: where it muſt firſt be obſerv'd, that there is no Oppoſition between *Juſtice and Charity*, and *Repentance*; and in the ſecond place, that they attribute to Monſieur *De St. Evremond* an abominable Thought, by making him exclude *Repentance* from his Religion. It requir'd but a very ſmall Attention, to perceive that the *French* word *Penitence* ſignify'd here nothing but the Faſtings, Auſterities and Mortifications that the Church of *Rome* preſcribes,

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(*k*) *See the* Life of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, p. cxxvi.

(*l*) De Juſtice & de Charité
Beaucoup plus que de Penitence,
Il compoſe ſa Pieté.
Portrait de Mr. de St. Evremont fait par lui meme; *ſet before the Vth Volume of the* OEUVRES MESLEES, ubi ſupr.

(*m*) *See the* Character of Monſieur *De St. Evremond* by himſelf, *prefix'd to the Iſt Volume of the Edition of* 1700.

and

and which we expreſs very well in *Engliſh* by the word *Penance*, in contradiſtinction to *Repentance*.

But here's already more than needed, to convince the Publick, with what enormous Faults the *Engliſh* Tranſlation of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Works abounded: whence will eaſily appear the neceſſity there was of ſending them once more abroad in a Dreſs more agreeable and uſeful to the *Engliſh* Reader; and that ſhould, at the ſame time, do more Juſtice and Honour to their Author. This is the Method I have follow'd.

The Edition of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Works, which Dr. *Silveſtre* and my ſelf have publiſh'd from the Manuſcripts of the Author, is the foundation upon which I have built: But as there are ſeveral Pieces in this Edition, which, to be underſtood, do ſuppoſe a thorow knowledg of the *French* Tongue, or that only concern certain Facts, or Alluſions to ſuch Paſſages, as happen'd between Monſieur *De St. Evremond* and ſome of his Friends; I did not think that ſuch ſmall Pieces, whereof the greateſt part are in Verſe, would be at all to the Taſte of *Engliſh* Readers, or indeed deſerv'd to be publiſh'd in their Language. We have been already blam'd for inſerting ſeveral of thoſe Pieces in the *French* Edition; and the Cenſure would be ſtill more juſtifiable, if, in the *Engliſh* Tranſlation, I had done the ſame. I therefore hope, that I ſhall not be cenſur'd

having omitted all the Poems of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*; which, to confeſs the Truth, are not thoſe of his Works that have been the moſt eſteem'd. Neither have I given three Comedies of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*; whereof the firſt is a kind of Satyr againſt the *French* Academy; the ſecond was written to expoſe *French* Operas, where every thing is unnaturally ſung; and the third, which is partly an imitation of *Ben. Johnſon*'s *Sir Politick-would-be*, is a lively Picture of the Ridicule of certain Perſons of different Nations, as of a Chimerical *Engliſh* Politician; of a *French Gaſcon* Marquiſs; of a *German* Traveller, *&c.* 'Tis certain that the two firſt Comedies would not have been intelligible in *Engliſh*; and as for the third, ſome were of Opinion it would not do ſo well in *Engliſh*: but whatever Deference I pay to their Judgment, if I underſtand that the greateſt part of the Readers wiſh to ſee it in their Language, I ſhall take care they may have it as correct as poſſible.

As I have retrench'd ſome of the Notes of the *French* Edition, which I had made to explain to the *French* Readers certain things regarding *England*; ſo have I likewiſe added ſeveral new ones here, to enable the *Engliſh* Readers the better to underſtand what concerns certain Facts or Perſons, which are not ſufficiently known on this ſide the Seas *(n)*.

I

(n) *There is a Note relating to Mr.* Waller, *which, I know not how, continues ſtill in this Edition,* Vol. I. p. 347. *and is not only uſeleſs,*

I ſhall not inlarge in this place upon the Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, nor ſay any thing of his Perſon, to avoid repeating what Dr. *Silveſtre* hath ſo well done in his *Preface*, and what I have my ſelf ſo particularly treated in our Author's *Life*.

I ſhall rather take notice, that as in publiſhing the Original Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, we have excluded all the Pieces that were not his; ſo in the Year 1706 I publiſh'd at *Amſterdam* a Collection of the beſt of thoſe latter, under the Title of *Melange curieux*, &c; which was ſo well receiv'd beyond Sea, that it hath been ſeveral times reprinted as well in *France* as in *Holland*. I have, in like manner, added here, at the end of the ſecond Volume, a Collection of the ſame Pieces; but I have been much more nice in the choice of them: nor have I inſerted any but ſuch as Monſieur *De St Evremond* approv'd of ſo far, as to ſay, that *he could wiſh he were the Author of them*.

To theſe I have prefix'd the *Memoirs of the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin, written in her Name by the Abbot *De St. Real*, and which make a part of the Collection printed beyond Sea; not doubting but the *Engliſh* Readers will be glad to peruſe the Adventures of a Lady ſo well known in this Country, and whom Monſieur *De St. Evremond* hath, by his Writings,

uſeleſs, but even inexact; and this I think my ſelf the more oblig'd to obſerve, becauſe the Author of Mr. Waller's Life, *prefix'd to his* Works, *hath attributed it to* Dr. Silveſtre.

ſtill render'd more famous. Theſe Memoirs reach to the time ſhe retir'd to *Chambery*, where ſhe liv'd in a kind of Privacy till ſhe came hither: and as in the Life of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, I have related the moſt conſiderable Events of her Life, ſince her Arrival in *England*; ſo in joining theſe two Works, the Reader may have, in ſome manner, a compleat Hiſtory of this Dutcheſs, who was no leſs famous for her Beauty than her Misfortunes.

I have carefully revis'd the Tranſlation of the Works attributed to Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, and particularly that of Madam *Mazarin*'s *Memoirs*, which was full of ſuch blundering and comical Miſtakes *(o)*, that I might here ſufficiently divert the Readers, were it not high time to finiſh this *Advertiſement*, which is but too long already.

For the reſt, I muſt not forget to inform the Publick, that *the Memoirs of the Life of the Earl of* Rocheſter, *in a Letter to the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin, ſet before his *Works*, were not written by Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, to whom they are aſcrib'd. Never was any thing more remote from his Genius and Manner. I am bound to ſay as much of the *Reflections upon the Doctrine of* Epicurus, which he hath particularly diſown'd, and which in effect are very different from what he thought

(o) *The Author calls himſelf* P. Porter *Eſq; I made uſe of the Edition of* 1676.

of

of this famous Philoſopher. They were firſt tranſlated by Mr. *Brown* in the Year 1694, and publiſh'd as a genuine Work of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*; but in the Edition of 1700, where they were likewiſe inſerted, they were preceded by a ſhort Advertiſement *(p)*, wherein the Editor was ſincere enough to tell the World, that this Diſcourſe '*was not written by Monſieur* De St. Evremont *(as he himſelf owns in his Epiſtle (q) to the* Modern Leontium.)' After this, there is reaſon to wonder it ſhould be tranſlated afreſh, and publiſh'd under the name of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, at the Head of *Epicurus*'s *Morals*, printed two or three Years ago, pretended to be *tranſlated from the Greek (r)*, and which, as well as the Reflections join'd to it, are but a mere Tranſlation from the *Morale d' Epicure*, publiſh'd at *Paris* in the Year 1685 *(s)* by the Baron *Des Coutures*. In a word, there is nothing of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s in the Book printed in 1707.

(p) In this Advertiſement 'tis aſſur'd, that this Diſcourſe is built upon Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Hypotheſis, *and* written after his manner: *which is a double Falſity.*

(q) In the Second Volume, p. 285. *of this Edition.*

(r) The Title at full length is: Epicurus's Morals, tranſlated from the *Greek*, by *John Digby* Eſq; with Comments and Reflections taken out of ſeveral Authors. Alſo *Iſocrates*'s Advice to *Demonicus*; done out of *Greek* by the ſame hand. To which is added, An Eſſay on *Epicurus*'s Morals, written by Monſieur *St. Evremont*, and made *Engliſh* by Mr. *Johnſon*.

(s) The Engliſh *Tranſlator made uſe of the Editor of the* Hague *in* 1686. *See the* Hiſtoire Critique de la Republique des Lettres, tant ancienne que moderne. *Tom. II. p.* 289, 290.

and intitled, *The Miſcellaneous Remains of Cardinal* Perron, *Preſident* Thuanus, *Monſieur* St. Evremont, *&c. abridg'd and done into* Engliſh, *with a Preface:* and the Reader may reſt aſſur'd, that his moſt conſiderable Works are contain'd in theſe two Volumes; as well as, that, whatever any one may be tempted to attribute to him hereafter, doth by no means belong to him.

There remains for me now but to ſay two things: The firſt whereof is, that I have taken care, Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s *Picture* in this Edition ſhould be much liker than any that hath hitherto appear'd, having alſo added a very exact Print of his *Tomb*: And the other thing is, that not having been always within diſtance to review the Sheets, before they were printed off, I hope none will impute to me the *Faults* that may have eſcap'd the Corrector's Care, and which may any way diſturb the Senſe.

London, Octob. 5. 1713.

A PREFACE *,

BY

P. SILVESTRE, M.D.

A Correct Edition of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s WORKS has been ſo long deſir'd, that I perſuade my ſelf this, which now appears, will meet with a favourable Reception from the Publick. All the former Editions of them, either in *France* or *Holland*, being ſo extremely defective, this may really paſs for the firſt. Thoſe who have not been acquainted with Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, ought to be inform'd, that he never put any thing himſelf to the Preſs, and that the Books which have hitherto been publiſh'd under his Name, were printed from Copies which were handed about, for the moſt part curtail'd, and commonly very faulty. The two firſt

* *This Preface was prefix'd, and chiefly relates, to the* French *Edition of the Works of Monſieur* De St. Evremond, *firſt publiſh'd from the Author's Original Manuſcripts in the Year* 1705.

Volumes

Volumes of his Works that appear'd, were ſo quickly ſold off, that the *Paris* Bookſeller, being deſirous to publiſh a larger Edition of them, ſpar'd no Pains or Coſt to collect new Pieces; which was the occaſion of his adding at random to the genuine Writings of Monſieur *De St. Evremond* ſeveral Pieces, which were not of his compoſing. This Abuſe came to ſuch a height in all the following Editions, that at laſt whole Volumes were printed, in which nothing of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s was to be found; ſuch as the *ST. EVREMONIANA*, and *the Collection of Monſieur* De St. Evremont's *Works, printed by* Aniſſon *in* 1701. I will not mention *the Memoirs of the Life of Count* D . . . . . *before his Retirement, digeſted by Monſieur* De St. Evremond, *printed at* Paris *in two Volumes*, 12mo; for it would be an Affront upon the Judgment of the Publick, to ſuppoſe they could be impos'd upon by the Title of that Romance.

We muſt likewiſe obſerve, that in the *Paris* Editions all the proper Names have either been entirely left out, or at leaſt diſguiſed; and that many Paſſages which appear'd to be too free, have been wholly cut off. In the Editions of *Holland* thoſe Faults were ſo far from being corrected, that they were multiply'd: inſtead of ſupplying the Omiſſions, the Editors added ſome inſipid Pieces; and there was ſuch a ſtrange mixture of good and bad things, that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* was not able to know himſelf in thoſe Editions.

He was ſollicited from *France* to reviſe his Works, and his Friends at *London* daily preſs'd him to give ſuch an Edition of them as he could own; but he ſtill perſiſted in denying their Requeſt. After the laſt Peace, the Bookſellers of *Paris* made him ſuch advantageous Offers, as would have tempted any Man of a Temper more intereſted than his was. In ſhort, nothing could move or prevail upon

upon him. "I lie under a great Diſadvantage, "(ſays he, *in a Letter to Mademoiſelle* de l'Enclos) "upon the account of thoſe ſmall Treatiſes which "are printed under my Name. There are good "ones, which I do not own, becauſe they do not "belong to me; and among thoſe which I have "compos'd, there is a mixture of abundance of "idle and fooliſh Pieces, which I do not think it "worth my while to diſown. At the Age to "which I am now arriv'd, one Hour of Life well "imploy'd is of more Value with me, than the "Advantage of an indifferent Reputation. How "hard a matter is it to cure one's ſelf of Self-"Love! As an Author I caſt it off, but I take it "up again as a Philoſopher, as feeling a ſecret "Pleaſure in neglecting that which others purſue "with ſo much Eagerneſs." I remember that as I was one day talking with him on this Subject, and ſaying, That ſince he would not take the pains to reviſe his own Works, he ought at leaſt to give that Satisfaction to ſeveral People, to mark the Pieces which he diſown'd. He anſwer'd, "There "is perhaps a mixture of Vanity in my Conduct: "There is ſuch a Piece printed amongſt my Works, "which I would own with all my Heart, and "which is better than what I have written."

But altho Monſieur *De St. Evremond* ſtill refus'd to publiſh his Writings, yet he chang'd his Mind ſome time before his Death, and fix'd his Eyes on Mr. *Des Maizeaux*, in order to commit the care of that Matter to him. Purſuant to this Deſign, he read over his Works along with him; mark'd what was and what was not his, on one of the Books printed under his Name; corrected many things; and communicated to him Explanations [illegible] Paſſages as wanted a Commentary: In fine, [illegible]red to him his Manuſcripts, and reviſ'd [illegible] the Copies which he had made of them.

His

His great Age and Infirmities leaving no room to hope he ſhould live long, Mr. *Des Maizeaux* loſt no time in getting all the Helps and Aſſiſtances that were neceſſary; nor did he want any thing of this kind, except ſome few Pieces, when he was oblig'd to go into the Country. In the mean while, Monſieur *De St. Evremond* finding himſelf weaker than ordinary, did ſeveral times ſignify his great Deſire to ſee him, and even beg'd Dr. *La Fevre (a)* to write to him to come with all ſpeed. But having departed this Life before Mr. *Des Maizeaux* could come to Town, his Manuſcripts, which he had often promis'd to leave to me, were deliver'd to me by his Direction after his Death. This laid me under an Obligation, in ſome ſort, to ſet about an Edition of his Works, in concert with Mr. *Des Maizeaux*. The Method we obſerv'd in this, is as follows.

We lopp'd off every thing that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* diſown'd; good or bad, all was left out without diſtinction, if it was not his. Our Accuracy in this matter was ſo great, that excepting one Piece only *(b)*, about which we ſtill entertain ſome Doubts, the Publick may be ſatisfy'd that every thing which appears in this Edition, was really written by Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, unleſs where it is expreſly mark'd as belonging to another. We have been at great pains in reviſing all that had been formerly printed, by comparing it with the Manuſcripts. Having ſeveral Copies in my hands, we made choice, from among the different Readings, of that which to us appear'd the moſt natural, and ſupply'd by one Manuſcript that which

(a) *A Phyſician of* London.

to the Duke of Nevers; *it was found among Monſ*emond's *Papers, but we will not be poſitive that*

as

was wanting in another. In fine, as to the Punctation, which of all things Monſieur *De St. Evremond* was moſt careleſs about, we follow'd that which made the beſt Senſe, and gave the moſt beautiful Turn; by which method we reſtor'd that Perſpicuity and Diſtinctneſs which was wanting to ſeveral Periods. We have added many Pieces which never ſaw the Light before; and in that Number, if I miſtake not, you will find ſome which are nothing inferior to the firſt. We have been particularly careful in publiſhing as many Letters and Billets as we could collect: For if they contain nothing of much Importance, you will at leaſt find in them Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Genius. We ought not always to judg of an Author by a perfect and finiſh'd Work: We are pleas'd to behold him in his natural Dreſs; nor is there any thing more proper to repreſent him ſuch as he is, than what he writes familiarly, and without Premeditation. To ſay no more on this Head, the Collection we have made of things of this kind has coſt us abundance of Pains. There are ſeveral of thoſe Pieces which Monſieur *De St. Evremond* had not himſelf, and which we were oblig'd to make an Inquiry after every where. Dr. *Le Fevre* has furniſh'd us with a good many of them. Beſides, having been particularly acquainted with Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, and having convers'd very familiarly with him for the ſpace of forty years, he has let us into the meaning of abundance of Facts, and clear'd up ſeveral Particulars, which we were ignorant of.

We have taken care thro the whole Work to fill up the Gaps, and ſet down at length ſuch proper Names as were either quite effac'd or diſguis'd. We have likewiſe added Notes, that conſiſt ſometimes of a Paſſage which the Author quotes in *French*, or to which he alludes; at other times they

ted, we thought our ſelves oblig'd not to cancel them, leſt the Publick might imagine we had ſet up for Judges, and would needs decide about the Value and Worth of every thing. As for ſuch as were never printed, we have us'd greater Freedom. We were not willing to publiſh all the Trifles which he wrote in haſte, and which he would not take the trouble to correct; but only made the beſt choice we could. I foreſee that all Readers will not be equally touch'd with thoſe Works. There is in ſuch a Piece a fine Thought, a nice Raillery, which will eſcape moſt People. In order to be able to perceive this, it were requiſite to be exactly inform'd about the Character of the Perſons with whom one correſponds; we ſhould know certain Facts and certain Circumſtances, which give occaſion to a Quibble or Banter, and which without that will appear moſt inſipid. This is unavoidable in Works which conſiſt of Wit. The only way to remedy this Inconvenience, would be to illuſtrate every thing with good Notes: But beſides that this would be an infinite Labour, it is not always allowable to name Perſons, eſpecially if they are alive; and there are abundance of things which are not fit to be ſaid. We have only made an Eſſay of it upon two or three Pieces which regard *Morin* (*d*). I deſire that they who have formerly read them, without finding any Wit in them, may read them over again, and I promiſe my ſelf they will find quite another Spirit. By this they may judg of the reſt; and if there be any Paſſages which they do not underſtand, they will ſuſpend their Judgment, and render at leaſt this Juſtice to the Author, that he may have had in view another Senſe than what preſents it ſelf at firſt ſight.

(*d*) *A famous Gameſter.*

Since

Since I am inſenſibly drawn in to defend Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, I ſhall in few words anſwer two Objections which may be made againſt his Works. The firſt regards that odd Medley of ſerious and comical, of grave Matters and Trifles. Would it not have been ſufficient, ſay certain auſtere and difficult Perſons, to have made a Collection of all that is good and ſolid? Why was not every thing left out, that is not only uſeleſs, but alſo waggiſh? Thoſe People, who would have us apply our ſelves only to uſeful Studies, ought to conſider, that our Author is not a Doctor who writes to inſtruct and dogmatize, and that he is not a Man ingag'd by his Profeſſion to give the Publick an Account of his Time and Studies. He is a Gentleman, who having much Leiſure, ſeeks how to paſs away the time agreeably; who writes ſometimes on one Subject, ſometimes on another, only for his own Amuſement; he is a Man of Wit, who propoſes to divert himſelf, as well as a certain number of Gentlemen, with whom he converſes. It would moſt certainly be unjuſt to judg of him with too much Rigour; and the Injuſtice would be yet greater, to oblige thoſe, who publiſh his Works, to ſuppreſs all ſuch as are purely diverting.

The other Objection turns upon Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Stile. They ſay, it is not always clear; that there is ſometimes Obſcurity in it, and often Affectation. You find in it, ſay they, a too exact and labour'd Meaſure, and too frequent Antitheſes. I will not pretend to juſtify Monſieur *De St. Evremond* in every thing; but this I may ſay, That his Thoughts were juſt, and his Expreſſion noble: His Turn is fine, his Diction pure, bold and equal. He will ever paſs for one of our beſt Writers; and even his very Negligences are happy. He knew them as well as any Man, but he would not ſcrupulouſly ſubject himſelf to the Rules intro-

...d by our modern Puriſts. He complain'd of the too great Exactneſs of our Authors, who, by endeavouring to poliſh the *French* Language, robb'd it of all its Nervouſneſs and Force. He could not bear thoſe who write in a manner always exact, but too uniform; and one of the Advices he gave in order to write well, was to vary as much as poſſible the Conſtruction and Turn of the Phraſe. But we have ſaid enough of the Works, 'tis time to ſpeak of the Author.

CHARLES DE S^T. *DENIS*, Lord of S^T. *EVREMOND*, was of a noble and antient Family in *Lower Normandy*. The true Name of his Family was *Marcquetel* (*e*); but for a conſiderable time his Anceſtors had taken that of *St. Denis*, from the Lordſhip of *St. Denis du Guaſt*, in the *Cotantin*, betwixt *St. Lo* and *Coutance*.

The Baron of *St. Denis*, his Father, commanded the Company of the *Gendarmes* of *Henry de Bourbon*, laſt Duke of *Montpenſier*, Governor of *Normandy*. He marry'd *N.* of *Rouville*, Siſter to the Marquiſs *de Rouville*, who was appointed Superintendant of the Finances; and of this Marriage he had ſix Sons, all well bred, and Men of Parts. Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, who was one of the younger Sons, ſurviv'd all his Brothers; and of that numerous Family, there are no Males left but the Deſcendants of the eldeſt Brother. The Marquiſs of *St. Denis* makes a conſiderable Figure in *Normandy* at this day.

Monſieur *De St. Evremond* was ſent to *Paris* very young, to the College of *Clermont*, where he commenc'd his Studies; and after having gone thro a Courſe of Philoſophy, he went to *Caen*, where he ſtudy'd Law. But his Genius not being turn'd that way, he was ſent to the Academy, where he ſtaid but a few Months; for he was ſcarce ſixteen years of Age,

(*e*) *The Author of the* MELANGES D' HISTOIRE ET DE LITTERATURE, *under the name of* Vigneul-Marville, De Margotelle.

when

when he enter'd into the Service: He ſoon got a Company of Foot, and was at the firſt Siege of *Arras*. Afterwards he was in the Horſe-Service, and enter'd into the Troop of Guards of the Duke *D' Anguien (f)*. He was at the Ingagement of *Friburg*, and the year following at the Battel of *Nortlingen*: He was then Lieutenant of the Guards to the Prince of *Condé*; and having been commanded with two Squadrons to take Poſt on an Eminence, he ſuffer'd ſo great a Fire from the Enemy, that almoſt his whole Troop was deſtroy'd. He was wounded himſelf in the left Knee by the ſhot of a Faulconet, and the Surgeons were in doubt for ſix Weeks whether they ſhould cut off his Thigh; but perceiving there were ſome hopes of Cure, they delay'd coming to that hard Extremity, and perfectly recover'd him, after he had been under their hands for ſeveral months. His Wound broke open again at *London* thirty years after, but was ſo well cur'd, that he had no other Inconveniency by it but a little Weakneſs in that Leg.

He continu'd to ſerve in *Germany* and *Flanders* under the Prince of *Condé*, and got the Eſteem and Friendſhip of moſt of the Generals. His Capacity appear'd in the different Poſts thro which he paſs'd, and his Valour appear'd oftner than once in the Field, as well as in Duels, where he always came off with abundance of Honour. Beſides, he diſtinguiſh'd himſelf from the common ſort of Officers, by a more fine and polite way of thinking, by a juſt and elegant manner of Expreſſion. Thoſe Qualities made him be taken notice of and eſteem'd by Monſieur *De Turenne*, the old Marſhal *D' Etrées*, the Marſhal *De Grammont*, the Marſhal *D' Albret*, and many other Perſons of the firſt Rank. But his greateſt Friendſhips were with the Count *De Grammont*, the Count *D' Olonne*, the Duke of *Candale*,

(f) Lewis II. *laſt Prince of* Condé, *who was call'd Duke* D'Anguien *in his Father's Life-time.*

the Marſhal *De Clerembaut*, and the Marſhal *De Crequi*. This laſt honour'd him with his Friendſhip ſo long as he liv'd, and gave him moſt convincing Proofs of it at a Time, and in Circumſtances wherein it is rare to find true Friends.

The firſt years that Monſieur *De St. Evremond* was near the Prince's Perſon, he was very much in his Favour. He was one of thoſe with whom his Highneſs lov'd to retire, and converſe familiarly; and he was often admitted even to be a Companion in the Prince's Pleaſures. The Prince diſpatch'd him oftner than once to Court about important Affairs; nor muſt I forget, that when he ſent him in 1646, to carry the News of the taking of *Furnes* to the Queen Mother, his Highneſs charg'd him to wait on Cardinal *Mazarin*, to make the firſt Propoſal to him of the Siege of *Dunkirk*, and to regulate with that Miniſter whatever was neceſſary for the execution of ſo great a Deſign. Tho this got him a figure in the Army, yet he could not reſiſt the natural inclination he found in himſelf to diſcover and take notice of Mens weak Side; a Talent which he exercis'd much afterwards. The Marſhal of *Clerembaut* and he did make it their Buſineſs to obſerve the Sentiments and minuteſt Actions of the Prince; and tho both of them own'd they admir'd his great Qualities, yet they did not keep meaſures with him in their Railleries, and perhaps did not always ſhow him that Reſpect they ought to have done. This laſted ſeveral Months; but they could not play their Game ſo cunningly as to hide it from the Prince. From the Temper he was of, one may eaſily judg his Reſentment was more than ordinary, particularly againſt Monſieur *De St. Evremond*. In a ſhort time after, happen'd the Impriſonment of the Princes, and the Civil Wars, and the Prince was forc'd to retire to the *Low Countries*. But after the Peace *was made*, his Highneſs was ſo generous as to par-

don

n him, and ſhew'd much kindneſs to him when
ſaw him again at *Paris*. After this the Prince
ve him Aſſurances of his Affection and Eſteem,
on ſeveral occaſions.

After the taking of *Dunkirk*, he went to ſerve in
alonia. The Troubles happening the following
ars, he always kept firm to the King's Party,
d obtain'd a Marſhal de Camp's Breviat, with a
nſion of a thouſand Crowns (*g*). He had ſeve-
Commands in *Guienne* during the Civil Wars,
no body was in greater Credit than he with
Duke *De Candale*, who commanded a ſmall Ar-
in that Province. The Troops were then paid
y irregularly: The Officers had only Aſſignments
n the Towns and Communities, and every one
de the beſt bargain he could. Monſieur *De St.*
emond, who knew how to make the beſt of all
urrences, and being ſupported by the Intereſt
Monſieur *Fouquet*, who was very intimate with
, manag'd his Affairs very well in *Guienne*.
own'd himſelf, and often made merry with it,
t in two years and a half he had made fifty thou-
d Livres good Mony in that Place; *a Precaution*,
d he, *which was of great uſe to me all the reſt of my*
fe.

A ſhort time after that, he was ingag'd in a very
ubleſom Affair. The Duke *De Candale* was ve-
well with Cardinal *Mazarin*; and we may even
that this Miniſter made all the Advances, and
he omitted nothing in order to draw him in to
tereſts. However, in the Accommodation
h the Province of *Guienne* made, the Duke fol-
d meaſures which were diſpleaſing to the Car-
l; but he not daring to attack Monſieur *De Can-*
directly, thought his beſt way was to mortify
nſieur *De St. Evremond*, who was accus'd of hav-
art in thoſe Counſels. Upon a very ſlight

(*g*) *We have the Originals of the two Breviats, dated from* Com-
piegne the 16th and 17th of September, 1652.

Pretence; that is to ſay, for ſome Jeſts he made at Table, in which Monſieur *De St. Evremond* had no more ſhare than the reſt of the Company; the Cardinal caus'd him to be put in the *Baſtile*. After he had lain there above three months, he was ſet at liberty; but the frightful Idea of the *Baſtile* never went out of his mind, and this Fright was the chief reaſon that oblig'd him to depart *France*, as we ſhall relate in the Sequel.

The *Pyrenean* Treaty being then on foot, and the Plenipotentiaries of the two Crowns come to the Congreſs, Monſieur *De St. Evremond* went thither with ſeveral Perſons of Quality. He was too able and too acute not to perceive the Game of Cardinal *Mazarin* and Don *Lewis de Haro*: Thoſe two Miniſters endeavour'd to trick one another, but at bottom they were both equally deſirous of Peace, tho they went upon different Motives. When Monſieur *De St. Evremond* left *Paris*, he had promis'd to write to ſome of his Friends, and give them an Account of what paſs'd at the Conference. Among theſe, there were a good many who deſir'd the Continuation of the War; the Marſhal *De Crequi* was one of the firſt of them, and ſo Monſieur *De St. Evremond* thought he ſhould oblige him by ridiculing the famous Treaty of the *Pyrenees*, which at that time was look'd upon as diſadvantageous for *France*. No queſtion but he expreſs'd himſelf with too much Freedom, or rather rally'd the Prime Miniſter too ſeverely in that Letter, which was the Cauſe of his Diſgrace. This is what he own'd himſelf; but he could not foreſee that this Letter ſhould be made publick. We ſhall ſee preſently how this came about.

King *Charles* II. return'd into *England* ſoon after the Peace, and was complimented upon his happy Reſtoration by all the Princes and States of *Europe*. The King of *France* diſtinguiſh'd himſelf above all the reſt, by ſending the Count *De Soiſſons*. This Embaſſy was moſt magnificent, both by the

the Ambaſſador, and the great Retinue of Perſons of Quality who accompany'd him; of which number was Monſieur *De St. Evremond.* For the ſpace of about ſix months that he ſtaid at *London*, beſides having the Honour of being particularly known to the King and the Duke of *York*, he ſaw many *Engliſh* Lords whom he had known in *France*, and made new Acquaintance; which was the reaſon of his fixing his Abode in *England* afterwards.

Some time after his return to *France*, Cardinal *Mazarin* died, and the Ruin of Monſieur *Fouquet* was reſolv'd upon. The Reader will hardly be able to imagine how the Diſgrace of Monſieur *Fouquet* occaſion'd that of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*; and therefore I deſire I may be allow'd to unriddle this matter, which is underſtood but by very few. The Court, the better to cover their Deſign, went to take a Tour in *Anjou*, and from thence in *Bretanny*. Monſieur *De St. Evremond* went along with the Marſhal *De Clerembaut*; and when he took his Journy, he left a Box with Madam *Dupleſſis Belliere*, in which there was ſome ready Mony, ſome Notes, and all his Papers. When Monſieur *Fouquet* was taken up, they were not ſatisfy'd with ſeizing all the Papers he had at his Houſe, but they likewiſe ſecur'd the Papers of his Friends, and of thoſe with whom he had enter'd into the ſtricteſt Ties. Madam *Dupleſſis* being Monſieur *De Fouquet*'s particular Friend, her Papers were alſo ſeiz'd; and thus Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Box was carry'd away with the Papers which were thought to belong to the Superintendant. There they found the Letter concerning the Peace of the *Pyrenees*, which till then had never been ſeen by any but the Marſhals *De Crequi* and *Clerembaut*; it was ſhewn to the King, and nothing was forgot that could irritate the Mind of that Prince. It being an uncommon thing for Courts to intereſt themſelves in the Reputation of a deceas'd Miniſter, it will doubtleſs be thought ſtrange, that

any Perſons ſhould be found, who had the Memory of the Cardinal ſo much at heart, as to make a capital Crime of ſome Railleries. But you muſt know, that Meſſieurs *Le Tellier* and *Colbert*, who rais'd themſelves upon the Ruins of Monſieur *Fouquet*, were the Creatures of his Eminence; and that both of them affecting a pious Acknowledgment and Gratitude for their Maſter and Benefactor, did repreſent to the King, That this unmerciful laſhing of the Prime Miniſter, who had govern'd the State during his Minority, was attacking the Regency of the Queen his Mother, and turning the beginning of his Reign into Ridicule. Thoſe Inſinuations had their Effect; and Monſieur *De St. Evremond* being advertis'd in time of the bad Impreſſions which had been given of him, did, by the Advice of his Friends, abſent himſelf. At firſt he retir'd into *Normandy*, to the Houſe of one of his Relations; but not thinking himſelf ſafe there, he was oblig'd to change his Retreat often. He went from one Province to another, always travelling by night, and never lodging but with Perſons who were of his Acquaintance. At laſt being weary of that wandering Life, and finding that the Endeavours of his Friends in his Favour were fruitleſs; but above all apprehending the *Baſtile*, where he had ſerv'd a very ſevere Apprenticeſhip ſome Years before, he reſolv'd to depart *France* towards the end of the Year 1661. He firſt came to the *Spaniſh Low-Countries*, and from thence to *Holland*, where he ſtaid but a ſhort time, and then came over to *England*, where he waited on King *Charles* II. who receiv'd him very graciouſly. He ſoon liv'd in great Familiarity with the Dukes of *Buckingham* and *Ormond*, the Earls of *St. Albans* and *Arlington*, my Lord *Crofts*, and ſome other Lords: But above all, he liv'd in great Friendſhip with my Lord *D'Aubigny*. He apply'd himſelf to reading, nor did he neglect the Converſation of learned Men. He came acquainted with Mr. *Waller*, one

one of the politeſt Men in *England*, with the famous Mr. *Hobbes*, Mr. *Cowley*, Dr. *Iſaac Voſſius*, and ſeveral other learned Men.

How agreeably ſoever he ſpent his time in *England*, yet he often thought of returning to his own Country, and of being reſtor'd to his former Poſts. In this View he wrote to ſuch of his Friends who had moſt Credit at the *French* Court, and omitted nothing in order to obtain leave to return. But finding the Minds of the Miniſtry inflexible, he fell into a deep Melancholy, and into a ſort of a languiſhing Diſtemper. He was advis'd to croſs the Sea, in order to divert his uneaſy Thoughts; and he was the more eaſily perſuaded to this, that the Plague began to rage at *London*, and the Court was already reſolv'd to remove. He went away in 1665. and came to *Holland*, where he recover'd his Health after ſome months ſtay in that Country. There he was particularly acquainted with Penſionary *De Wit*, and the moſt conſiderable Perſons of the State. He was very intimate with the Marquiſs *D'Eſtrades*, the Baron *De Liſola*, and moſt of the foreign Miniſters at the *Hague*: But above all, he us'd to wait on the Prince of *Orange*, who tho he was diveſted of the Poſts which his Anceſtors enjoy'd, and reduc'd in a manner to a private Station, yet gave Signs, at thoſe Years, of an extraordinary Genius, of that warlike Temper, and that noble Ambition, which he afterwards made appear in the whole Courſe of his Life.

The Treaty of *Breda* began a little after: Monſieur *De St. Evremond* went thither to ſpend ſome months, and was acquainted with almoſt all the Plenipotentiaries. From thence he took a Tour to *Bruſſels*, and then return'd to the *Hague*. The Prince of *Tuſcany* (*b*), who travel'd *incognito*, call'd there in his way to *England*. There was a Houſe hir'd for him, which was the very ſame where Monſieur *De St. Evremond* lodg'd. He made ready to remove, as well as

(*b*) *The Grand Duke now living.*

the

foreign Princes. Monſieur *De St. Evremond* excus'd his not accepting ſuch an Imploy, by alledging it was not proper for a Man of his Age. He beg'd my Lord *Sunderland* to return his moſt humble Acknowledgments to the King, and to tell his Majeſty, that after ſeventy Years of Age that he had liv'd, it was fit he ſhould enjoy the ſmall Remainder of his Life, and entirely throw up all Buſineſs.

The Revolution, which happen'd in the end of the Year 1688, and which produc'd a new face of Affairs in *England*, was ſo far from hurting Monſieur *De St. Evremond*, that it was much to his Advantage. He went to pay his Reſpects to the Pr. of *Orange*, as ſoon as he was arriv'd at *London*, and was receiv'd by him with abundance of Diſtinction. When that Prince was rais'd to the Throne, he ſhow'd him Marks of his Goodneſs on all manner of occaſions, which were often attended with ſolid Favours. When his Majeſty was entertain'd at any Great Man's Houſe, he very often nam'd him for one of the Gueſts, and was extremely pleas'd with his Converſation. Being aſſur'd of the Protection and Good-will of the new King, he dreamt of nothing but of ending his Days peaceably in *England*, when it was told him he had leave to return to *France*. It was before the Declaration of War in 1689, that the Count of *Grammont* acquainted him with this by Order of the Miniſtry. Several of his Friends did ſollicite him, at the ſame time, to come to *Paris*, and made him very obliging Offers: But whether his [illegible]ion to return was abated thro Age, [illegible]as ſatisfy'd with that kind of Life, [illegible]ciety which he had [illegible] *De Grammont*, That [illegible]nted from one Co[illegible]ov'd better to c[illegible]ere he was kno[illegible]e were accuſtom[illegible]his Behavio[illegible]turn to *Franc*[illegible]uaintance, where

dam *Mazarin*, for furniſhing him occaſions of writing a thouſand things, which will always be much to his Honour, in the Opinion of People of a delicate and fine Taſte. He found at her Houſe whatever was moſt honourable and polite in *England*, and whatever was moſt remarkable among foreign Miniſters: He found thoſe whom the Charms of Madam *Mazarin*, and thoſe whom the Freedom of her Houſe did ordinarily draw thither. But what he eſteem'd above all the reſt, was that he ſaw Madam *Mazarin* every day, and that was his chief Buſineſs. If Time, which deſtroys the greateſt and moſt beautiful things, which effaces even Names and Titles, could make us forget the Beauty, Rank and Fortune of *Hortenſia Mancini*, the Works of Monſieur *De St. Evremond* would eſtabliſh Immortality to her. Her Name and Titles are better ſecur'd, than if they had been engraven on Marble and Braſs. The Reader will pardon what I have been ſaying of Madam *Mazarin*. She had ſo large a ſhare in the Writings which Monſieur *De St. Evremond* compos'd in *England*, that I could not avoid inlarging upon that Matter, nor was it poſſible to think of ſo accompliſh'd a Perſon, without lamenting her Loſs.

When Monſieur *Colbert De Croiſſi* was Ambaſſador in *England*, he us'd his Endeavours to have Monſieur *De St. Evremond* recall'd. He wrote ſeveral times to Monſieur *Colbert* his Brother, and preſs'd him to explain himſelf on that head. Monſieur *Colbert* promis'd he would make no oppoſition, in caſe any one would take upon him to ſpeak of it to the King; but he ſaid he could not act directly in an Affair in which he was in ſome ſort a Party. And ſo this Attempt ſucceeded no better than former ones had done.

After the Death of K. *Charles* II. the Earl of *Sunderland*, who was Secretary of State, and Preſident
l, propos'd to K. *James* to create a new
nſieur *De St. Evremond*: This was a
ecrary to the Cabinet; for it was de-
write the King's private Letters to
foreign

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where

where he ſhould be like a Stranger, and where he ſhould ſcarce know any other Courtier but the Count *De Grammont* himſelf.

The reſt of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*'s Life was too equal, and too much of a piece, to detain us long. It is ſufficient to ſay, That he liv'd at *London* like a Philoſopher. Reading and Converſation were more than ever his chief Buſineſs, and the reſt of his time was imploy'd in compoſing little Pieces for his own Amuſement, and that of a certain number of Perſons who met every day at Madam *Mazarin*'s. The Death of this Lady touch'd him to the quick, and ſometimes he could not name her without ſhedding Tears. Upon this occaſion ſome of his Friends renew'd their Sollicitations, and preſs'd him to leave *England*; but he continu'd firm in his firſt Reſolution.

He enjoy'd to the laſt a ſound Judgment, a happy Memory, and as perfect Health as one could have wiſh'd at his Age. Eight or ten Months before his Death, he began to complain of a difficulty in making Water, which was occaſion'd by an Ulcer in his Bladder. This Diſtemper grew upon him inſenſibly, and produc'd ſharp Pains and Watchings, which weaken'd him, and at laſt took away his Appetite, which till then had been always very good. Finding himſelf paſt Recovery, he made a Will, and diſpos'd of the little which he had to his Domeſticks and ſome of his Friends. He died on the $\frac{2}{12}$th of *September* 1703. being in his Senſes to the laſt, and ſpoke as long as he could be underſtood. His Age was never exactly known; but by the moſt juſt Calculation that could be made of it, he could not be leſs than ninety two Years of Age. He was buried in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, near the learned *Caſaubon*, *Cambden*, *Barrow*, and the Poets *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Cowley*, &c. His Friends took care to have his *Buſto* made by an able Sculptor: It is plac'd above the Inſcription that contains his *Epitaph*, which is engraven on white Marble (*i*).

(*i*) *See at the end of the Life of Monſieur* De St. Evremond.

re we conclude this Preface, let us ſay ſome-
s Perſon and Character. Monſieur *De St.*
ne was of a tall proper Stature, and a good
me: and having perform'd his Exerciſes well in
ith, he preſerv'd a natural and eaſy Gate at a
-d Age. His Eyes were blue, lively and full
Look ingenious, and his Smile arch. He
h -ck Hair; and tho it was become perfect-
ly nd but very little remain'd, yet he would never take a Perriwig, but contented himſelf with a Calot. Above twenty Years before his Death, there aroſe a Wen abo the upper Part of his Noſe, which grew to a co erable Bigneſs, but did not much diſfigure him; at leaſt thoſe who were us'd to ſee him, were not much offended at the Sight of it.

His Converſation was jovial and eaſy, his Repartees ſmart and biting, his Manners obliging and polite: In one word, we may ſay of him, that in every thing he look'd like a Man of Quality. Being a rigid Obſerver of the Rules of Civility, he never fail'd to return a Viſit; but it was always without that Affectation of Ceremony, which ſpoils the Sweetneſs and Agreeableneſs of Correſpondence.

He was not a Man of great Learning, but what he had read, he underſtood thorowly. In reading he was more concern'd to ſtudy the Genius and Character of an Author, than to burden his Memory with pompous, and oftentimes uſeleſs Learning.

He wrote with Eaſe; and tho his Stile ſeems to be labour'd and ſtudy'd, yet he had acquir'd ſo great a Habit of Writing, that it coſt him no Pains. However, we are not to imagine, becauſe of this, that he never corrected his Works. On the contrary, after a certain time he revis'd them, added to them, and ſometimes curtail'd them: But very often he was more lucky in his firſt Thought than he was in his Corrections.

Altho every body agrees that his Poetry is much ſhort of his Proſe, yet he did not always judg of it

as

as the Publick did. And we may even ſay, that he was a little too much prejudic'd in favour of his Verſes; otherwiſe he made them with a great deal of Facility. He was a paſſionate Lover of Muſick, and underſtood it ſo well, as to be able to compoſe Tunes. He prick'd the CONSORT OF *CHELSEY*, *A PROLOGUE IN MUSICK*, and ſeveral other Pieces, which you will find among his Poems. 'Tis true, that as to Overtures, Thorow-Baſe, Chorus's, and the whole Symphony, he left them to be compos'd by ſome able Muſician. Being a great Admirer of a fine Voice, and yet more of Inſtruments when they were well play'd upon, he never miſs'd any Conſort or Diverſion of that kind.

All the while he ſerv'd in the Army, he was very careful to perform all the Duties of a good Officer; and out of it he was a Lover of Pleaſure, a good Companion, and a Lover of good Cheer. The Count *D' Olonne*, the Marquiſs *De Boiſdauphin* and he were call'd *LES COTEAUX* (*k*), becauſe they would needs refine upon the Taſte and Delicacy of the Table. In foreign Countries he always lov'd good Cheer; and when all other Paſſions left him, this accompany'd him to his very Tomb.

Altho he was naturally inclin'd to Satyr, or rather to a fine Raillery, or an ingenious Irony; yet his Politeneſs, and his Knowledg of the World, made him very circumſpect and reſerv'd. In his old days he affected to praiſe and commend every thing, and even to applaud too highly Favourites and People in Places. This was rather an Effect of Fear and Diſtruſt, the ordinary Companions of old Age, than a Change of his Temper and Inclination. He has expreſs'd this Diſpoſition in thoſe four Verſes:

My Taſte of Satire is no more,
And I malicious Praiſe give o'er:
But when with Truth I can commend,
'Tis pleaſant then to pleaſe a Friend.

(*k*) *See Monſieur* De St. Evremond's *Life*, pag. xx.

He

He not only liv'd to a very old Age, but during the whole Courſe of his Life enjoy'd a firm and vigorous Health. He preſerv'd to the laſt a gay facetious Humour, which had nothing of Auſtereneſs in it, nor none of the Peeviſhneſs of Old Age. He lov'd the Company of young People, and was touch'd with all their Pleaſures. The Diverſions he was not in a condition to enjoy, made a lively and agreeable Impreſſion on his Mind, and he lov'd to hear them talk'd of.

He was naturally ſlovenly, which was occaſion'd chiefly by his having Dogs, Cats, and all ſorts of Animals always with him. He us'd to ſay, that in order to divert the Uneaſineſſes of old Age, it was neceſſary always to have before one's Eyes ſomething alive and animated.

He brought from *France* all the Mony he could recover, leaving ſome Bills with the Marſhal *De Crequi*, who ſettled a Penſion for Life on him for them of 200 Crowns. When he went the ſecond time from *Holland* over to *England*, he gave 500 *l.* Sterling to the Duke of *Montague*, who in lieu thereof ſettled an Annuity upon him of 100 *l. per annum* during Life. This, together with what he receiv'd from *Normandy*, and the Gratifications which he had from K. *Charles* II. and K. *William* III. ſupply'd him with the Neceſſaries and Conveniences of Life.

This is ſufficient to give you an Idea of Monſieur *De St. Evremond*; if there are any Strokes wanting to his Picture, you may ſee that he drew himſelf: He concludes it with theſe Verſes, which inform us wherein conſiſted his Religion:

Juſtice and Charity ſupply the Place
Of rigid Penance, and a formal Face:
His Piety, without inflicted Pains,
Flows eaſy, and Auſterity diſdains.
God only is the Object of his Care,
Whoſe Goodneſs [illegible] for black Deſpair:
[illegible]

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God only is the Object of his Care,
Whoſe Goodneſs leaves no room for black Deſpair:
Within the Boſom of his Providence,
He places his Repoſe, his Bliſs, and ſure Defence.

London, April 1. 1705. A TABLE

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IN-

If a Man be allow'd to call a Miſtreſs ungrateful and cruel, whom he has courted without Succeſs, thoſe who think themſelves ill uſed by *Fortune*, may, with more Reaſon, claim the Priviledge to forſake her, and, at a diſtance from her, to ſeek for a Repoſe that may ballance the Advantages ſhe has deny'd them. What Injury do we do her to pay her in the ſame Coin, and return Contempt for Contempt? Therefore I don't think it ſtrange, for a Man of Honour to deſpiſe the Court; but I think it ridiculous in him to pride in the deſpiſing it.

There is another Sort of Men every whit as intolerable: Such are thoſe who can't leave the Court, and are vex'd at every Thing that paſſes there; who intereſt themſelves in the Diſgrace of the moſt indifferent Perſons, and find fault with the Preferment of their own Friends.

They look upon all the Good and Ill that's done to others, to be downright Injuſtice; and they are equally provok'd by Favours, tho' never ſo well deſerv'd; and by Puniſhments, tho' never ſo juſt. Yet if you can liſten to theſe Perſons, they'll talk of nothing but Conſtancy, Generoſity, and Honour: Every Thing they ſay, is always attended with a melancholy Air, that makes you Sad, inſtead of affording you any Comfort. They find a certain Pleaſure in Complaints, which cancels our Gratitude for their Pity. Go where you will, you may expect to find the World compos'd of two Sorts of Perſons; the one mind Buſineſs, the other purſue their Pleaſures.

The firſt fly the Approach of the Miſerable, and are afraid of becoming ſo by Contagion. If one has a mind to get into their Acquaintance, he muſt conceal his Misfortunes, and endeavour to be ſerviceable to them, in ſome reſpect or other.

Theſe

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF MONSIEUR De
St. EVREMOND.

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
MAXIM,
That we ought to deſpiſe FORTUNE; *and not care for the* COURT.

IT is more difficult to make the World acquieſce in this *Maxim*, than in any other: For they who receive Favours, and even thoſe that have but bare Pretenſions, or Expectations, are apt to ridicule a Notion ſo contrary to their own.

I own, one can hardly believe, That any reaſonable Man did ever pretend to make that Opinion Univerſal: I ſuppoſe it was calculated for the Unfortunate, with no other Deſign, than to cure diſtemper'd Minds of an unprofitable Uneaſineſs; in which Caſe I cannot find fault with it.

their Friendſhip, one muſt be dead, or at leaſt very miſerable.

I know that a Man of Senſe is always to be pitied in Adverſity, and a Fop always to be deſpis'd, let his Fortune be what it will: But to hate Favourites, purely out of Hatred to *Favour*; and to love the Miſerable, meerly out of the Conſideration of their Diſgrace, is a very odd ſort of Conduct, uneaſie to one's ſelf; inſupportable to others; And always prejudicial. Nevertheleſs, difference of Temper ſhews all theſe different Effects in the Life of Courtiers.

We have already obſerv'd, that there are many Perſons at Court, that break with their Friends, at the very moment that any Misfortune happens to them; that have neither Friendſhip nor Averſion, but what is meaſur'd by Intereſt. Whoſoever is not uſeful to them, never wants Defects; and he that may be ſerviceable to them, is poſſeſs'd of all Perfections.

There are others, who don't content themſelves with deſerting the Unfortunate; but even inſult over them in their Misfortunes. The more cringing and abject theſe Men are in their Adulations to the *Favourites*, the more forward they are to affront thoſe that are fallen into Diſgrace.

To ſpeak the truth, if the moroſe Humour of thoſe who rail at Fortune continually, is extravagant, the Proſtitution of thoſe, who ſacrifice even their Friends to her, is as infamous.

There is juſt a *Medium* between Baſeneſs, and ſe Generoſity; there is a true Honour that reates the Conduct of reaſonable Perſons. An neſt Man may be allow'd to have his Ambition and Intereſt; but he ought not to purſue them by any other than lawful Means. He may have Addreſs and Skill, without *Subtilty*; *Dexterity*, without *Deceit*; and *Complaiſance*, without *Flattery*.

When

When he is a Friend of the Favourites, he partakes agreeably of their Secrets: If they happen to fall; he ſhares in their Misfortunes, as he did in their Favours.

The ſame Addreſs that knew how to pleaſe them, can give them Comfort; he makes their Misfortunes leſs troubleſom, as he render'd their Pleaſures more agreeable; he manages his good Offices with Dexterity, without offending their Loyalty, or injuring their Fortune; and thus he acts more conveniently for himſelf, and more to the Advantage of his Friends.

Generally ſpeaking, he is more hearty than thoſe who ſeek their own Glory, in aſſiſting others; who aim at nothing but to recommend themſelves, by giving Teſtimonies of their Conſtancy, and who prefer the Noiſe of a good Action, before the Good of thoſe they deſign to oblige.

Of theſe two Sorts of Perſons, the firſt pretend to keep at a diſtance from the Unfortunate, that they may be more capable of ſerving them; the others run after them, to tell them how they are to manage themſelves. Whilſt the firſt are conceal'd, and only think how to relieve the Afflicted, the others love nothing ſo much, as to exerciſe a wild and imperious Generoſity, and to domineer over thoſe that ſtand in need of their Credit.

I have gone too far in this Diſcourſe: I ſhall conclude it with a Word or two, concerning the Opinion one ſhould entertain of Favourites.

In my mind, their Greatneſs ought never to dazzle our Eyes; We may judge of them, within our ſelves, as we do of other Men; either eſteem or deſpiſe them, according to their Perfections or Defects; love or hate them, according to the Good or Ill they do us. I am likewiſe of Opi-

nion, that we ought never to be wanting to pay that Acknowledgment which is due to them; carefully conceal the Slights and Diſguſts we receive at their Hands; and when Honour or Intereſt would carry us to Revenge, reſpect the Inclination of the Maſter, in the Perſon of the Enemy; Not to confound the Publick Good with our own; and never to make a *Civil War*, of a private Quarrel.

To deſpiſe, or hate them, are free Motions, ſo long as we keep them to our ſelves; but when they carry us to Things wherein the State is concern'd, we are accountable to It for our Actions; and its Juſtice has a Right to puniſh ſuch a Criminal Conduct.

MAN, who is deſirous to know all Things, knows not himſelf.

To MONSIEUR ***

YOU are become more unſociable of late than you us'd to be: Study has ſomething cloudy and melancholy in it, which ſpoils that natural Chearfulneſs, and deprives a Man of that readineſs of Wit, and freedom of Fancy, which are requir'd towards a polite Converſation. Meditation has ſtill worſe Effects in Civil Society: Wherefore let me adviſe you to take care, that you loſe not by it with your Friends, what you think to gain with your ſelf.

I know very well, that the Diſquiſition which employs you at preſent, is both ſerious and important; you deſire to know what you are, and what

what you ſhall be in another World, when you ſhall ceaſe to be in this? But pray tell me, can you imagine that thoſe Philoſophers, whoſe Works you read with ſo much Application, have found what you enquire after? They have ſearcht it, as well as you, but they have ſearcht it in vain. Your Curioſity has been of all Ages, as well as your Reflections, and the Uncertainty of your Knowledge. The moſt Devout cannot always command their Belief; or the moſt Impious their Incredulity: And 'tis one of the Misfortunes of our Lives, that Natural Reaſon cannot aſſure us, whether there be another Life, or no.

The Author of Nature was not pleaſed to allow us to be perfectly acquainted with our ſelves; and amidſt the too curious Deſires of knowing every Thing, he has reduc'd us to the Neceſſity of being ignorant of our ſelves. He animates the Springs of our Soul, but conceals from us the admirable Secret that makes them move; and that knowing Artificer reſerves to himſelf the ſole Knowledge of his Work.

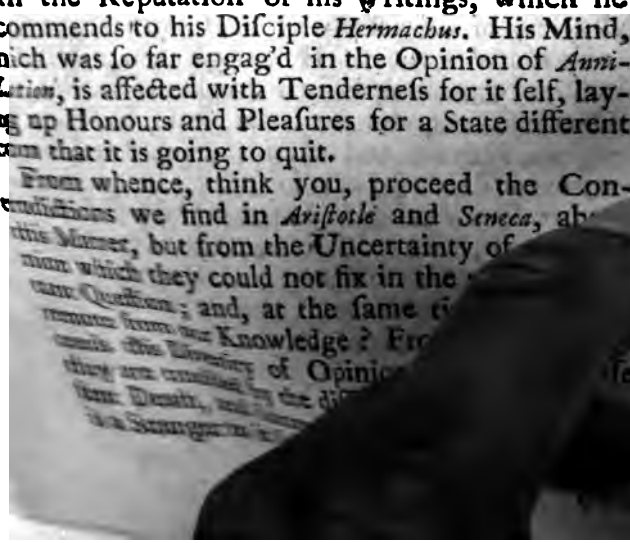
He hath plac'd us in the midſt of numberleſs Variety of Objects, with Senſes capable of being affected with them: He has given us a Mind that makes continual Efforts to know their Nature. The Heavens, the Sun, the Stars, the Elements, whole Nature, and even the Supreme Being on whom it depends, are ſubject to its *Speculation*, if not to its *Knowledge*. But, are we affected with the leaſt Pain? Our fine Speculations vaniſh away: Are we in danger of Death? There are few People but would give up the Advantages and Prerogatives of the Mind, to preſerve this baſe and groſs Part, this earthly Body, which Philoſophers ſet ſo little Value upon.

I return to the Opinion, which, I ſuppoſe, you will not approve, and which, however, I believe

be true enough, *viz. That no Man was ever convinc'd by Reaſon, either that the Soul was certainly Immortal, or that it is really annihilated with the Body.*

'Tis not to be doubted, but that *Socrates* believ'd the *Immortality of the Soul:* We ſee it in what remains of the Hiſtory of his Life; and the Opinions which *Plato* fathers upon him, ſeem to confirm it. But yet *Socrates* does not aſſert it himſelf; for when he appears before his Judges, he ſpeaks of it like a Man that deſires it, and mentions *Annihilation* like a Philoſopher that fears it not.

This, SIR, is the noble Aſſurance which *Socrates* gives us of the *Immortality of the Soul*: Let us ſee what Proofs *Epicurus* will give us of its *Annihilation*. *Epicurus* is unacquainted with any Thing but the Body: With him the *Soul*, the *Mind*, the *Underſtanding*, all is Matter, all ſubject to *Corruption* and *Diſſolution*. But does he not ſeem to contradict, at his Death, the Maxims he taught during his Life? Poſterity affects him; his Memory becomes dear to him; he flatters himſelf with the Reputation of his Writings, which he recommends to his Diſciple *Hermachus*. His Mind, which was ſo far engag'd in the Opinion of *Annihilation*, is affected with Tenderneſs for it ſelf, laying up Honours and Pleaſures for a State different from that it is going to quit.



own Opinion, according as it is ſeduced by the various Appearances of Truth.

Solomon, who was the *greateſt* of all *Kings*, and the *wiſeſt* of all Men, ſeems to furniſh the *Impious* with Arguments to defend their Errors, even at the very time when he adviſes the Good to continue firm in the Love of Truth. If any one ought to have been free from *Error*, *Doubts* and *Inconſtancy*, ſurely it was *Solomon*: Yet we ſee by the Unequality and Changeableneſs of his Conduct, that he was ſome times tired with his *Wiſdom*, as he was at others, weary of his *Folly*; that his Virtues and Vices gave him, by Turns, Diſguſts; that ſome times he thinks all things are govern'd by Chance; and that at other times he aſcribes all to Providence.

Let the Philoſophers, let the Learned ſeriouſly examine themſelves, and they will find not only an Alteration, but even an abſolute Contrariety in their Opinions. Unleſs *Faith* ſubjects our *Reaſon*, we paſs our Lives betwixt *Belief* and *Unbelief*; in endeavouring to *perſwade*, while we are unable to *convince* our ſelves.

I know very well that ſome Inſtances may be brought in, which ſeem to contradict what I aſſert. A Diſcourſe upon the Immortality of the Soul, has prompted ſome Perſons to ſeek Death, to enjoy the ſooner the Felicity that was promis'd them [illegible] other Life. But when we once come to [illegible] 'tis no longer Reaſon that leads us, b[illegible]ſſion that hurries us away; 'tis no n[illegible]ſcourſe that has an Effect upon us, [illegible]ty of a noble Death, which we fool-[illegible]efore Life; 'tis a Wearineſs of pre-[illegible] and a Hope of future Enjoyments; [illegible] Glory; 'tis a Diſtemper: In a [illegible]hat offers Violence to natural [illegible] beſides our ſelves.

Believe

Believe me, SIR, a ſerene undiſturb'd Mind is ſeldom moved by the reading of *Plato*. *It belongs to God alone to make Martyrs, and engage us by his Promiſe to leave the Life we enjoy, for another which we know nothing of. For a Man to pretend to convince himſelf of the Immortality of the Soul by Reaſon, is a kind of Diſtruſt of the Promiſe God has given us about it; and, in in ſome Meaſure, renouncing the only thing that may ſecure it to us.*

What has *Des-Cartes* gain'd by his pretended Demonſtration of a *purely ſpiritual*, and *ever-thinking Subſtance*? What has been the Reſult of ſuch refined Speculations? Why, he has made the World believe that Religion did not convince him, without perſwading either himſelf or others by his Arguments.

Therefore, SIR, read, think, meditate, and reflect, as long as you pleaſe, and you will find, after all your Reading, Thinking, Meditating, and Reflecting, that it belongs to *Religion* alone to *decide*, and that *Reaſon* ought to *ſubmit*.

The Duke of LONGUEVILLE's *Retreat to his Government of* † Normandy.

THE Duke of *Longueville* entring the old Palace, the firſt Perſon he met with was Monſieur *de* * *St. Luc*, who had been ſent from St. *Germains* to the Marquis of ‡ *Hectot*, in order to endeavour to bring him back to the Court-Intereſt. He told him, with a joyful Countenance, St. *Luc*, *'Tis not long ago ſince I hated you heartily*; *and I*, my Lord, replied St. *Luc*, *I hate you no leſs now, than you did at that time. If I had not been impoſed upon, you would not be here*; *and if you had not been impos'd upon firſt, I would not have been ſuffer'd here.*

This ſhort Converſation being over, the Duke of *Longueville* ſhew'd an Inclination to go to the Parliament, who met in order to conſider whether they ought to admit him. Some of his Friends oppos'd it, alledging, That he thereby expoſed himſelf, and the whole Fortune of his Party:

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† *Mr.* de St. Everemond *wrote this ingenious Satyr, to turn into Ridicule moſt of the Gentlemen of* Normandy, *who had declared againſt the Court in the Year* 1649. *After it had for ſome time been handed about in Manuſcript, it was printed in a looſe Sheet*; *at which the Author was not diſpleas'd, ſince the War being declar'd, he thereby did the Court a Piece of Service. It was afterwards inſerted in the* Memoirs of the Duke of *la Rochefoucault*; *but full of Faults, and without the Author's Name. Cardinal* Mazarin *ſet a great Value upon it, as was obſerv'd in Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Life.*

* *The King's Lieutenant-General in* Guienne, *under the Duke of* Epernon.

‡ *Son to the Marquis of* Beuvron.

Party: Whereupon they caus'd ſome Perſons to go to the Top of a high Tower, in order to obſerve the Countenance of the People; and upon their Report, that they heard Huzza's on all Sides, the Duke went out immediately, attended with thoſe that had followed him, and repair'd to the Palace, being receiv'd every where with repeated Acclamations.

He ſurprized the Gentlemen of the Parliament, who did not expect ſo ſudden an Adventure; and having taken his Seat, he ſpoke to them in theſe words: *Having ever had a great Reſpect and Affection for you, I am come hither, notwithſtanding the Hazard to which a Man of my Quality may expoſe himſelf, to offer you my Life and Fortune for your Preſervation. I know, that moſt Governours do not follow this Method; and that after they have got from you all the Service they can in peaceable Times, they abandon you as ſoon as they ſee you in Danger. For my own Part, as I have a Thouſand Obligations to you, ſo I deſign to take this Opportunity to acknowledge them: And, both as a Governour, and as one ſenſibly oblig'd to you, I come to do you all the Service that lies in my Power, in ſo perilous a Conjuncture.*

The Firſt * Preſident returning no Anſwer to this Speech, *but rather* ſhewing, by his melancholy Looks, how much he was concern'd at the Duke's Preſence, all the *other* Gentlemen gave him Demonſtrations of Joy, which were animated by the Mouth of a Counſellor of the *Great Chamber*, named *Du Meſnil-Coſté*, who made him this fine Complement: ‘ *Moſt Gracious Prince*, The ſame ‘ Difference that is between the *Wolf* and the ‘ *Shepherd*, is found, on this Occaſion, between ‘ Count *d'Harcourt* and your Highneſs. Count ‘ *d'Harcourt*

* *Mr.* Faucon de Ris, *deſcended* from an Italian Family.

'*d'Harcourt* is come, either as a *Wolf*, or as a '*Lion*, but ſtill as a ravenous Beaſt, to devour us. 'We would not open our Doors to him, leſt we 'ſhould receive an Enemy into our Bowels; And 'all the Favour we have ſhewn him, was to ſuf-'fer him to go round our Walls; which he has 'done, caſting upon us an Eye ſparkling with Wrath, '*Tanquam Leo rugiens.* As for you, Great Prince, 'you are come like a true Shepherd, to ſecure 'our whole Sheepfold; *Bonus Paſtor ponit Animam 'pro Ovibus ſuis.* There's no doubt but you'll do 'the ſame; *atque ideo*, My Lord, we commit to 'you the Guard of this City, and the Safety of 'the whole Province: 'Tis your Part to watch 'for our Preſervation; and ours to ſecond your 'Care with all the Aſſiſtance that ſhall lie in our 'Power.

This Speech being ended, the Duke of *Longueville* roſe, and having ſaluted every particular Member with his uſual Affability, he went out of the Palace, accompanied by his Friends, and follow'd by the People with their repeated Acclamations.

The Gentlemen of the Parliament, reflecting on the Joy the Citizens had ſhewn at the Sight of their Governour, began to be apprehenſive of an abſolute Slavery; to prevent which Misfortune, they reſolv'd to make their own Terms with him. But whether the Duke of *Longueville* foreſaw their Intention; or in order to ſettle a perfect Confidence with them, he thought fitting to prevent them, and aſſure them, that they ſhould ever have the Diſpoſal of All. He told them, 'That 'the Affairs in queſtion, did properly regard the 'Parliament, and not himſelf; that he neither 'deſign'd, nor ought to have any other Employ-'ment, than that of leading an Army for 'Welfare of the State, and their particul

'vice; That all the Levies ſhould be made by 'Their Orders; That they themſelves ſhould ap-'point Commiſſioners, out of their own Body, 'both for the Receipt and Payment of the Mo-'neys; And, in ſhort, That as they were prin-'cipally concern'd in the Succeſs of this Affair, 'it was but reaſonable they ſhould be privy to 'all the Councils.

Thoſe Gentlemen return'd him Thanks for the Honour he did them; aſſur'd him they would make as many Ordinances as he ſhould deſire, without examining any Thing; that, being the King's Guardians, they would, at his Pleaſure, diſpoſe of their Pupil's Eſtate; and that they would run all Hazards to ſerve him, provided he would ſuppreſs the * *Long-Vacation*, and reſtore the Aſſembly to their Ancient Privileges. The Firſt Preſident, and Advocate-General, thinking themſelves unable to ſerve the King, went to *St. Germains* to give an Account of their Diſability.

In the mean time, the Duke of *Longueville*, having ſecur'd the People and Parliament, bent all his Thoughts on the raiſing of Forces. But having yet no Funds, he reſolv'd, however, to diſpoſe of Employments, in order to entertain every Body with Hopes; and began to make the Eſtabliſhment of an Army, which was then but imaginary. The moſt eminent Perſons being aſſembled, 'He return'd them Thanks for the Ardour 'they ſhew'd in his Service: Adding, That for 'his own Part, he would ever acknowledge the 'Affection of thoſe who follow'd his Fortune; 'and that he was ready to entruſt them with the 'moſt

* *The French ſays* Semeſtre, *which ſignifies a Committee of the Parliament, that ſits during the* Long-Vacation.

' moſt important Employments, expecting a pro-
' per Opportunity to gratify them with ſubſtantial
' Favours.

At theſe fine Words, thoſe illuſtrious Perſons made profound Bows: A moment after, nothing was heard but Compliments, which inſenſibly advanc'd to Aſſurances of Fidelity, and Proteſtations of their readineſs to ſpill the laſt Drop of their Blood. This was attended with ſeveral fine Speeches on the preſent State of Affairs, and ſome of them, animated with Zeal for their Party, open'd a material Counſel. *Why*, ſaid they, *do not we beat the Iron whilſt 'tis hot? You have, my Lord, abundance of Nobility and Gentry with you; and great Numbers of young Men in the City: You may make up a Body of Gentlemen; a Body of their* Valets-de-Chamber, *to whom you may join the* * Cinquantaine, *and the* Archers; *two great Battalions of the moſt ſubſtantial Burghers: And with theſe Troops go and ſurprize the King at* St. Germains. *Yes*, anſwer'd the Duke of *Longueville, this may be adviſeable: But to being our chief Enterpriſe, we muſt take right Meaſures to carry it on; We ſhall debate it in the firſt Counſel. In the mean time, to avoid Confuſion, which uſually ruins all Parties, we muſt diſpoſe of Employments, that every one may know his Poſt.*

Varicarville, ſo highly reſpected by the Wits, would accept of no Employment: Having learnt of his *Rabbi*, that in order to underſtand the *Old Teſtament* perfectly well, a Man muſt apply himſelf to nothing elſe, and even reduce himſelf to the *Herb-Diet*, to keep his Head free from all groſs

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ular Troop of the Archers, *or* City-Militia.
ille had with him a Jewiſh Rabbi, *who ſuffer'd living but* Herbs.

groſs Vapours; nevertheleſs, the Averſion he has againſt the Favourites, not permitting him to be idle on ſuch Occaſions, he deſired to be Superintendant in Civil Matters, and to ſettle all Things according to the Prince of *Orange*'s Memoirs: But as ill Luck would have it, he had left behind him, at *Paris*, a Manuſcript of Count *Maurice*, which might have been of great Uſe to him for the Artillery and Proviſions; which, in all Probability, was the Reaſon, that there was neither Ammunition nor Bread in that Army.

Saint-Ibal put in for the Honour of bringing the Enemy into *France*: But he was anſwer'd, that the Generals of *Paris* reſerv'd it to themſelves. He then deſir'd a Full-Power to treat with the *Poles*, *Tartars* and *Muſcovites*, and the ſole Management of Chimerical Projects, which was granted him.

Count *de Fieſque*, fruitful in Military Chimera's, beſides the Poſt of Lieutenant-General, which he had at *Paris*, obtain'd a particular Commiſſion for the Beating up of Quarters, and other blunt and ſudden Exploits, which may be reſolv'd upon, whilſt one is ſinging an Air of * *la Barre*, or dancing a Minuet.

The Marquis *de Beuvron* was made a Lieutenant-General, on Condition that he ſhould remain in the *Old Palace*; that Place, and the Government, being both of ſo great Importance, that too much Care could not be beſtow'd on their Preſervation.

The Marquis *de Matignon*, ever Illuſtrious by his *Sufficiency*, and now Famous for the memorable Siege of *Vallogne*, commanded the Troops of *Courtin*, ſaying, He had a mind to have the little

* *A famous Muſician of thoſe Days.*

the Army *under him*, and be as independent on the Duke of *Longueville*, as Count *Wallestein* was on the Emperor.

The Marquis *d'Hocket* ſtood up for the Command of the Horſe, which was granted him, becauſe he was better mounted than the reſt; was about the ſame Age with Monſieur *de Nemours*, when he commanded the Cavalry in *Flanders*; and had an embroider'd Coat entirely like his.

Auſonville was pitch'd upon to be Governour of *Rouen*, as a Man *civilly* skill'd in *War*, and as able to make *military* Harangues to the People, as *Pleſſis-Beſançon*. The Governour was made Major-General, that he might not obey others; and the Major-General, Governour, that he might not *be oblig'd to* quit the City: For 'twas one of his Maxims, *That he ought not to go out, upon any Account whatſoever*; and he alledg'd the Example of ſeveral conſiderable Towns, that had been loſt, through the Abſence of their Governours.

Hanerie and *Caumenil* deſir'd to be made Majors-General: *Hanerie*, becauſe he had been like to be made Enſign to the King's *Genſdarmes*; and *Caumenil*, becauſe he was within an Ace of being made Colonel of * *Monſieur*'s Regiment.

Beaucaule could not pretend that he ever ſaw an Army; but he alledg'd, that he had been a Hunter all his Life-time, and that *Hunting being a Picture of War*, according to † *Machiavel*, Forty Years ſpent in Hunting, were, at leaſt, equivalent to Twenty Campaigns; wherefore he deſir'd to be made a Major-General, which he was accordingly.

* *The Duke of* Orleans.
† *See his Diſcourſes on the Firſt Decad of* Livy, Lib. III. p. 39.

Flavacourt ſaid, That to be a good Captain, a Man muſt have ſeen Armies *routed*, as well as *victorious*; as *Barriere* (*his Brother-in-Law*) had read in the Duke of *Rohan*'s * Book: Which being laid down as a Maxim, he pretended that no Man could contend with him for the Advantage of his own Experience, every Body ſtill remembring the Diſorder he was in, when *d'Eſtauges* † was taken Priſoner.

They had a mind to beſtow the Command of the Ordnance on *St. Evremond*; and, to ſpeak the Truth, as he ſtood affected for || *St. Germains*, he could have wiſh'd to ſerve the Court, by accepting a conſiderable Employment, in which he had no manner of Skill. But having promis'd Count *d'Harcourt* not to ſerve at all, he kept his Word with him; both out of a Principle of Honour, and not to be like the *Normans*, moſt of whom had broke their Promiſe. Upon theſe Conſiderations, he generouſly refus'd the Money that was offer'd, but which would never have been given him.

Campion did not put in for any great Employment; and only deſir'd to be made *Mareſchal of Battalia*, in order to learn the Trade of War, ingenuouſly owning he was a Stranger to it: But pretending to know the Country, to the ſmalleſt Rivulets, and the moſt inconſiderable Paſſages; which Science he had learned when he went a Hunting with the Duke of *Vendoſme*.

Sevigny was contented with the ſame Employment; but he found he was a Bubble to his own Modeſty,

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* *Entitled*, Le Parfait Capitaine, ou l'Abregé des Guerres des Commentaires de *Ceſar*, &c.

† *In the War of* Paris.

|| *The King was then at that* Place.

Modeſty, when he ſaw, that there was no Skill requir'd to be a Major-General. However, he ſet up alſo for a Droll, and had the Honour to make his Highneſs laugh.

Rucqueville, that old Servant, would not take up with any Employment; and his long Experience in War remain'd uſeleſs, under pretence of his Vapours. The Duke of *Longueville*, to ſoften his Diſguſt, for not being made Governour of *Caen*, augmented his Penſions: But all in vain, *Rucqueville* ſaying openly, That he would, indeed, take his Maſter's Money, but could never forbear ſpeaking ill of him.

Franquetot-Barberouſſe was a long while before he choſe his Side: *Boncœur* * entertaining his Irreſolution by the Friendſhip of the Mareſchal *de Gramont*. During his long Conſultations, however, he inſenſibly ſet up for a *Doer of good Offices*, hugging himſelf with the Vanity of a falſe Credit. Afterwards, being inform'd by Letters from his Friends, that Peace was ſeriouſly negotiating, he determin'd to act no longer a neutral Part. He read *Cæſar's Commentaries*, to fortify his Mind, which was not yet fully reſolv'd: When he came to the Paſſage of the *Rubicon*, he ſtopt ſhort, as that great Captain had done; and having mus'd a while upon the Matter, he cry'd out, like him, *Let's paſs the* Rubicon, *a lucky Caſt may win All.* He thereupon goes out in a great Emotion, without looking either upon *Boncœur* or the little †*Harcy*, well-knowing, that the *ſight of Women and Children may ſoften the fierceſt Spirits*; and without acquainting any of his Friends, he attends the Duke of *Longueville*, and thus beſpeaks him: 'My Lord,

* *So his Wife was call'd.*
† *Son to Franquetot.*

If a Man be allow'd to call a Miſtreſs ungrateful and cruel, whom he has courted without Succeſs, thoſe who think themſelves ill uſed by *Fortune*, may, with more Reaſon, claim the Priviledge to forſake her, and, at a diſtance from her, to ſeek for a Repoſe that may ballance the Advantages ſhe has deny'd them. What Injury do we do her to pay her in the ſame Coin, and return Contempt for Contempt? Therefore I don't think it ſtrange, for a Man of Honour to deſpiſe the Court; but I think it ridiculous in him to pride in the deſpiſing it.

There is another Sort of Men every whit as intolerable: Such are thoſe who can't leave the Court, and are vex'd at every Thing that paſſes there; who intereſt themſelves in the Diſgrace of the moſt indifferent Perſons, and find fault with the Preferment of their own Friends.

They look upon all the Good and Ill that's done to others, to be downright Injuſtice; and they are equally provok'd by Favours, tho' never ſo well deſerv'd; and by Puniſhments, tho' never ſo juſt. Yet if you can liſten to theſe Perſons, they'll talk of nothing but Conſtancy, Generoſity, and Honour: Every Thing they ſay, is always attended with a melancholy Air, that makes you Sad, inſtead of affording you any Comfort. They find a certain Pleaſure in Complaints, which cancels our Gratitude for their Pity. Go where you will, you may expect to find the World compos'd of two Sorts of Perſons; the one mind Buſineſs, the other purſue their Pleaſures.

The firſt fly the Approach of the Miſerable, and are afraid of becoming ſo by Contagion. If one has a mind to get into their Acquaintance, he muſt conceal his Misfortunes, and endeavour to be ſerviceable to them, in ſome reſpect or other.

Thoſe

Thoſe that give themſelves up entirely to their Diverſions, have ſomething more of Humanity in them, and are eaſier of Acceſs. Their Miſtreſſes and Confidents make good uſe of thoſe Follies, by which they are poſſeſs'd. Their Souls are more open, but their Conduct is more uncertain: *Paſſion*, with them, always prevails above Friendſhip; and they look upon the Duties of Society, as an inſupportable Burthen. Therefore, to converſe with them, you muſt follow the Courſe of their Pleaſures, confide but little in them, and get what you can from them.

The greateſt Art conſiſts in knowing well theſe two Sorts of Perſons. As long as you are engag'd in the World, you muſt comply with its Maxims; becauſe nothing is more unprofitable, than the Wiſdom of thoſe Perſons who ſet up for *Reformers* of the Age. 'Tis a Part a Man cannot act long, without offending his Friends, and rendring himſelf ridiculous.

In the mean time, moſt of theſe *Reformers* have their Views, their Intereſts, and their Cabals. 'Tis to no purpoſe to expoſe them; for all that is ſaid of them, either at Court, or upon the Stage, does not diſcourage them. Hearken to their Remonſtrances, and they will immediately become your *Maſters*; give no Attention to them, and you muſt expect they'll be your *Enemies*. As long as Fortune ſmil'd upon them, they enjoy'd her Favours; and when they happen to fall into Diſgrace, they ſeek to raiſe and advance their Intereſt, by affecting a Reputation of Integrity. To what purpoſe is it, for a Man to hate in another, the Fortune he would not neglect for himſelf? Their Averſion is levell'd at thoſe that ſtand for Favours; their Envy at thoſe that obtain them; and their Animoſity at the Perſons that diſtribute them: To have their Eſteem, or

'I ever was your Servant, tho' not with ſo parti-
'cular a Devotion, as to be thereby oblig'd to
'ſerve you on this Occaſion: But now I deſign
'to embrace your Intereſt, and am come to aſ-
'ſure *your Highneſs*, that I entirely devote my ſelf
'to you.

The Duke felt a great Joy, and ſuch as cannot be contain'd within the Heart, and therefore makes, generally, ſome Impreſſion on the Face; But the ſame was moderated, when *Barberouſſe* had explain'd himſelf thus: 'The Declaration I make
'is not ſo general, but that I add a Condition to
'it. I deſign to continue here, when you go in-
'to the Field, which, however, cannot be aſcri-
'bed to Want of Courage, but to an unlucky
'*Strangury*, which hinders me from going on
'Horſe-back. Not that I deſign to be uſeleſs in
'the Party neither: I will negotiate with Madam
'*de Matignon*, for whom I ever entertain'd an Af-
'fection; and beſides, as you have no Body here
'that can write Relations, I ſhall take care to
'publiſh your Atchievements. Theſe laſt words were a great Comfort to the Prince: for to ſpeak the Truth, they had great Occaſion for a *Gazetteer*, and he was glad to find one ſo skill'd in *Narratives*.

Fontrailles came in the Nick of Time to ſee the Great Affair of *la* * *Bouille*. During his Stay in *Normandy*, the Duke of *Longueville* made him privy to all his Counſels, as he did *Varicarville* and Count *de Fieſque*; but *Fontrailles* could not reliſh ſuch a Confi-

* *Mr.* de St. Evremond *going to* Rouen *during this War, met the Duke of* Longueville *at* la Bouille, *(a Village within three Leagues of that City) with his little Army; and gave him Notice of the Approach of the King's Troops, and thereby an Opportunity to ſave his own: As was mention'd before in Mr. de St. Evremond's Life.*

Confidence, being apprehenſive of engaging himſelf too far in the Prince's Intereſt, and of being intruſted with the Secret of a ſecond Enterprize againſt *Pontoiſe*. So juſt an Apprehenſion oblig'd him to quit the Party, and to carry Count *de Fieſque away with him*, repreſenting to him, That conſidering how they govern'd their General, all the Diſorders that might happen would be charged upon them, if things were carried to Extremity.

The Duke *de Retz*, from whom they expected great Supplies, came attended only by a Page, who carried his Arms and his two truſty † Squires. Some found Fault with his coming without Troops; but they were ſoon ſatisfied, when he ſhew'd 'em a long Liſt of the Barons who deſired to be employ'd. For Two hundred thouſand Crowns, he might have engag'd the *Bretons* to take the Field; but for want of that petty Sum, the Credit of ſo great a Lord remain'd altogether uſeleſs. 'Tis true, he promiſed not to ſpare his own Perſon, and to ſerve as a Duke and Peer in the Army of *Rouen*, with the ſame Aſſiduity as he had ſerved in *Flanders*: He aſſured them beſides, that *Montplaiſir* would ſoon join them; and even gave 'em ſome Hopes of the || *Tapinois*.

As for the reſt, *Belle-Iſle* was in a very good Poſture of Defence; there was a Garriſon at *Machecoul*; and *Montmirel* was well guarded. The Duke's way of living with the Officers was very obliging: And whoever was ſo happy as to have

† *When he was in* Flanders, *he had always two Gentlemen of the Horſe by his Sides, and a Page that carried his Arms.*

|| *So was Monſieur* d'Aubeterre *nicknamed: Becauſe when he was in the Army, he often ſtole away from his Company to go to the Trenches, and other Places of Danger; from whence he ſometimes returned wounded, to the* great Surprize of his *Friends, who did not expect any ſuch thing.*

a Buff-Coat, or a Black Velvet Jacket, might depend upon his Friendſhip.

Thus you ſee the different Employments of the moſt conſiderable Perſons of the Party. If any Body wonders that I ſay nothing of their Actions, 'tis becauſe I know nothing of 'em: For as I relate Truth with the utmoſt Exactneſs, ſo I mention nothing but what I ſaw. In the mean time, I account my ſelf happy that I was acquainted with the Animoſity of that Inſurrection, rather by Obſervation, than by my own Experience. 'Tis a Trade for *Fools* and *Deſperado's*, which Men of Senſe and Honour, and ſuch as are well to paſs, ought not to meddle with.

Bubbles came in daily by Companies; the Outlaw'd and the Needy repair'd to them from all Parts; and there never was ſo great Talk of *Generoſity*, without *Honour*; never ſo many *fine Speeches*, without *Senſe*; never ſo many *Deſigns*, without *Action*; or Undertakings without *Effects*: In ſhort, 'tis all Fancy, all Chimera; nothing ſubſtantial, nothing real, beſides *Want* and *Miſery*. Hence it is, that private Men complain of the Great ones, who *deceive* them, and the Great ones of private Men who *abandon* them. *Fools* are undeceived by Experience, and draw off; Men of deſperate Fortunes, who ſee no Alteration in their Condition, go and ſeek elſewhere ſome er unlucky Adventure: Being no leſs diſted with the Leading-Men of the Party, than h the Favourites.

A

A LETTER

To MADAM ***

I Remember, Madam, that when I went to the Army, I begg'd of you to love the Chevaliér of *Grammont*, in caſe I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to meet my Death there; in which Particular, I have been ſo well obey'd, that you do not hate him at all during my Life, to learn (I ſuppoſe) how to love him the better after my Death. You are very punctual in obeying my Orders, and ſhould I continue to give you the ſame Commiſſion, in all Appearance, you would ſee it carefully executed.

You may imagine, Madam, that I deſign to hide a real Grief under a pretended Banter; and being ſo well acquainted with my Paſſion, you cannot without Difficulty perſwade your ſelf, that I can ſuffer a Rival without Jealouſie. But perhaps you don't know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you, becauſe I love you too much, I dare not complain of him, becauſe I love him little leſs. And if I muſt of Neceſſity be angry, teach me whom I am to be moſt angry with; either with him who goes to rob me of my Miſtreſs, or you who ſteal my Friend from me.

Let the Matter be how it will, you need not give your ſelf much Trouble to appeaſe my Indignation. My Paſſion is too violent, to indulge in the leaſt my Reſentment; and my Tenderneſs will always make me forget the Injuries I have received from you. I love you, tho' perfidious; I love him, tho' treacherous; and only fear that a ſincere Friend is no Favourite of either. Fare-

well. Let us enter, I beſeech you, into a new unknown ſort of Confederacy, and by a ſtrange Myſtery, let his, let your, and my Friendſhip, be only one and the ſame thing.

A LETTER

To the ſame.

I Thought you had utterly forgot me; but by a *more* refined and ingenious Conduct, you treat me as if you juſt began to know me.

Upon my Integrity, I never ſaw ſuch a civil Letter in my Life, and at the ſame time ſo very little obliging as yours. You have hit upon ſo nice, ſo delicate an Indifference, that I cannot complain of you without Regret, nor commend you without the juſt Imputation of Sillineſs. *Generoſity*, *Gratitude*, *Obligation*, are common Expreſſions in your Letter. It ſeems you have, for my Sake, been at the Fxpence of learning all the Terms that have been uſed in Compliments, and have forgotten all thoſe that expreſs any Sentiment of Love. It muſt be confeſs'd, Madam, that you imitate your Mother's Stile perfectly well. At firſt Sight, I thought I had receiv'd a Token of her Ladyſhip's Remembrance. Beſides this, Madam, that doleful *Jargon* of being over-whelm'd *with Misfortunes*, does not at all become you; but ſeems to proceed from a Perſon that labours under a myſterious Diſcompoſure.

As for your ſelf, who never acted the *Sham-Mourner*, how came you to pitch upon me, a-God's Name, to tell your doleful Story, and entertain me

me with the Shew of ſuch noble Misfortunes? Am I then good for nothing in the World, but to be the Confident of your affected Melancholy, and ſtudied Sorrow?

As it is impoſſible for you, Madam, to become indifferent to me, I was asking M *** after you, who told me that you danced from Morning till Night, and that one could not paſs the Time more merrily than you did.

Adieu, *miſerable Perſon*, over-whelm'd with a long Train of *Misfortunes*, full of *Gratitude* and Acknowledgment to thoſe, who take any Part in your *Miſeries*. Adieu, more *Tenderly*, a Thouſand times, than you write *Civilly* to me. I conjure you to believe that you have not *Civility* enough to diſcourage me; and that I would rather chuſe to be all my Life-time, the Confident of your Sorrow, than to have nothing at all to do with you.

A LETTER

To MADAM ***

YOU are upon the Point of making a very ſorry Gallant of a very good Friend; and I perceive that what I call'd Satisfaction, when I was with you, is now become inſenſibly ſome ſort of a Charm. I talk no more of turning things into Ridicule; and the very ſame Perſon who ſet ſuch a Value upon your malicious Fancies, now diſcovers in you more affecting Qualities, which give him a Diſguſt for your firſt Endearments.

You always appear'd very engaging to me; but now I begin to feel with Emotion, what I was

uſed

uſed to ſee only with Pleaſure. To ſpeak plainly to you, I am afraid I may be in Love with you, if you will ſuffer me to love you: For at this preſent Writing, I am in ſuch a Condition, that I can let it alone, if you don't like it.

You muſt not expect from me any fine Thoughts, or noble Raptures: I am wholly incapable of them, and freely leave them to the Admirers of Madam C. Let the Drawing-Rooms make the moſt on't: At leaſt, permit Madam *de N.* to define Love by her own Fancy; and don't envy the vain Imaginations of thoſe miſerable Creatures, who upon the Ruins of their Faces, value themſelves upon their Wit that ſtill continues with them, at the Expence of their Beauty that has deſerted them.

Finding me ſo clowniſh in the Contempt of refined Sentiments, you'll imagine, perhaps, that I am a Hero as to the Exerciſes of the Body: Pray hearken how the Caſe ſtands with me. I am indifferent in every thing; and neither Nature nor Fortune have done any thing for me but what is common.

As I cannot ſee, without Envy, thoſe People that are Sumptuous and Magnificent in their Expences, ſo I cannot, without ſome Diſpleaſure, behold thoſe that are too much given to their Pleaſures; and if I dare ſpeak my Thoughts, I hate in ſome meaſure, the *Vivonnes* and the *Saucours*, becauſe I cannot reſemble them.

My Affairs go always at the ſame rate; I never allow my ſelf any Extravagance; and I ſtand in need of a little Oeconomy to make things even at the Year's end, and paſs a Winter's Night.

Not that I am reduced either to Want or Infirmity: But to explain my ſelf frankly, my Expence is ſmall, and my Efforts indifferent.

Thus have I laid before you the Condition of my Affairs: Tell me now whether with these Qualities I may presume to set up for your Lover, or whether I am still to continue your Friend?

As for my self, I am resolv'd to take what part you assign me; and if I pass from Friendship to Love without Difficulty; I am able to return from Love to Friendship, with as little Violence.

The CHARACTER *of the Countess* † d'OLONNE.

I Don't expect to be more successful in your *Character*, than our Painters have been in your *Picture*, where I may safely say, the best Performers have lost their Reputation. Hitherto, we never beheld any Beauties so accomplish'd, but they were oblig'd to these Masters, either for bestowing some new Graces upon them, or else for concealing some of their Defects. You alone, Madam, are above those Arts, whose peculiar Character it is to Flatter and Embelish. They never took the Pencil to draw your Face, without a shameful Foil of their Skill, and doing an infinite Injustice to the Original; in short, without making so accomplish'd a Person, as your self, lose as many Advantages, as they usually bestow upon those that don't possess them.

If

† Catherine Henrietta d'Angennes, *Countess* d'Olonne, was *Daughter to* Charles d'Angennes, Lord of La Loupe, Baron of *Amberville, by* Mary du Raynier.

men is infallible, does not entirely ſecure us with you.

Perhaps you will tell me, that a Man who has any tender Sentiments, is not generally ſo rigid in his Judgment. But ſo ſoon as you will take the Pains to let me know what you diſlike, I will immediately retract what I have ſaid. 'Tis impoſſible to think diſadvantageouſly of you, but in your Abſence, for to repeat what I have already told you, *Do but appear, Madam, in the midſt of your Pictures and Characters, and you will ſoon eclipſe all the Images the moſt fruitful Fancy can form of you.*

A LETTER

To the Counteſs d'Olonne, *ſent with the foregoing Character.*

I Send you herewith your Character, which tells you the general Sentiments of the World concerning you; and will inform you, that there is nothing ſo Beautiful in all *France* as your ſelf. Don't be ſo rigorous to your own Merits, as to deny your ſelf that Juſtice which all the World pays you. Moſt of our Ladies ſuffer themſelves be eaſily perſuaded, and entertain flattering rs with Pleaſure; and it would be very ge, indeed, if you could not be prevail'd up- believe a pleaſing Truth.

Beſides the publick Opinion, you have the dgment of Madam *de Longueville* on your ſide. ubmit to ſo Authentick a Teſtimony, without further

ſcruple; and ſince he believes it, believe your ſelf to be the moſt charming Creature that was ever beheld.

From your Beauty, Madam, I paſs to the Miſchiefs it has occaſion'd, and to the infinite Numbers of thoſe that daily languiſh and dye for you. 'Tis not my Deſign to render you Compaſſionate; on the contrary, if you would follow my Advice, it ſhall coſt one or other of your unfortunate Admirers his Life. Our Poets, and *Romance*-Mongers, have too long banter'd us with feign'd Deaths; I demand a true one of you, which will be an undiſputable Title to your Perfections. Among Five or Six languiſhing Perſons, of my Acquaintance, chuſe whom you pleaſe to honour with your *laſt Rigours*: And you'll eaſily lead him from *Languiſhment* to *Death*. Diſpatch him quickly for your own Satisfaction, and that of,

Madam,

Your, *&c.*

A LETTER

To MADAM ***

HOW violent ſoever my Friendſhip is, it has left me Judgment enough to write to you with leſs Paſſion and Concern than I us'd to do. And to tell you the Truth, I am ſomewhat aſham'd to ſend you Country Sighs, which have neither the Sweetneſs, nor Delicacy of thoſe you hear. But let them be what they will, I muſt

neceſſity venture them; and endeavour to make you remember me, at a time when all the World labours to have me forgotten.

I don't queſtion but that the Interview of your pious Mother, and the reſt of your godly Family, was attended with abundance of Tears: To be ſure, to ſuch a Mother's Tears, you paid a civil and reſpectful Return, like a well-bred Daughter. But then you know the World too well, to have any real Tenderneſs for the Diſquiet of thoſe *Prudes*, whoſe Virtue is nothing elſe but a meer Artifice to deprive you of thoſe Pleaſures, which themſelves regret.

'Tis enough that you ſhew'd once your Obedience, and ſacrific'd your Repoſe to a Complaiſance, which, perhaps, you did not owe her. She is unjuſt, if, after ſhe has exacted ſo ſevere a Submiſſion from you, ſhe pretends to regulate your Inclinations, and conſtrain the only Thing ſhe has left in your Power.

We love that which pleaſes, and not what is barely permitted to us: But if you muſt ask leave of your Parents, before you Love, I am ſo well acquainted with their Humour, that I dare aſſure you, you'll have but little occaſion to be acquainted with that Paſſion, ſo long as you live.

But perhaps this Diſcourſe may be altogether uſeleſs; and conſidering your preſent Circumſtances, I ought rather to be apprehenſive of thoſe Perſons that adviſe you to Love, than thoſe that forbid it. Perhaps you may follow the Advice I give you, and laugh at the Reprimands of your Mother. How do I know but that this poor Mother of yours, to whom I wiſh ſo much Miſchief, may be in my Intereſts; and that to ſtifle a growing Paſſion in its Birth, ſhe does not allow you

you the Liberty to Love a Perſon ſo remote from you?

Hitherto I have had all the Reaſon in the World to commend your Conſtancy and Reſolution; but I doubt whether a meer *Idea* will be able to diſpute it long againſt a *Face*, and *Memory* againſt *Converſation*. I have too great an Uneaſineſs upon me, to leave any longer the Advantage of being preſent with you, to thoſe Gentlemen that behold you; and within a few Days, no manner of Buſineſs ſhall hinder me from throwing my ſelf at your Feet. In the mean time, till I come to entertain you with my Paſſion, remember how many Thouſand Oaths you have ſworn to love me as long as you live.

A LETTER

To MADAM ***

AS nothing is ſo Honourable as an ancient Friendſhip, ſo nothing is ſo Scandalous as an old Paſſion. Undeceive your ſelf, *Madam*, of the falſe Merit of being Faithful; and take it for a certain Truth, that nothing is ſo injurious to the Reputation of a Beauty, as Conſtancy. Who knows whether you reſolv'd to love but one Perſon, or whether you could get but one Lover? You *fondly* imagine that ractiſe a Virtue, while you make us ſuſpect u have many Defects.

, *conſider*, how many Diſquiets attend ſ hed Virtue; and what a vaſt D

there is between the *Diſguſts* of an *old Engagement*, and the Endearments of a growing Paſſion. In a new Amour you will find Delights in every Hour of the Day: 'Tis an unexpreſſible Pleaſure to find that Love grows upon us every Minute: But in a Paſſion of an old ſtanding, our Time lingers very uneaſily, in ſtill loving leſs. We may converſe well enough with Perſons that are indifferent to us, either out of Decency and good Manners, or through a neceſſary Obligation: But how can we paſs our Lives with thoſe we have loved, when we love them no longer.

I have only four Words more to ſay to you, and I deſire you to make ſome Reflection upon them. If you like what's diſagreeable, it argues an ill Taſte; if you have not the Reſolution to quit what diſpleaſes you, 'tis a downright Weakneſs. But do what you will, you'll be eaſily juſtify'd with me: For there's no *Foible* but I will forgive in you, without pretending to any great Indulgence.

When the Fair Sex tranſgreſs the Laws,
They need no Advocate:
Nature alone beſt pleads their Cauſe,
And juſtifies the Fault.

A LET-

A LETTER,

To the Count * *d'Olonne.*

YOU left me Yeſterday in a Converſation, that inſenſibly became a furious Diſpute; in which every thing was ſaid, that can be alledged *Pro* and *Con*, either for the Diſgrace or Advantage of Learning. You may eaſily gueſs at the contending Parties; and you know they had both of them a great Concern in maintaining their Cauſe, ‡ *Bautru* having no great Obligation to Nature for his Genius; and the *Commandeur* † may ſay, without being ungrateful, that he owes his Talent neither to Arts nor Sciences.

The Diſpute was occaſion'd by the Commendations beſtow'd on the Queen ‖ of *Sweden*, for the great Variety of her Knowledge: When the *Commandeur*, all on the ſudden, roſe from his Chair, and taking off his Hat with a particular Air, *Gentlemen*, ſays he, If the Queen of *Sweden* had known no more than the Cuſtoms of her own Country, ſhe had continued there ſtill. To learn our Language and Faſhions, to put herſelf in a Condition of making a Figure eight Days in *France*, ſhe has loſt her Kingdom. See what her Knowledge and fine Learning, which you cry up ſo much, are come to!

* *He was of the Houſe of* la Trimouille.

‡ William Bautru, *Count of* Serrant. *See* Bayle's *Dictionary.*

† *The* Commandeur de Jars, *of the Family of* Crequi.

‖ *Queen Chriſtina was then* (1656) *in France.*

I muſt tell you, Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that Learning adds to natural Abilities; and likewiſe that the Gifts of Nature give a Grace to Learning. A Genius of it ſelf, without Rule and Art, is like a Torrent that runs down with Impetuouſneſs: And Knowledge without natural Parts, reſembles thoſe dry and barren Fields, that are ſo diſagreeable to the Sight. Now Gentlemen, the Buſineſs is how to reconcile what you have ſo unadviſedly divided; and to re-eſtabliſh an Union where you have made a Divorce. Learning is nothing in the World, but a perfect Knowledge, and Art is nothing but a Rule that directs Nature. Wou'd you, Sir, addreſſing himſelf to *the* Commandeur, *be ignorant of the things you ſpeak of, and value your ſelf only upon a natural Genius, which is irregular, and far from Perfection? And you Mr.* Bautru, *Will you renounce the natural Beauty of the Mind, to render your ſelf a Slave to troubleſome Precepts and borrow'd Knowledge? Come, Come,* replied bluntly the *Commandeur, Let us make an end of this Diſcourſe; I wou'd rather bear with his Knowledge and his* Latin, *than with the long Harangue you have made us here.*

The good Man *Bautru*, who was not of an irreconcileable Nature, was immediately appeas'd; and to quit Scores with the *Commandeur*, prefer'd his agreeable Ignorance to the magnificent Words o[illegible] Prelate; who, for his Part, went off with [illegible] and Contempt for both, and a deep Satis[illegible] in himſelf.

A LET-

A LETTER

To MONSIEUR ***

YOU acquaint me, Sir, that you are in Love with a Proteſtant Lady; and that were it not for the Difference of Religion, you could reſolve to marry her. If you are of ſuch a Conſtitution as not to be able to bear the Thought of being ſeparated from your Wife in the other World, I adviſe you to marry a Roman-Catholick: But if I were inclin'd to alter my Condition, I ſhould willingly marry a Woman of a different Religion from my own: For I ſhould be afraid, leſt a Catholick thinking her ſelf ſecure of Poſſeſſing her Husband in the next World, ſhould bethink herſelf of Enjoying a Galant in this.

Beſides, I have an uncommon Thought, which, however, I believe to be true, *viz.* That the *Proteſtant Religion* is as *advantageous* to *Husbands*, as the *Catholick* is favourable to *Lovers*.

That *Chriſtian Liberty* which the Proteſtants boaſt of, creates a certain Spirit of *Reſiſtance*, which better ſecures the Women againſt the Inſinuations of their Lovers: *Whereas* the *Submiſſion* which the *Romiſh* Perſwaſion requires, does, in ſome meaſure, incline them to ſuffer themſelves to be overcome: *And* indeed, a Soul that can ſubmit to grievous Penances, muſt needs give way to *pleaſurable Impreſſions*.

A regular Life is the main Scope of the *Reformed Religion*; and *Regularity* eaſily begets *Virtue*. The *Romiſh* makes Women far more *Devout*; and *Devotion* eaſily turns into *Love*.

The one thinks it's ſufficient to forbear what is forbidden: The other, who admits of *Works* of

Super-

tion, allows herſelf ſome *Irregularities*, tho' ſ, becauſe ſhe does a great deal of Good w is not exacted from her.

n the Firſt the Church is a Security to Husbands; with the other, a Place of the greateſt Danger. And, indeed, the Objects of *Mortification* in our Churches, do frequently enough inſpire *Love*. In the Picture, for Inſtance-Sake, of *Mary Magdalen*, the Repreſentation of her Repentance, will, in old Women, raiſe an Idea of her *auſtere Life*; but the Young will take it for a *Languiſhment* of her Paſſion: And whilſt the good Mother deſigns to imitate the Saint in her *Sufferings*, the *melting* Daughter thinks only on the *Sinner*, and amorouſly revolves the *Occaſion* of her *Repentance*.

Thoſe penitent Ladies, who in a Convent mourn for the Sins they have committed in the World, are an Example for Pleaſure, as well as for Grief: Nay, perhaps they beget a *Confidence* in *Sinning*, by affording the Proſpect of a Reſource in *Repenting*. A Woman does not ſeparately contemplate Part of their Lives, but propoſes the whole to her Imitation; and giving herſelf up to Love while ſhe is young, ſhe reſerves her *Tears* for the Comfort of her *Old Age*. In that melancholy Period of Life, ſo very ſubject to Pain, 'tis a kind of Pleaſure to mourn for one's Sins, or at leaſt a Diverſion for Tears, which ſhould be beſtow'd on one's *Infirmities*.

Then, ſay you, *I am entirely ſafe with a Proteſtant*: To which I anſwer what honeſt *Hippothadeus* ſaid * to *Panurge*: *Yes, an't pleaſe God*. He that's wiſe, truſts to Providence; depends upon it for his *Security*; and on himſelf for a *quiet Mind*.

Of

* *See* Rabelais, Book III. Chap. 30.

Of PLEASURES.

To the Count d'OLONNE.

YOU ask me what I am doing in the Country? I talk with all ſorts of People, I think of all manner of Subjects, and meditate upon none. The Truths I look for, need not be narrowly ſearch'd into: And, beſides, I avoid having too long and too ſerious a Converſation with my ſelf about any Thing. Solitude imprints upon us, I know not what ſort of dreary Sadneſs, barely by putting us upon thinking on the Wretchedneſs of our Condition.

If a Man intends to live happy, he muſt make but few Reflections upon Life, but often depart, as it were, from himſelf, and amidſt the Diverſions which exteriour Objects furniſh him with, ſteal from the Knowledge of his own Miſeries.

Divertiſements, or *Diverſions*, had borrow'd their Name from the *Diverſion* they give us from ſad and tireſom Objects, to thoſe that are pleaſing and agreeable: Which ſufficiently ſhews, how difficult it is to overcome the Hardſhips of our Condition by any Force of Mind, but that a Man may artfully avoid them by Dexterity and Addreſs.

'Tis the diſtinguiſhing Character of GOD alone, that he can contemplate Himſelf, and in Himſelf find his Felicity and Repoſe. We can hardly caſt our Eyes upon our ſelves, but we there diſcover a thouſand Defects, which oblige us to ſeek elſewhere what is wanting at Home.

Honours, Reputation, Riches, Amours, and well-manag'd Pleaſures, are a mighty Relief a

gainſt

gainſt the Rigours of Nature, and the Miſeries of Life. And, indeed, the principal End for which *Wiſdom* was given us, was to direct us in the *Enjoyment of Pleaſures*: But let our Stock be never ſo great, we ſhall find it ſtands us in ſmall ſtead, when we are either rack'd with Pain, or alarm'd with the Approaches of Death.

Philoſophy prompted *Poſſidonius* to ſay, in the ſharpeſt Fits of the *Gout*, *That the Gout was no Evil*; but his Pain was not a whit the leſs for it. *Socrates*'s Wiſdom made him diſcourſe a great deal at his Death; but his uncertain Reaſonings perſuaded neither his Friends, nor himſelf, of the Truth of what he ſaid.

I know ſome People, who diſturb the Joys of their ſereneſt Days, by the Contemplation of a ſolemn Death; and as if they were not born to live in the World, they only think on the manner of going out of it. In the mean time, it comes to paſs, that the extremity of Pain daſhes to pieces their fine Reſolutions, when they ſtand moſt in need of them; that a Fever throws them into a *Delirium*; or that doing every Thing prepoſterouſly, they are ſtrangely fond of Life, when they muſt reſolve to quit it:

——*Oculiſque errantibus alto*
Quæſivit Cœlo Lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.
Virg. Æneid. Lib. IV.

Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and ſought the Light,
But having found it, ſicken'd at the ſight;
And clos'd her Lids, at laſt, in endleſs Night.
Dryden.

For my own part, as I ever liv'd at random, I ſhall be contented to die in the ſame manner: And ſince Prudence had ſo ſmall a Share in the Actions

Actions of my Life, I ſhould be ſorry ſhe ſhould take upon her to controul its End.

To ſpeak ſoberly, all the Circumſtances of Death regard only thoſe that remain behind us. Weakneſs or Reſolution, all is equal at the laſt Moment: And 'tis ridiculous to imagine, that this can ſignify any thing to thoſe who are going to be nothing themſelves.

There's nothing that can effectually conquer the Horror of this Diſſolution, but the Perſuaſion and confident Expectation of another Life, with ſuch a Compoſure of Mind, as to hope every thing, and fear nothing. After all, we muſt inſenſibly go whither ſo many brave and good Men are gone before us, and whither we ſhall be follow'd by ſo many others.

If I diſcourſe ſo much upon Death, after having ſaid, that the Contemplation of it is irkſome, 'tis becauſe it is almoſt impoſſible not to make ſome Reflections upon a Thing ſo very natural. Nay, it would be a kind of Effeminacy not to dare to think of it: But let People ſay what they will, I cannot approve a particular Study of it; for ſuch an Employment is too inconſiſtent with the Enjoyment of Life. We may ſay the ſame thing of Sadneſs, and all ſorts of Sorrows: A Man cannot abſolutely diſingage himſelf from them; and I think them not only allowable, but reaſonable on ſome Occaſions. Indifference is ſcandalous in ſome ſorts of Misfortunes; and a tender Concern is juſtly felt upon the Diſgrace of a true Friend: But then our Grief ought to be rare, and ſoon laid aſide; whereas Joy ought to be frequently and artfully entertain'd.

can never beſtow too much Addreſs on the ment of our Pleaſures; and, after all, the if do ſeldom reliſh them well. A long ion, by taking away the Surprize, de-

prives

ptives us of what's moſt quick and exquiſite in them; *And on the other hand*, if we take no care of them, we enjoy them prepoſterouſly, in a Hurry inconſiſtent with Politeneſs, and a true nice Taſte.

An *imperfect Enjoyment* is attended with *Regret*; a *Surfeit* of Pleaſure with *Diſguſt*. There's a certain Nick of Time, a certain Medium to be obſerv'd, with which few People are acquainted We much enjoy the *preſent* Pleaſures, without impairing the *future*.

Neither ought the Thought of wiſh'd-for Goods to appal the Reliſh of thoſe we poſſeſs. This made the greateſt Men among the Ancients ſet ſo great a Value upon ſuch a *Moderation*, as may be ſtil'd *Oeconomy* in Things either *deſir'd*, or *obtain'd*.

As you do not exact from your Friends ſuch a regularity as may lay a conſtraint upon them, I communicate to you the Reflections I have made without any Order, and juſt as they occur in my Mind.

All Men are by Nature prompted to hunt after their Pleaſures, tho' differently, according to the difference of Humours and Tempers. The *Senſual* abandon themſelves groſly to their *Appetites*, indulging themſelves, like other Animals, in all natural Enjoyments.

The *Voluptuous* receive an Impreſſion upon the Senſes, that reaches the very Soul. I don't mean that Soul purely intelligent, from whence proceeds the moſt exquiſite Light of Reaſon; but a Soul more mixt with the Body, which is affected by all ſenſible Things, and knows and reliſhes Pleaſures.

The Mind has a greater Share in the *Taſte* of the *Nice*, than in that of others. Were it not for the *Nice*, *Gallantry* had been unknown; *Muſick*, harſh

quit, a Tincture of the Mathematicks, and that was all. There were in France *ſeveral Thouſand Soldiers, who were all of them fine Gentlemen.* Thus the * *Thermes* and the † Bellegardes *were formed.* Latin! *in my time,* Latin! *it had been a Scandal for a Gentleman to be acquainted with it.*

I know the great Qualities of Monſieur the Prince, and am *his* humble Servant. *But I muſt tell you, that the late Conneſtable of* Montmorency *knew how to maintain his Credit in the* Provinces, *and his Intereſt at Court, and yet was not able to read.* Little Latin, *I ſay.*

It happen'd luckily for the *Commendeur* that his Adverſary had the Gout; otherwiſe he had reveng'd the Quarrel of *Latin*, with ſomething more effectual, than meer Bluſter and Words. The Conteſt was renewed afreſh; the former being reſolved, *Sidias* || like, to die a Martyr for his Opinion, and the other ſtill maintaining the Cauſe of Ignorance, with a great deal of Honour and Reſolution; when a charitable * Prelate, who chanced to be in the Room, interpoſed to accommodate the Difference; being raviſhed to meet ſo favourable an Opportunity to ſhow his Wit and Learning. He cough'd thrice very methodically, and then turning himſelf towards the Doctor, he thrice ſneer'd (as your Men of the World do) at our pleaſant *Ignoramus*; and when he thought he had compoſed his Countenance well enough, *Digitis gubernantibus Vocem*, he ſpoke after this manner:

* Paul de la Barthe, *the Mareſchal* de Thermes.

† *The Duke of* Bellegarde, *Great Maſter of the Horſe. See the* Memoires des Hommes illuſtres de Brantome. *Vol.* III.

|| *The* Hero *of a ſmall Treatiſe of* Theophilus, *wherein a* Pedant's *well characterized. See the Second Part of his Works about the Beginning.*

* *Mr. de* Lavardin, *Biſhop of* Mans.

I muſt tell you, Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that Learning adds to natural Abilities; and likewiſe that the Gifts of Nature give a Grace to Learning. A Genius of it ſelf, without Rule and Art, is like a Torrent that runs down with Impetuouſneſs: And Knowledge without natural Parts, reſembles thoſe dry and barren Fields, that are ſo diſagreeable to the Sight. Now Gentlemen, the Buſineſs is how to reconcile what you have ſo unadviſedly divided; and to re-eſtabliſh an Union where you have made a Divorce. Learning is nothing in the World, but a perfect Knowledge, and Art is nothing but a Rule that directs Nature. Wou'd you, Sir, addreſſing himſelf to the Commandeur, *be ignorant of the things you ſpeak of, and value your ſelf only upon a natural Genius, which is irregular, and far from Perfection? And you Mr. Bautru, Will you renounce the natural Beauty of the Mind, to render your ſelf a Slave to troubleſome Precepts and buryed Knowledge? Come, Come,* replied bluntly the *Commandeur, Let us make an end of this Diſcourſe; I won'd rather hear with his Knowledge and his Latin, than with the long Harangue you have made us here.*

The good Man *Bautru*, who was not of an irreconcileable Nature, was immediately appeas'd; and to quit Scores with the *Commandeur*, prefer'd his agreeable Ignorance to the magnificent Words of the Prelate; who, for his Part, went off with a profound Contempt for both, and a deep Satisfaction in himſelf.

A LET-

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As light and wandring Minds never enjoy themſelves; ſo on the contrary, the Thinking and Saturnine are ſtill converſant with themſelves; and it is to be fear'd, that inſtead of taſting the Sweets of true Repoſe, their lazy and unactive Application may throw them into Weariſomneſs. However, that Time which a Man renders tedious to himſelf, by his ſullen Humour, is no leſs plac'd to his Account, than the ſweeteſt Part of Life. Thoſe melancholy Hours, which we would fain paſs away with Precipitation, do full as much contribute to make up the Number of our Days, as thoſe that eſcape us with Regret.

I am none of thoſe, who ſpend their time in complaining of their Condition, inſtead of thinking how to alleviate it.

Unhappy Knowledge, Source of all our Woes,
Deſtructive of our Pleaſure and Repoſe.
Why, when ſome dire Miſchance has been ſuſtain'd,
Should the ungrateful Image be retain'd?
Muſt we to Grief ſuch ſlaviſh Homage pay,
As ſigh our beſt, our deareſt Hours away?
Or to improve the Preſſures of our Doom,
Muſt we bewail the paſt, or fear the Ills to come?

I freely leave thoſe Gentlemen to their Murmurs, and endeavour to extract ſome Comfort from thoſe very Things they repine at. I entertain my ſelf with an agreeable Remembrance of paſt Enjoyments, and with pleaſant Idea's of what is to come.

If I am oblig'd to regret any Thing, my Regrets are rather Sentiments of Tenderneſs than of Grief: And, if in order to avoid Evil, we muſt neceſſarily foreſee it, my *Foreſight* never goes ſo far as *Fear*. 'Tis my Aim, that the Conſciouſneſs of feeling nothing that troubles me, and the Conſideration

ſideration of ſeeing my ſelf Free, and Maſter of my ſelf, ſhould give me the ſpiritual Pleaſure of good *Epicurus*. I mean that agreeable *Indolence*, which is not a State without either Grief or Pleaſure, but the nice Senſe of a pure Joy, which proceeds from a Repoſe of Conſcience, and a Serenity of Mind.

After all, what Pleaſure ſoever we find in our ſelves, let us take Care not to dwell too long at Home. 'Tis an eaſy Paſſage from theſe ſecret Joys to inward Griefs; ſo that there is no leſs good Husbandry requir'd in the Enjoyments of our own Goods, than in the Uſe of thoſe that are external.

Who knows not that the Soul is tir'd with being always in the ſame Poſture; and that, at long run, it would loſe all its Vigour, if it were not awaken'd by its Paſſions.

In ſhort, as I ſaid in the Beginning of this Diſcourſe: If a Man intends to live happy, he muſt make but few Reflections upon Life; but often depart, as it were, from himſelf, and amidſt the Diverſions which exteriour Objects furniſh him with, ſteal from the Knowledge of his own Miries.

Ne'er break thy Reſt with the Deſigns of Fate;
For he that ſtill improves his preſent State,
That follows Time, inſenſible of Fears,
And counts his Pleaſures, rather than his Years;
With Eaſe and Freedom taſtes the preſent Joy,
And diſtant Ills do ne'er his Thoughts employ.
His Mind unbent, in innocent Repoſe,
No real Grief, no gloomy Moments knows.
He keeps a ſweet Remembrance of the paſt,
And hugs the preſent while the Tranſports laſt:
He ſteals from the Chagrin the Future gives,
And, as the happy Minutes come, he lives.

He rules his Paſſions with a Sov'reign Sway,
And makes inferiour Appetites obey.
Sometimes his Reaſon meets the coming Joy,
And with King Nature's Dictates does comply.
Favour *he thinks a Bleſſing worth Deſire,*
And Glory *does his active Soul inſpire:*
Yet both he ſees without a jealous Eye,
And State-Convulſions don't his Reſt deſtroy.
From Virtues golden Mean he never ſwerves,
And neither fears the Thunder, nor deſerves.
In the ſame Stream his Joys and Virtues flow,
He looks on Heav'n, yet ſcorns not Earth below.
When Nature Summons to another State,
He does not vainly murmur at his Fate.
Dull Volumes of the Schools he throws away,
And Heav'n's Decrees does patiently obey.

This is the utmoſt of what the Philoſophy of *Epicurus* and *Ariſtippus* can afford to their Followers: But *true Chriſtians*, far more happy by the *Purity of the Precepts of the Goſpel, will taſte the Sweets of an innocent Life, which will be ſtill attended by a greater Felicity.*

A LETTER

To MADAM ***

I Am inform'd, *Madam*, that you deſign to turn *Devout*, and I heartily return God Thanks for it; having more Occaſion, in our Converſations, for the Purity of thoſe Thoughts you are going to entertain, than for thoſe that might be ſuggeſted to you by the Commerce of the World. I therefore conjure you, as one who is concern'd with

with Heaven, to take up a *true Devotion*; and in order to render your *Converſion* ſuch as I would have it, it will not be improper to deſcribe to you that of our *Ladies*, ſuch as it is, that you may avoid the Faults that attend it.

Their ordinary *Repentance*, as far as I have obſerv'd, is not ſo much a Sorrow for their Sins, as a Regret for their Pleaſures: Wherein they are themſelves deceiv'd, amorouſly lamenting what they have loſt, while they believe that they devoutly bewail what they have done.

Thoſe decay'd Beauties that give up themſelves to God, fancy that they have exſtinguiſh'd old Flames, which, however, ſecretly endeavour to kindle a-freſh; and their Love having only chang'd its Object, they preſerve for their loſt Sufferings, the ſame Sighs, and the ſame Tears, which expreſs'd their old Torments. They have loſt nothing of the Firſt Troubles of an amorous Heart, ſuch as Fears, Swoonings, and Raptures: They retain its moſt endearing Motions; tender Deſires; ſoft Sorrows; and precious Languiſhments. When they were young, they ſacrific'd *Lovers*; now they have none, they ſacrifice themſelves; and the *New Convert* offers up to God the *old Voluptuary*.

I have known thoſe, whoſe *Converſion* was, in ſome Meaſure, owing to the *Pleaſure of Change*: Others, who devoting themſelves to God, felt a malicious Joy from their fancied Infidelity to the Men.

There are thoſe who renounce the World, out of a Spirit of Revenge againſt the World who has left them: Others again, who mix their natural Vanity with ſuch a Renunciation; and the ſame Pride that made them leave the Courtiers for the Prince, ſecretly flatters them that they can deſpiſe the Prince for God.

To ſome of them, God is a new Lover, that comforts them for him they have loſt: In others, Devotion is a Proſpect of private Intereſt, and the myſterious Cloak of a new Conduct.

There are ſome melancholy and reſerv'd, who reliſh beſt an obſcure Pleaſure, and prefer an awkward Pretender to Sanctity, before a handſom genteel Lover: Sometimes they deſign to raiſe themſelves up to Heaven in good earneſt; and their Weakneſs makes them reſt by the way, with the Directors who conduct them. Devotion has ſome *Tenderneſs* for *God*, which may eaſily return to a *Paſſion* for *Man*.

I forgot to mention ſome Women in Retirement, who, in appearance, give up themſelves to God, that they may, in ſome Meaſure, ſhake off their Dependance on a Mother, or a Husband. There are others of a Hundred different Kinds: But very few wherein the Character of a Woman does not appear, either in their Humour, or their Love.

To judge a-right of the Merit of *Devout* Women, we muſt rather conſider what God requires of them, than what they deſign to do for God. For, in truth, all the Mortifications they undergo, of their own Motion, are as many agreeable Effects of their Fancy; and a Woman is pretty well rewarded in this World, by being permitted to do what ſhe pleaſes. We muſt obſerve how they behave themſelves in thoſe Things which God exacts from their Submiſſion; and when they ſhall be Regular in their Manners; Modeſt in their Converſation; and Patient of Injuries; then ſhall I be ſatisfy'd of their Devotion by their Conduct.

There are many paſſionate and devout Women, who think themſelves acted by the Ardour of a pure Zeal; but there are few that wiſely contain themſelves

themſelves within the Limits of a ſound and ſolid Piety. There are a pretty good Number of thoſe who could *die* for God, thro' a Senſe of Love: But few who would *live* according to his Precepts, with Regularity and Reaſon. You may expect any Thing from their Fervour and Zeal, when attended with ſome Diſorder; but you can hardly hope for any Thing from a Devotion, wherein they have occaſion for Evenneſs of Temper, Wiſdom, and Moderation.

Take Advantage, Madam, of the Errors of others: And as you deſign now to give up your ſelf to God, let your Devotion conſiſt leſs of what you love, than of what pleaſes him. If you don't beware, your Heart will offer up to him its own Affections, inſtead of receiving his Impreſſions; and you will be wholly yours, when you ſhall fancy to be wholly his.

Not but that there may be a holy and happy Agreement between his Will and yours. You may love what he loves; you may deſire what he deſires; But through a pleaſing and ſecret Impulſe, we generally do what we deſire our ſelves; which ought to render us more cautious and attentive, that we may always act conſonantly, and with regard to his Will.

But in order to that, you need not, Madam, ſubject your ſelf to the Conduct of thoſe Directors, who lead you into certain Niceties of Spiritualty and Devotion, which neither you, nor, for the moſt Part, they themſelves, underſtand. The Will of God is not ſo abſtruſe, but that it eaſily diſcovers it ſelf to thoſe, who deſign to follow it: So that, on moſt Occaſions, you ſhall have more need of Submiſſion, than Knowledge. Thoſe Precepts that have any relation to our Deſires, are clearly underſtood, and agreeably follow'd; thoſe that thwart our Inclinations, are likewiſe

likewiſe plain enough: But Nature ſtrives againſt them, and the untractable Soul rejects their Impreſſion.

I diſcourſe with you more ſeriouſly than at firſt I intended; and to conclude ſtill more profitably, I would require two Things of you, in the new Courſe of Devotion you are going to enter upon. The Firſt, That you take Care, not to offer up your Love to God, as an unprofitable Paſſion, which you deſign to keep in Ure: The Second, That you never diſſemble your Animoſities, under the Appearance of Zeal; and never perſecute thoſe you hate, under a falſe Shew of Piety.

N. B. *The Letter to the Marquis* de Grequi, *about the* Pyrenean *Treaty, which ſhould follow in this Place, has already been inſerted, at length, in Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Life.*

A JUDGMENT

on the SCIENCES *to which a Gentleman may apply himſelf.*

YOU ask me my Opinion, about thoſe Sciences to which a Gentleman may apply ſelf: I will give you it very impartially, without retending to determine any Man's Judgment me. I never was much addicted to Reading; if I employ any Hours that way, they are me moſt Idle, without Deſign, without Order, when I cannot enjoy the Converſation of ingeus Gentlemen, and find my ſelf debarr'd from pleaſurable

pleaſurable Entertainments. Do not therefore expect that I ſhould ſpeak to you *profoundly* of thoſe Things, which I have but *curſorily* examin'd, and upon which I have made but ſlight Reflections.

Divinity ſeems to me very conſiderable, as it is a Science which reſpects Salvation: But in my Judgment, it is become too common; and 'tis ridiculous, that even Women ſhould dare to debate Queſtions, which ought to be handled with a great deal of Myſtery and Secrecy. 'Tis ſufficient for us to be Obedient and Submiſſive. Let us leave this Doctrine wholly to our Superiours, and follow with Reſpect, thoſe that have the Care of Guiding us. Not but that our Doctors themſelves contribute to deſtroy this Deference, and ſtart nice Curioſities, which inſenſibly lead us into Errors: For there is nothing ſo well eſtabliſh'd by the Conſent of all Nations, but they ſubmit it to the Extravagance of Reaſoning. They burn a Man who is ſo unhappy, as not to believe a GOD, and at the ſame time, 'tis a Queſtion in the Schools, *Whether there is one, or no?* By this means, they ſtagger weak Underſtandings, and cauſe a Suſpicion in the Diſtruſtful; by this means they arm the Furious, and permit them to find out pernicious Arguments, whereby they combat their own real Sentiments, and the true Impreſſions of Nature.

Hobbs, the greateſt Genius of *England*, ſince *Bacon*, would not, by his good Will, ſuffer *Ariſtotle* to have ſo much Credit in *Divinity*; and makes his Subtilties the Occaſion of the ſeveral Diviſions in the Church.

It proceeds, perhaps, from theſe ſorts of Reaſonings, that the Divines are not ſometimes the moſt Docile; which gave occaſion to the Proverb, *That Phyſitians and Divines rarely truſt to*

Remedies and Religion. I'll ſay no more, but only wiſh, that our *Divines* would treat of Matters of Religion with more Moderation; and that thoſe who ought to ſubmit to them, would have leſs Curioſity.

As *Philoſophy* allows us a greater Latitude in Thinking, I have cultivated that Study a little more: When I had reach'd that Part of a Man's Age, that fits his Underſtanding for the Purſuit of Knowledge, I had a curious Deſire to comprehend the Nature of Things; and my Preſumption ſoon perſuaded me, that I was acquainted with it. The leaſt Proof ſeem'd to me a Demonſtration, and a Probability paſs'd for a Truth; nor can I expreſs to you with what Contempt I look'd down upon thoſe whom I thought to be ignorant of thoſe Things, which I fancy'd my ſelf to know perfectly well. At length, when Age, and *Experience*, which unhappily never comes before the other, had ſuggeſted to me ſerious Reflections, I began to lay aſide a Science always conteſted, and about which the greateſt Men ever had different Sentiments. I knew from the Univerſal Conſent of Nations, that *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Zeno*, and *Epicurus*, had been the *Luminaries* of their Age; And yet there was nothing ſo contrary as their Opinions. Three Thouſand Years after, I found them equally diſputed; *Sticklers* on all Sides, but nothing of Certainty on any. In the midſt of theſe Meditations, which inſenſibly undeceiv'd me, I had the Curioſity to ſee *Gaſſendus*, the moſt knowing of all Philoſophers. After ſeveral long Converſations, wherein he communicated to me all that can be attain'd by Reaſon; he lamented, *That Nature had given ſo large a Scope to our Curioſity, and ſuch narrow Bounds to our Knowledge*; adding, *That he did not ſay this to mortify the Preſumption*

of

of others, or to make an Oſtentation of his own Humility, which is little better than down-right Hypocriſy; that, perhaps, he was not ignorant what Judgment might be made of ſeveral Things; But that he durſt not be poſitive, he was thoroughly acquainted with the moſt inconſiderable. Upon this, a Science which I already ſuſpected appear'd too vain, for me to enſlave my ſelf to it any longer; I broke off all Commerce with it, and began to admire how it was poſſible for a wiſe Man to ſpend his Life in unprofitable Inquiries.

The *Mathematicks* have, indeed, much more Certainty; but when I conſider the profound Meditations they require, and that they draw us from Action and Pleaſures, to employ us entirely in Speculation, its Demonſtrations ſeem to me very dear-bought; and a Man muſt be very fond of Truth, to purſue it at that Price. You will tell me, that we have but few Conveniences and Ornaments of Life, but what we owe to this Science: I freely own it, and there are no Commendations which I will not beſtow upon the great Mathematicians, provided that I am not one of their Number. I admire their Inventions, and the Works which they produce: But I am of Opinion, that it is enough for Gentlemen of good Senſe, to know how to apply them well; for, in truth, 'tis more our Intereſt to enjoy, than to know the World.

There are no Sciences, in my Opinion, that particularly deſerve the Care of Gentlemen, but *Morality*, *Politicks*, and *Literature*.

The firſt has a Relation to *Reaſon*; the ſecond to *Society*; the third to *Converſation*: The one teaches us to govern our *Paſſions*; by the other we are inſtructed in Affairs of State, and how to regulate our *Conduct* in *Employments*; the laſt po-

liſhes

liſhes the Mind, refines the Manners, and makes us agreeable.

Perſons of Quality amongſt the Ancients, took a particular Care to inſtruct themſelves in all theſe Things. Every one knows that *Greece* has produc'd the greateſt Philoſophers, and the greateſt Legiſlators: And we cannot deny, but that other Nations have borrow'd from them all the Politeneſs they can boaſt of.

The Beginnings of *Rome* were Rude and Savage; *however*, that fierce Virtue, which would not let them pardon their own Children, was advantageous to the Common-Wealth. As their Reaſon began to be more refin'd, they found a Way to reconcile the Motions of Nature, with the Love of their Country; and, at length, they joyn'd Graces and Ornament, to Juſtice and Reaſon: Inſomuch that, in the latter times, there was no Perſon of any Conſideration, but who addicted himſelf to ſome Sect or other of Philoſophy; not with a Deſign to comprehend the Principles and Nature of Things, but to fortifie the Mind by the Study of Wiſdom.

As for *Politicks*, 'tis ſcarce to be believ'd, how early the *Romans* inſtructed themſelves in all the Intereſts of their State; with what Aſſiduity they apply'd themſelves to the Knowledge of their *Government*, and *Laws*, ſo as to render themſelves capable of the Affairs of Peace and War, even before they had made any publick Trials of their Abilities.

The leaſt Curious know how much they were affected with *polite Learning*; and it is certain, that there were but few great Men in *Rome*, who did not keep ſome ingenious *Grecians* in their Houſes, to entertain them with agreeable Converſation. Amongſt a Hundred Examples

Examples which I could alledge, I will content my ſelf with that of *Cæſar*, and the ſingle Authority of ſo great a Man, will juſtify my Aſſertion.

Of all the Sects then in Repute, he choſe that of *Epicurus*, as the moſt pleaſant, and moſt conformable to his Nature, and his Pleaſures; For there were two Sorts of *Epicureans*, the one liv'd a retir'd ſtudious Life, purſuant to the Precept of the firſt Inſtitutor; the other, who could not approve the Auſterity of too rigid a Philoſophy, and therefore gave way to more natural Opinions. Of this laſt Claſs, were the greateſt Part of the ingenious Men of that Time, who knew how to diſtinguiſh the Gentleman from the Magiſtrate, and apply their Cares to the Republick, in ſuch a manner, that there was Time enough left, both for their Friends, and for Themſelves. It would be needleſs to tell you, how well vers'd *Cæſar* was in Affairs of State, or to enlarge upon the Clearneſs of his Judgment, and Politeneſs of his Converſation: But this I will add, that he was able to diſpute the Prize of Eloquence with *Cicero*; and if he did not affect the Reputation of it, no one can deny, but that he writ and ſpoke infinitely more like a Man of Quality, than that Orator.

A JUDG-

A JUDGMENT UPON *Cæſar* and *Alexander*.

'TIS almoſt univerſally agreed, that *Alexander* and *Cæſar* were the greateſt Men in the World: And all that have ſet up for Judges, thought they oblig'd the Heroes that came after them, by finding ſome Reſemblance between their Reputation and their Glory. *Plutarch*, after he has examin'd their Temper, their Actions, and their Fortunes, leaves us at liberty to decide, what he had not Aſſurance enough to take upon him. *Montaigne*, more confident, declares himſelf for the former; and ſince the Verſions of *Vaugelas* *, and *d'Ablancourt*, have made theſe Heroes the Subject of all our Converſations; every one has eſpous'd the part of one or t'other, according to his own particular Inclination or Fancy. As for my ſelf, tho', perhaps, I have examin'd their Lives with as much Curioſity as any Man, I will not pretend, however, to give a poſitive *Judgment*: But ſince you are unwilling to excuſe me from giving my Thoughts, I have ſent you ſome Obſervations, upon the *Relation* and *Difference* I find between them.

Both had the Advantage of an Illuſtrious Birth: *Alexander* the Son of a conſiderable King; *Cæſar* deſcended

* Vaugelas *has tranſlated into* French *the Life of* Alexander, *written in* Latin *by* Quintus Curtius; *and* d'Ablancourt *Cæſar's Commentaries.*

deſcended from one of the moſt Noble Families of that Republick, whoſe very Citizens eſteem'd themſelves ſuperiour to Kings. It ſeems, that the Gods had a mind to make known the future Grandeur of *Alexander*, by *Olympias*'s Dream, and by ſome other Paſſages. His Inclinations, that were Sublime from his Infancy; his Tears, which ſhew'd him Jealous of his Father's Glory; the Judgment of King *Philip*, who thought him worthy of a greater Kingdom than his own, ſufficiently ſupport the Declaration of the Gods. Many Things of this Nature were no leſs remarkable in *Cæſar*: When he was very young, *Sylla* diſcover'd many *Marius*'s in him. *Cæſar* dream'd, that he had lain with his Mother, and the Sooth-ſayers interpreted it, *That the Earth, the Common Mother of Mankind, ſhould fall under his Power.* He was obſerv'd to weep, when he beheld the Statue of *Alexander*, becauſe he had perform'd nothing conſiderable, at an Age when that Conqueror had made himſelf Maſter of the World.

They were both paſſionate Lovers of Learning; but *Alexander*, whoſe Ambition ſhew'd it ſelf in all his Actions, was Jealous of any Superiority in his Studies; and the principal End he propos'd to himſelf in Sciences, was to be more knowing than others. Thus we find he complain'd of *Ariſtotle*, for publiſhing ſome *Arcana's* of Learning, which ſhould have been communicated to none but himſelf; and he declares, That he coveted no leſs to raiſe himſelf above other Men by his Learning, than by his Arms. As he had a prying and eager Genius, he delighted in the Diſcovery of the Secrets of Nature, and was particularly affected with Poetry. All the World knows what a Reſpect he bore to *Homer*, and that in favour of *Pindar*, the Houſes of his Poſterity were preſerv'd in the general Ruin and Deſolation of Thebes.

Cæſar,

Cæſar, whoſe Genius was not altogether ſo extenſive, reduc'd the Sciences to his own Uſe, and he ſeems to have admir'd Learning, for no other reaſon, than for his own Advantage. In the *Philoſophy* of *Epicurus*, which he preferr'd to all others, he beſtow'd his chief Application on that Part of it which relates to Man. But it appears, that Eloquence had his earlieſt Care, as being perſuaded it was the moſt neceſſary Qualification in a Republick, to arrive at the higheſt Employments. He ſpoke a Funeral Oration at the *Roſtra*, on the Death of his Aunt *Julia*, with great Applauſe. He impeach'd *Dolabella*; and afterwards made that incomparable Speech, to ſave the Lives of *Lentulus*, and the reſt, that were impriſon'd on Account of *Catiline's* * Conſpiracy.

As for *Alexander*, there is nothing that we have any Aſſurance to be his, except ſome Apophthegms of an admirable Turn, which leave in us an equal Impreſſion of the Greatneſs of his Soul, and the Vivacity of his Genius.

But the greateſt Difference I can obſerve in their Sentiments, is upon the Score of Religion; for *Alexander* was Devout, even to Superſtition, giving an entire Credit to Divinations and Oracles; which, beſides his natural Inclination, may be imputed to his uſual reading of the Poets, who inculcated a Fear and Reverence of the Gods, and made up all the *Divinity* of thoſe Times.

As for *Cæſar*, whether it were owing to his Temper, or becauſe he follow'd the Opinions of *Epicurus*, 'tis beyond diſpute, that he went into the other Extream; that he had no Expectation from the Gods in this Life, and was very little concern'd

* *See Salluſt's Account of* Catiline's *Conſpiracy.*

concern'd about what ſhould happen to him in another. *Lucan* * repreſents him at the Siege of *Marſeilles*, with an Ax in his Hand, in a conſecrated Wood, where giving the firſt Strokes himſelf, he encourages his Soldiers, who were ſeized with a ſecret Horror of Religion, by Expreſſions impious enough. *Saluſt* makes him affirm, † *That Death is the End of all Misfortunes; that after it, there remains neither Care, nor Senſe of Joy.*

But as Men, be they never ſo great, yet when they are compar'd one to another, are always infirm, defective, contrary to themſelves, liable to Miſtakes or Ignorance; *Cæſar* was diſturb'd at a Dream, which foretold him the Empire, and would not give the leaſt Credit to that of his Wife, which forewarn'd him of his Death. His Life was anſwerable to his Belief; he was indeed, moderate in indifferent Pleaſures, but indulg'd himſelf without Comptrol, in thoſe that affected him. This was the reaſon that *Catullus* writ ſo many Epigrams againſt him, and why at laſt it became a Proverb, That *Cæſar was the Wife of all Husbands, and the Husband of all Wives.*

Alexander was moderate enough in this reſpect, yet he was not altogether inſenſible; for *Barſine* and *Roxana* captivated him by their Charms; and his Continence at laſt could not reſtrain him from being familiar with *Bagoas*, as *Darius* had been before him. The

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* *Jam ne quis veſtrum dubitet ſubvertere Silvam,*
Credite me feciſſe nefas: Tunc paruit omnis
Imperiis, non ſublato ſecura pavore
Turba, ſed expenſa ſuperorum, & Cæſaris irâ.
Lucan. *Belli civilis.* Lib. III.

† *In Luctu atque Miſeriis Mortem Ærumnarum Requiem, non cruciatum eſſe: eam cuncta Mortalium Mala diſſolvere; Ultra neque Curæ, neque Gaudio locum eſſe.* Saluſt. de Conjurat. Catil.

The Pleaſure of Banqueting, which *Alexander* loved to that degree, that ſometimes he indulg'd himſelf in it, even to Exceſs, was indifferent to *Cæſar*. Not but that *Alexander*, in time of Action, was very temperate, and cou'd take up with any thing; but when Eaſe and Repoſe had ſucceeded the Toils of War, he look'd upon Tranquillity as dull and inſipid, if he did not, as it were, awaken it by ſomething extraordinary.

They were both magnificent, even to Exceſs; but *Cæſar* had more Deſign and Intereſt in his Profuſion. His Gratuities to the People, his exceſſive Expences in the *Ædileſhip*, his Preſents to *Curia*, were properly, rather *Bribes* and *Corruptions* than *true Liberalities*. *Alexander*'s Gifts proceeded from a true Greatneſs of Soul, meerly with a Deſign to do Good. When he paſs'd into *Aſia*, he diſtributed his Patrimony among his Friends, and ſtript himſelf of all, reſerving nothing for himſelf but the Hopes to conquer, or a Reſolution to die. At a time when he had, almoſt, no more Occaſion for any Man, he diſcharg'd the Debts of the whole Army. Painters, Statuaries, Muſicians, Poets, Philoſophers, (all famous in their way, but generally in want) ſhared in his Magnificence, and found the Effects of his Grandeur. Not but that *Cæſar* was alſo naturally very liberal; but then it was out of a Deſign to raiſe himſelf: He was obliged to gain Perſons neceſſary to carry on his Deſigns; and he hardly ſaw himſelf Maſter of the Empire, but he was unhappily deprived of it, together with his Life.

I don't find in *Cæſar* that Friendſhip which *Alexander* had for *Hepheſtion*, nor that Confidence he repoſed in *Craterus*. *Cæſar*'s Intercourſes were either Correſpodences for the better carrying on his Affairs, or an obliging and civil Behaviour, which, however, had nothing of the Warmth of Friend-

Friendſhip in them. 'Tis true, his Familiarity carried no Danger in it, and thoſe who convers'd with him, had nothing to fear either from his Paſſion, or Caprice. As *Alexander* was in Extreams, either he was the moſt charming, or the moſt terrible Perſon; and there was no Security to be expected in an Intimacy, which he himſelf had begun. However, next to Glory, *Friendſhip* was his predominant Paſſion; or which there needs no other Teſtimony, than his own Expreſſion, when he cried out near the Statue of *Achilles*: O Achilles! *How happy do I eſteem thee, for having had a faithful Companion in thy Life, and ſuch a Poet as* Homer *after Death!*

Thus far we we have examined the different Tempers of theſe two great Men; 'tis now time to conſider them as Conquerors, and to view them in the utmoſt Extent of Action. 'Tis indeed, a kind of Folly to reaſon much upon things purely imaginary; nevertheleſs, in all Appearance, if *Alexander* had been in *Cæſar*'s place, he had employ'd his great and admirable Qualities to his own Deſtruction. We may rationally enough ſuppoſe, that his haughty and uncautious Humour, would ſcarce have preſerv'd him in the Perſecutions of *Sylla*; For he would hardly have been induced to ſecure himſelf by a voluntary Receſs. As his Gifts proceeded out of a Principle of Generoſity, they would undoubtedly have proved fatal to him. Inſtead of waiting till he had been choſen *Edile*, in which Office his Magnificence and Profuſions wou'd have been permitted, his Largeſſes and Preſents, at an unſeaſonable time, would have render'd him juſtly ſuſpected to the Senate. Perhaps too, he could not have ſubmitted himſelf to Laws that would have ſhackled a Soul ſo imperious as his; and by undertaking ſomething prepoſterouſly, he would have met the

Deſtiny of *Manlius*, of the *Gracchi*, or of *Catiline*. But then, if *Alexander* had periſhed in the Republick, *Cæſar*, whoſe Courage and Warineſs went commonly Hand in Hand, had never entertain'd in his Thoughts, the vaſt Deſign of conquering *Aſia*.

It may be imagin'd, that *Cæſar*, whoſe Conduct was ſo ſly, and ſo ſecret, that he was concern'd in all Conſpiracies, without being impeach'd but once, and never convicted: That he, who by fomenting Diviſions among the *Gauls*, aſſiſted the one, in order to oppreſs the others, and bring them all, at laſt, under Subjection: It may be imagined, I ſay, that *Cæſar* following his own Genius, would have ſubdued his Neighbours, and ſet all the Republicks of *Greece* at difference one with another, in order to have made himſelf abſolute Maſter of them. And, indeed, thus to relinquiſh *Macedonia*, without the leaſt Hope of return; to leave his Neighbours, diſaffected *Greece*, in a manner ſubdued, but not quite reconciled to the new eſtabliſhed Government; with 35000 Men, 70 Talents, and an inconſiderable Quantity of Proviſions, to go directly to ſeek out the King of *Perſia*, whom the *Greeks* called the *GREAT KING*, and whoſe very Lieutenants upon the Frontiers, ſtruck the whole World with Terror: This is beyond one's Imagination, and is ſomething more ſurprizing, than if the Republick of *Genoa*, in Conjunction with thoſe of *Lucca*, and *Raguſa*, ſhould, at this Day, attempt the Conqueſt of *France*. Had *Cæſar* declared War againſt the Great King, he had acted, perhaps, only upon the Frontiers, nor would he have accounted himſelf unfortunate, if he had made the River *Granicus* the Boundary of his Territories. If his Ambition had carry'd him further, can it be imagin'd, that he would have refus'd the Offers of *Darius*, he, who always

always propoſed an Accommodation with *Pompey*; and that he would not have been ſatisfied with the Daughter of that King, with five or ſix Provinces, which perhaps it was Inſolence in *Alexander* to refuſe. In fine, if my Conjectures are rational, he would not have ventured into the Plains, to ſeek the King of *Perſia*, who was attended by a Million of Soldiers: As brave and reſolute as *Cæſar* was, I queſtion whether he would have ſlept profoundly the Night before the Battel of *Arbella*; I rather believe, he would have been of *Parmenio*'s Opinion, and that his Anſwers would not have been like thoſe of *Alexander*. However, that great Battel was abſolutely neceſſary, towards the Conqueſt of *Aſia*; for otherwiſe *Darius* had protracted the War from Province to Province. 'Twas neceſſary he ſhould fall as he did, and that a Thouſand different People ſhould ſee him vanquiſh'd with his whole Forces.

'Tis true, that this immoderate Deſire of Glory, and this extravangant Ambition, which allowed him no Intervals of Repoſe, rendred him, at ſome particular times, ſo inſupportable to the *Macedonians*, that they were all ready to abandon him; but 'tis there particularly, that he exerted that Greatneſs of Spirit which nothing could daunt: *Go*, ſays he, *go you ungrateful Cowards, and tell your Country-men, that you have left* Alexander *with his Friends, labouring for the Glory of* Greece, *amongſt Nations that will obey him better than you.*

Of all the Paſſages of his Life, the Prince of *Condé* uſed to admire nothing more than this Haughtineſs he ſhew'd to the *Macedonians*, and this Confidence in himſelf. *Alexander*, ſays he, *left by his own Men, amongſt barbarous Nations, who were not throughly ſubdued, was ſo ſenſible of his own Worth and Capacity to Command, that he thought it not in the Power of Men to refuſe to pay him* Obedience. To

reſide in Europe *or* in Aſia, *amongſt Greeks, or Perſians, was indifferent to him; he thought he could not want Subjects, wherever he met with Men.*

That which is uſually urged in Favour of *Cæſar* is this, that the *Macedonians* had to do with a cowardly People, diſſolv'd in Eaſe and Luxury, and that the Conqueſt of the *Gauls*, who were a fierce and Warlike People, muſt of Neceſſity have been much harder to the *Romans*. I won't amuſe my ſelf with the enquiring into the Courage of one or t'other; but 'tis certain, that *Cæſar* never found any real and ſubſtantial Armies amongſt the *Gauls*. They were ſo many whole Nations, who, if we except their Women, Children, and Old Men, took up Arms in a tumultuary manner, for the Defence of their Liberties: They were a Multitude of Combatants, without Order, Skill, or Diſcipline; and in Truth, excepting two or three, *Cæſar* might ſafely ſay, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, upon all other Occaſions. Which enclines me to believe, that had *Labienus* commanded the Legions, he would have had the ſame good Fortune to ſubject our Provinces to the Republick, or in all Probability *Parmenio* had not given that great Battel, which decided the Fate of *Aſia*. You may obſerve alſo this remarkable Particular, that *Parmenio* wanted *Alexander*'s Aſſiſtance in the Fight, and that *Cæſar* had been infallibly loſt without *Labienus*, who after he had routed all on his ſide, ſent the Tenth Legion to bring him off. Whether it were that he undertook more dangerous Attempts, or elſe expoſed himſelf more than he needed, or whether he was in this Point the more unfortunate of the two, *Alexander* was a hundred times in manifeſt Danger of his Life, and very often receiv'd great Wounds. I own *Cæſar* run alſo his Hazards, but more rarely; And I don't find that he was ever much wounded in any of his Wars.

Neither

Neither can I imagine how the People of *Aſia* ſhould be ſo ſoft and puſillanimous, they that have been always formidable to *Europe*. In the greateſt Power of the Republick, were not the *Romans* unhappy in their Encounters with the *Parthians*, who poſſeſs'd but one part of the Empire of *Darius*? *Craſſus* periſh'd there with his Legion, in the time of *Cæſar*; and a little after, *Anthony* made an Expedition thither with Loſs and Infamy. As for Conqueſts, we can't juſtly attribute any other to *Cæſar*, than that of *Gaul*: For in the Civil War, he ſubdued the Common-Wealth with the better part of its own Force; and the ſingle Battel of *Pharſalia*, made him abſolute Maſter of a hundred different Nations, which others had ſubdued before to his Hands. *Veſpaſian* cannot be ſaid to have conquer'd the Empire, when he was made Emperor upon the Defeat of *Vitellius*. In like manner, *Cæſar* reap'd the Advantage of the Labours and Exploits of all the *Romans* before him; the *Scipio's*, *Æmilius*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, and *Pompey*; even his own Enemies fought for him; and all that was perform'd in 600 Years, was the Reward of One Hour's Battel.

That which ſeems to me ſtill more incomprehenſible, as to *Alexander*, is this, that in Twelve or Thirteen Years he conquer'd more Countries than the greateſt Republicks have done in the whole Extent of their Duration. At this time a Traveller is celebrated, for having only paſſed through a part of thoſe Nations which he ſubdued; and that nothing might be wanting to render his Happineſs compleat, he not only enjoyed his Empire in Peace, but was adored even by thoſe he had conquered. In which particular I pity the Unhappineſs of *Cæſar*, who could not ſettle the State, according to his Intentions, being aſſaſſinated by thoſe he went to reduce to a Compliance.

There is another Thing too to be conſider'd in *Alexander*, which is, that all the *Macedonian* Captains, after his Death, were mighty Kings, who, compar'd to him when alive, appear'd but as ordinary Perſons. And, indeed, I think, he's in ſome meaſure pardonable, if in a Country where it was ſtrongly believ'd, that moſt of the Gods had their Progeny upon Earth; where *Hercules* was ſuppos'd to be the Off-ſpring of *Jupiter*, becauſe he had the Fortune to kill a Lion, and to rid the World of a troubleſome Robber: I ſay, ſure he's pardonable in ſome meaſure, if relying on the Opinion of *Philip*, who was perſuaded, that his Wife had Familiarity with a Deity; if impos'd on and flatter'd by the Oracle: In ſhort, if upon finding himſelf ſo much above the common Level of Mankind, he ſometimes deſpis'd his real Birth, and ſought for his Extraction in the Heavens. Perhaps he only propagated this Belief amongſt the *Barbarians*, to attract their Veneration; for at the ſame time that he gave himſelf out to be a God, his natural Sleep, his Delight in Women, and the Blood which came from his wounded Body, could not but make him ſenſible he was but a Man.

After ſo large a Diſcourſe concerning the Advantages of *Alexander*, I will venture to affirm, that *Cæſar* was the greateſt of the *Romans* in all reſpects, both in Matters of State and War. The Enterprizes of *Alexander*, have, indeed, ſomething in them more amazing; but Conduct and Capacity do not ſeem to have had ſo great a Share in them. The War of *Spain* againſt *Petreius*, and *Afranius*, is what Men of Judgment and Experience yet admire. The moſt memorable Sieges of the latter Times, have been form'd on the Model of the Siege of *Alexia*; and to *Cæſar* we

owe

owe our Fortifications, our Lines, our Contravallations, and generally every Thing that relates to the Security of Armies, before inveſted Places. As to what regards Vigour, the Battle of *Munda* was by far more obſtinately diſputed, than thoſe of *Aſia*; and *Cæſar* ran as great a Riſque in *Egypt*, as *Alexander* did in the Town of the *Mallians*.

They were no leſs different in their Manner of Proceeding, than in the Action it ſelf. When *Cæſar* had not Juſtice on his Side, he endeavour'd to ſupply the Defect of it by ſpecious Pretences, that were never wanting to him. *Alexander* gave no other Reaſons to the World than his own Will; he conſtantly follow'd, either his Ambition, or his Humour. On the other hand, *Cæſar* ſuffer'd himſelf to be govern'd, either by his Intereſt or Reaſon. Few Men ever ſhew'd ſo much Equality in the way of Living, ſo much Moderation in Fortune, and ſo much Clemency after Injuries. Thoſe Impetuoſities which coſt poor *Clitus* his Life; thoſe ill-grounded Suſpicions which occaſion'd the ruin of *Philotas*, and which, to the Infamy of *Alexander*, at length drew after them as a neceſſary Conſequence, the Death of *Parmenio*; all theſe irregular Motions were unknown to *Cæſar*: He cannot be reproach'd with any Man's Death but his own, for not taking Care enough of his own Security.

And, indeed, it muſt be confeſs'd, That far from ſuffering himſelf to be a Slave to the Diſorders of his Paſſions, he was the moſt ſtirring Man in the World, and the leaſt tranſported by them. Great and ſmall Things found him ſtill in the ſame Poſture, without appearing lofty in the one, or humble in the other.

Alexander ſeem'd to be out of his Element, unleſs he was doing ſomething extraordinary. If he was to run a Race, it was to be with none but Kings; if he lov'd Hunting, nothing below a Lion was Game for him: He could not, without ſome uneaſineſs, make a Preſent unworthy of himſelf: He was at no time ſo Reſolute, nor in ſo good Humour, as when his Troops deſponded; never ſo full of Hope, as when they deſpair'd. In a Word, he began to be compos'd, when other Men, for the moſt Part, either through Fear, or ſome other Infirmity, are beſides themſelves. But his too lofty Soul did but awkwardly condeſcend to take up with the Common Courſe of Human Life; and being ill-guarded at Home, it was to be fear'd it ſhould fly out into ſome Extravagance or other, either in his Pleaſures, or his Eaſe.

And here I cannot forbear to make ſome Reflections upon Heroes, whoſe Government is ſo agreeable, that we ſubmit to it without trouble. Under them we have none of thoſe ſecret Repugnances, nor thoſe inward Regrets of Liberty, which are ſo painful to us in a forc'd Obedience: We are all Duty and Submiſſion, tho' their Humours are often inſupportable. When they have render'd themſelves our Maſters by their Power, and are ſo much above us by their Merit, they are for erecting a double Empire, which exacts a double Subjection; and very often, 'tis a miſerable Condition, that we muſt depend upon Men who are ſo Great, that they may with reaſon deſpiſe us. However, ſince they don't rule in Deſarts, but are under a Neceſſity of living among us, methinks it ſhould be their Intereſt to accommodate themſelves to our Infirmities, and we would then juſtly reverence them as *Gods*, if they

with, frequently aſcrib'd the Cauſes of their Merits to ſomething Supernatural. Hence it comes to paſs, that the Ancients would very often claim a Dependance upon ſome Deity or other, either upon the account of deſcending from it, or elſe becauſe they own'd themſelves oblig'd to its particular Care and Protection. Some Perſons have ſeem'd to believe theſe Stories, purely for the ſake of perſuading others, and have made an ingenious Uſe of an advantageous Deceit, which procur'd a Veneration for their Perſons, and a Submiſſion to their Authority.

Others there were who flatter'd themſelves with ſuch Thoughts in good earneſt. The Contempt with which they treated the reſt of Mankind, and the preſumptuous Opinion they had of their own extraordinary Qualities, occaſion'd their fantaſtical Search after an Original different from ours: But it has happen'd more frequently, that Nations, either to make themſelves honour'd, or out of a Principle of Gratitude to thoſe that had deſerv'd eminently of them, have made this ſort of Fables current.

The *Romans* were not free from this Vanity: Not content with their being related to *Venus* by *Æneas*, who led the *Trojans* into *Italy*, they renew'd their Alliance with the Gods, by the fabulous Birth of *Romulus*; whom they ſuppos'd to be the Son of *Mars*, and deify'd after his Death. His Succeſſor, *Numa*, had nothing that was Divine in his Race; but the Sanctity of his Life gave him Credit enough, to pretend a particular Correſpondence with the Goddeſs *Egeria*; which Commerce was of no ſmall aſſiſtance to him, towards the Eſtabliſhment of his Ceremonies. In ſhort, if you will believe them, the greateſt Care of Deſtiny, was the Foundation of *Rome*; nay, they pretend, that Providence induſtriouſly

adapted

adapted the various Inclinations of its Kings, to the different Neceſſities of that People.

I hate an Admiration founded upon Fables, or eſtabliſh'd by an erroneous Judgment. There are ſo many Realities to be admir'd amongſt the *Romans*, that we do them an Injury, by endeavouring to advance them by Stories; and the way to be truly juſt to their Memory, is to ſet aſide all vain Commendations. In this Deſign, I have determin'd to conſider them by themſelves, without the leaſt regard to fond Conceits, tho' handed down by Tradition, and receiv'd. It would be too tedious a Work, to give an exact Account of every Thing; but I ſhall not deſcend into the Particulars of Actions. I ſhall ntent my ſelf, with tracing the Genius of ſome ſable Times, and the different Spirit with me has been obſerv'd to be variouſly.

ne Kings had ſo little a Share in advancing the Greatneſs of the *Roman* People, that I don't think my ſelf oblig'd to beſtow any particular Conſiderations upon them. 'Tis with reaſon, that Hiſtorians have call'd their Reigns, The Infancy of *Rome*; for 'tis certain, that under them, ſhe made but a very inconſiderable Progreſs. To be convinc'd of the little Action they were concern'd in, 'tis ſufficient to know, that Seven Kings, at the End of Two Hundred and * odd Years, did not leave behind them a Dominion much larger than that of *Parma*, or *Mantua*. One ſingle Battle, now a-days, won in a cloſe Country, would draw a greater extent of Land after it.

As

As for thoſe various and ſingular Talents which are aſcrib'd to each of them, by a myſterious Providence, 'tis no more than what had before happen'd to ſeveral other Princes: For 'tis rare to find a Succeſſor endow'd with the ſame Qualities that his Predeceſſor poſſeſt. The one, Ambitious and Active, employs all his Thoughts about War: Another, who naturally loves Repoſe, thinks it the trueſt Policy, to maintain himſelf in Peace: One makes Juſtice his principal Virtue; the other is zealous for nothing, but what relates to Religion. Thus each purſues his own natural Diſpoſition, and is delighted in the exerciſe of his Talent: Nor can any Thing be more ridiculous, than to improve the moſt common Thing in Nature into a Miracle. But to proceed: This Difference of Genius was ſo far from turning to the Advantage of the *Roman* People, that the ſmall Progreſs they made under their Kings, in my Judgment, is wholly to be imputed to it. Certainly nothing can be a greater hindrance to the advancing of any Nation, than this Diverſity of Temper: For it frequently makes us quit our real Intereſt, which we do not underſtand, out of a Deſire to introduce ſomething which we know better, but which, for the moſt part, is not ſuitable to our Circumſtances.

Altho' theſe new Inſtitutions ſhould bring all the Advantages we expected from them, yet it frequently happens from the Diverſity of Applications, that ſeveral Things are fortunately enough begun, that cannot be brought to a happy Concluſion.

The natural Bent of the *Roman* People was altogether *Martial* under *Romulus*. In *Numa*'s Reign nothing was done, but the eſtabliſhing of Prieſts, and Religious Perſons. Tullus

found it no eaſie matter, to draw his Subjects from ſo pleaſant an Amuſement, to the Military Diſcipline; which was hardly eſtabliſh'd, when *Ancus* appear'd on the Stage, whoſe natural Inclinations led him to render the City more commodious and magnificent.

The firſt *Tarquin*, to give more Dignity to the Senate, and more Majeſty to the Government, invented Ornaments, and appointed Marks of Diſtinction.

The principal Aim of *Servius*, was to have an exact Account of the Eſtates of the *Romans*; and according to thoſe, to divide them into Tribes, that ſo they might all equally contribute to the Publick Neceſſities. '*Tarquin* the Proud, ſays '*Florus*, was extreamly ſerviceable to his Coun-'try, becauſe his Tyranny gave Birth to the 'Republick. This is the Diſcourſe of a *Roman*; who, although born in the Reign of Emperors, could not forbear to prefer Liberty to their Government. My Opinion is, that the Common-Wealth may be juſtly admir'd, without admiring the Method by which it was eſtabliſh'd.

To return to theſe Kings: 'Tis certain, that as each had his particular Talent, ſo none of them was Maſter of a Capacity large enough. Had *Rome* had one of thoſe Great Monarchs, who, by an univerſal and extenſive Genius, can graſp every Thing, ſhe ſhould not have been under the Neceſſity of borrowing from different Princes, a few different Inſtitutions, which might eaſily have been ſettled during the Life of one Prince.

The Reign of *Tarquin* is as well known to the World, as the Eſtabliſhment of *Liberty*. Pride, Cruelty, and Avarice, were his predominant Qualities, but he wanted Dexterity to manage *his Tyranny*. To define his Conduct in a few Words:

Words: He knew neither how to Govern according to the Laws, nor Reign againſt them.

In a State ſo violent for the People, and ſo unſecure for the Prince, there was nothing wanting, but an Opportunity for Liberty, which was offer'd by the Death of the unfortunate *Lucretia*. This vertuous Lady, ſo cruel to her own Perſon, could not forgive her ſelf for the Crime of another: She laid violent Hands upon her ſelf, after ſhe had been raviſh'd by *Sextus*; and bequeath'd the Revenge of her Honour to *Brutus* and *Collatinus*. 'Twas then that this Conſtraint of Humours, ſo long before pent up, broke out.

It is incredible how unanimouſly all Tempers conſpir'd to revenge the Death of *Lucretia*: The People, to whom the ſlighteſt Matter ſerv'd for a ſpecious Reaſon, were more incens'd againſt *Sextus*, for the Violence *Lucretia* offer'd her ſelf, than if he had himſelf been the Murderer; and as it generally happens in Tragical Events, by the mixture of Pity and Indignation, every one aggravated the Horror of the Crime, by a Compaſſion for this Celebrated, but Unfortunate Virtue.

You may find in *Livy*, the moſt minute Particulars of the Paſſion and Conduct of the *Romans*: An odd mixture of Fury and Wiſdom, uſually meeting in great Revolutions, where Violence produces the ſame Effects, that Heroick Virtue doth, when it is accompany'd with Diſcipline. 'Tis certain, that *Brutus* made an admirable Uſe of the Diſpoſitions of the People; but to define him well, is a Task of no ſmall Difficulty.

The Greatneſs of a Republick admired by the whole World, has made the Founder of it admired without much examining his Actions. *Every Thing that appears* Extraordinary, paſſes for Great,

Great, if it be Succeſsful: As every Thing which is Great, appears Fooliſh, when it meets a contrary Event. A Man ought to have liv'd in that Age, nay, to have convers'd with him, to be perfectly ſatisfy'd, whether he put his Sons to Death, out of a Principle of Heroick Virtue, or the Hardneſs of a fierce and unnatural Temper.

For my own Part, I'm of Opinion, that much of his Conduct is owing to Deſign: His profound Diſſimulation, under the Reign of *Tarquin*, as well as his Addreſs in getting *Collatinus* ejected out of the Conſulſhip, is to me Matter of a convincing Nature. It might ſo happen indeed, that his Zeal for Liberty, ſtifled in him the Sentiments of Nature: And perhaps too, his own Security might ſo far prevail upon him, that in this hard and melancholy Choice of undoing himſelf, or undoing his Children, ſo intimate and preſſing a Concern prevail'd over the Safety of his Family: Nay, who knows, but Ambition had a Share in this Action? *Collatinus* ruin'd himſelf, by favouring his Nephews; *Brutus, on the contrary*, made himſelf Maſter of the Common-Wealth, by the rigorous Puniſhment of his own Sons. That which may with Aſſurance be affirm'd, is this, That there was ſomething of Fierceneſs in his Nature; which was, however, the Genius of that Time. A Diſpoſition as Savage as Free, did then, and has very often ſince, produc'd *miſtaken Virtues.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the Genius of the Romans *in the Beginnings of the Republick.*

IN the firſt Times of the Republick, the People were ſtrangely mad for Liberty and the Publick Good: The Affection they bore to their Country, ſuppreſs'd all the Motions of Nature, and the Zeal of the Citizen robbed the Man of himſelf. Sometimes, through a ſavage Juſtice, the Father cauſed his Son to die for the Performance of ſome extraordinary Exploit, contrary to his Commands; ſometimes he devoted himſelf as a Victim, through a Superſtition as cruel as it was ridiculous; as if the Deſign of Society was to oblige us to die, when it was inſtituted to encourage us to live with leſs Danger, and with greater Eaſe. Valour had ſomewhat Fierce and Wild in it, and an Obſtinacy in Fighting, ſupplied the place of Diſcipline in War. In their Conqueſts nothing of Generoſity, as yet, appear'd; it was not an aſpiring Spirit, which ſought after an ambitious Superiority over others. To ſpeak properly, the *Romans* were troubleſome and violent Neighbours, who were reſolved to exclude the lawful Owners from their Habitations, and plough other People's Lands, with their Swords in their Hands.

Oftentimes the Victorious Conſul was of no better Quality than the People he had conquer- The refuſing the Spoil coſt one his Life; ...e dividing of it caus'd the Baniſhment of nother: They refuſed to go to War under the onduct of ſome particular Generals;

nied to conquer under others. Sedition paſſed eaſily for an Effect of Liberty, which thought it ſelf wounded by the leaſt Mark of Obedience, even to thoſe Magiſtrates whom they themſelves had created, and to thoſe Captains they had choſen.

The *Genius* of this People was as ruſtical as it was wild; Dictators were ſometimes taken from the Plough, to which they return'd again after their Expedition was over; not ſo much out of a Preference of an innocent and undiſturbed Condition, as becauſe they had been accuſtomed to an unpolite and unſociable ſort of Life. As for that Frugality which has been ſo highly extoll'd, it was not a Retrenching of Superfluities, or a voluntary Abſtinence from Things agreeable, but a groſs Uſe of what they poſſeſs'd, and was next at Hand. They were not ambitious after Riches, becauſe they knew nothing of them; they were content with a little, becauſe they conceived no more; and forbore thoſe Pleaſures, of which they had no *Idea*. Nevertheleſs, for want of a due Reflection, theſe old *Romans* have been taken for the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the World; for their Poſterity has conſecrated the very leaſt Particulars of their Actions; whether it is, that People naturally reſpect the Beginners of Great Works, or that their Off-Spring, vain in all reſpects, were deſirous that their Anceſtors ſhould be Maſters of Virtues, when they wanted Greatneſs.

I know very well, that we may alledge ſome few Actions of ſuch rare and noble Virtues, that they will ſerve for Patterns to all Ages; but then theſe were the Actions of particular Perſons, who had nothing in themſelves of the *Genius* of that Time; or elſe they were Actions of a Singular Nature, which (as it were) eſcaped Men, by Chance, and had nothing common with the *dinary* Courſe of their Lives. How

However, It is to be acknowleged, that Manners ſo unpoliſhed and ruſtical, were agreeable enough to a riſing Common-Wealth. This Roughneſs of natural Temper, which never yielded to Difficulties, eſtabliſhed *Rome* on a ſtronger Foundation, than a more gentle and tractable Diſpoſition, tho' more civilized and rational, could have done. But, to ſpeak properly, this Quality conſider'd in it ſelf, was very ſavage; and deſerves no Reſpect, but becauſe it hath the Recommendation of Antiquity, and becauſe it gave a Beginning to the greateſt Empire in the Univerſe.

CHAP. III.

Of the firſt Wars of the Romans.

THE firſt Wars of the *Romans* were of very great Importance, in reſpect to themſelves, but little remarkable, if we except the extraordinary Actions of ſome particular Perſons. It is certain, that the Intereſt of the Common-Wealth, depended viſibly upon them, ſince there was a likelihood of their returning under the Subjection of the *Tarquins*; ſince *Rome* could not preſerve it ſelf from the Reſentment of *Coriolanus*, but by the Tears of his Mother, and that the Defence of the *Capitol* was the laſt Reſource of the *Romans*, when after the Defeat of their Forces, their very City was taken and ſacked by the *Gauls*. But conſidering theſe Expeditions in themſelves, it will be found, that they were rather *Tumults* than *real Wars*; And to ſpeak the Truth, if the *Lacedemonians* had ſeen the Military Diſcipline which *Romans* practiſed in thoſe times, I queſtio

but they would have reckon'd thoſe People *Barbarians, who* took off the Bridles of their Horſes, to make their Cavalry the more impetuous *in their* Charges; a Nation who truſted their Security and Guard with *Geeſe* and *Dogs*, whoſe Negligence they puniſh'd, and whoſe Watchfulneſs they recompens'd. This rude way of making War, laſted a long while; and the *Romans* gain'd many conſiderable Conqueſts with an indifferent Capacity: They were a People of great Bravery, but little Skill, who encountred Adverſaries leſs couragious, and more ignorant; but becauſe the Generals were called *Conſuls* and *Dictators*, their Troops *Legions*, and their Soldiers *Romans*, there has been more aſcribed to the Vanity of *Names*, than to the Reality of Things; and without examining the Diſtinction of Times and Perſons, ſome People have pretended that they were the ſame Armies under the Command of *Camillus*, *Manlius*, *Cincinnatus*, *Papirius Curſor*, and *Curius Dentatus*, as under *Scipio*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Pompey*, and *Cæſar*.

What, indeed, may with Juſtice be affirm'd of theſe firſt Ages, is an extraordinary Courage, a great Auſterity of Life, a great Affection for their Country. In the latter Times, an equal Share of Valour, a great Skill in War, and every thing elſe; but withal, a great deal of Corruption.

This is the Reaſon why Men of Integrity, to whom Vice and Luxury were odious, were not ſatisfied with admiring the *Probity* of their Anceſtors, unleſs they extended their Admiration to all that belong'd to them, without diſtinguiſhing wherein they had Merit, and wherein they had it not. Thoſe that had occaſion to complain of the Age they liv'd in, have given a Thouſand Encomiums to Antiquity, from which they cou'd ſuffer nothing; and thoſe whoſe moroſe Humour en-

clines

clines 'em to find fault with every thing preſent, cry'd up, through Caprice, what was paſt. The more polite Perſons indeed, wanted not Diſcernment; and being ſenſible all Ages have their Imperfections and Virtues, they form'd a true Judgment in themſelves of the Time of their Anceſtors, as well as their own; but they were obliged to admire with the People, and to exclaim, ſometimes with Reaſon enough, and ſometimes without it, *Majores noſtri, majores noſtri*, as they obſerv'd the Cry to go. In ſo general an Admiration, the Hiſtorians have not been wanting to pay the ſame Reſpect to the Ancients; and making a Heroe of every Conſul, have beſtow'd all Virtues on every one that had well ſerved the Republick.

I own, that it was no ſmall Merit to ſave it, but that's a different Caſe from what we are upon; and it may truly be affirmed, that the *good Citizens* liv'd amongſt the ancient *Romans*, and the *good Generals* amongſt the latter.

CHAP. IV.

Againſt the Opinion of Livy, *about the Imaginary War in which he engages* Alexander *againſt the* Romans *.

I Have often wondred what ſtrange Ideas *Livy* entertain'd of theſe ancient *Romans*; Nor can I comprehend, how a Perſon of ſuch excellent Senſe, could hunt after a Notion ſo far from his Subject, to reaſon ſo falſly, upon an imaginary War, wherein he engages *Alexander*. He makes this Conqueror deſcend into *Italy*, with as ſmall a Number of Forces as he then had, when he was no more than a petty King of *Macedon*. He ought to have conſidered, that a ſimple General of the *Carthaginians* paſs'd the *Alps*, with an Army of 80000 Men.

But this is not all, for he aſcribes as much Capacity in War to *Papirius Curſor*, and to all the Conſuls of that Time, as to *Alexander* himſelf; when to ſpeak the Truth, they had but a very imperfect Knowledge of it. The *Romans*, at that time, made no great uſe of their Cavalry; their Horſes were ſo little ſerviceable to them, that they uſed to diſmount in the very Heat of the Engagement, and mount again to purſue their Foes, when put to the Rout. 'Tis certain, that the *Romans* placed their chief Strength in their Infantry, laying no great Streſs on the Charges that might

* *This is but a Suppoſition of* Livy, *who examines what would probably have happen'd, if* Alexander *had made War againſt the* Romans. *See* Book IX. *of the* 1ſt. Decad.

might be made with the Horſe. The Legions particularly had a contemptible Opinion of the Adverſaries Horſe, 'till the War of *Pyrrhus*, where the *Theſſalians* gave 'em ſufficient Cauſe to be of another mind: But the Cavalry of *Hannibal* put them after that into great Terror; and thoſe invincible Legions were, for ſome time, ſo frighted with it, that they durſt not appear in the leaſt Plain.

To return to the time of *Papirius*, they knew nothing, in a manner, of Cavalry; they had no Skill either in ſecuring advantageous Poſts, or encamping in any Order; for they themſelves acknowledge, that they learn'd to form their Camp by that of *Pyrrhus*, before which time they uſed always to encamp in Confuſion. They were no leſs ignorant of Engines and other Works, neceſſary to form a conſiderable Siege; which proceeded either from the Dulneſs of Invention in a People not at all induſtrious, or elſe becauſe their Armies being never of a long ſtanding, there was no Opportunity given them to bring things to Perfection.

Rarely was one and the ſame Army known to paſs from the Command of one Conſul, to that of another; and yet more rarely was the Commander of the Legions continued in his Poſt, after the Expiration of his appointed Time; which Conduct was, indeed, excellent for the Preſervation of the Republick, but extreamly prejudicial to the Eſtabliſhment of a good Army. To be convinc'd how far they were jealous of Liberty, it will ſuffice to obſerve, that after the Defeat at *Thraſimene*, at which time they were obliged to create a Dictator, *Fabius* had ſcarce ſtopt the Torrent of *Hannibal*, by the Cautiouſneſs of his Conduct, when they put Conſuls in his Place: All things were to be dreaded from the Fury of

Hannibal, but nothing from the Moderation of *Fabius*; and yet the Apprehension of a remote Evil, prevail'd above the present Necessity.

It must be own'd, that the two Consuls managed themselves with Prudence in this War. They ruined *Hannibal* insensibly, and retriev'd the Common-Wealth; when, for the same Reason, *Terentius Varro*, a Man presumptuous and ignorant, was chosen in their room, who gave Battel at *Cannæ*, and lost it; and thereby reduced the *Romans* to that Extremity, that their Valour, as extraordinary as it was, was not so instrumental in their Preservation, as the Supineness of *Hannibal*.

There was yet another Inconvenience, which hindred the Command of their Army from being always given to the most Experienced and Able to lead them. As the two Consuls could not be both *Patricians*, and the *Patricians* would not agree that both should be of the Plebeian Order, so, for the [illegible], it happened, that he that was nominated, was a Person agreeable to the People, who owed his Preferment to Favour; the other, whom they would had chosen for his Merit, was [illegible] excluded, either through the Opposition of the People, if he was a *Patrician*, or by the [illegible] of the Senators, when he was [illegible] of their Rank. The contrary was observ'd among the *Macedonians*, where the Captains and Soldiers had stood together, Time out of Mind. They were the Veterans of *Philip*, if I may [illegible] renewed from time to time, and [illegible] by [illegible], as his Occasions required. Here the Courage of the Cavalry [illegible] the Resolution of the [illegible], which [illegible] to the Legion, since, in the War of [illegible], the Legions were afraid to oppose some [illegible], made up of broken

broken *Macedonians*. Here they were equally expert both in matters relating to a Siege, or the Field. Never was Army concern'd againſt ſo many Adverſaries, or had ſeen ſo many different Climates. Now if the Diverſity of Countries, where the Scene of War is, and the Variety of Nations, which are brought under Submiſſion, can form our Experience, how ſhould the *Romans*, who had never been out of *Italy*, nor beheld any other Enemies but a few inconſiderable Neighbours of their Republick, enter into Competition with the *Macedonians*? Their Diſcipline was in reality great, but their Capacity indifferent.

Even after the Common-Wealth became more powerful, they had the Diſgrace of being defeated, as often as they made War againſt experienc'd Generals. *Pyrrhus* overcame them purely by the Advantage of his Conduct, which made *Fabricius* ſay, *That the* Epirotes *did not conquer the* Romans, *but that the Conſul had been vanquiſhed by their King.*

In the firſt *Carthaginian* War, *Regulus* defeated the People of *Carthage* in *Africk*, in ſo many Engagements, that they were already look'd upon as Tributaries to *Rome*. They were creating of Conditions, which were made inſupportable, when *Xantippus*, a *Lacedæmonian*, arrived with a Body of Auxiliaries. This *Grecian*, who was a Man of Valour and Experience, informed himſelf of the Order and Diſcipline of the *Carthaginians*, together with the Conduct of the *Romans*. Having fully inſtructed himſelf, he found both one and t'other very ignorant in War, and by his frequent Diſcourſes upon this Subject amongſt the Soldiers, the Noiſe came at laſt to the Senate of *Carthage*, what a contemptible Opinion this *Lacedæmonian* had of their Enemy. The Magiſtrates at length had the Curioſity to hear him talk; and

Xantippus

Xantippus having made them ſenſible of their paſt Errors, promis'd them the Victory, if they would give him the Command of their Troops.

In a miſerable Condition where all Things are deſpair'd of, Men are more eaſily perſuaded to confide in others, than in themſelves: And ſo thoſe Suſpicions, fatal to the Merit of Strangers, yielded to the preſent Neceſſity; and the moſt powerful, prompted with an Apprehenſion of their approaching Ruin, ſubmitted to the Conduct of *Xantippus* without Envy. I ſhould make a Hiſtory, inſtead of alledging an Example, ſhould I enlarge any further; it ſuffices to ſay, That *Xantippus* having taken upon him the Management of Affairs, made a thorough-Change in the *Carthaginian* Army, and knew ſo well how to make his advantage of the Ignorance of the *Romans*, that he obtain'd over them, one of the moſt entire Victories that ever was won. The *Carthaginians*, as ſoon as they were out of Danger, began to be aſham'd of owing their Preſervation to a Stranger, and returning to the Perfidiouſneſs of their Nature, thought to extinguiſh their Diſgrace, by ridding themſelves of him, who had rid them of the *Romans*. It is not well known, whether they put him to Death, or whether he was ſo fortunate to * eſcape; but this is moſt certain, that through the abſence of this experienc'd General, the *Romans* eaſily regain'd the Superiority they had over them before.

If we deſcend to the Second *Punick* War, we ſhall find, that the vaſt Advantages, which *Hannibal*

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* Appianus, *in his Firſt Book of the Wars of the* Romans, *That the* Carthaginians *ſent back* Xantippus *in one of Gallies, with great Preſents; but that they order'd the Pilot of the Galley to cauſe him to be thrown over-board, diſtance from* Carthage,

nibal had always over the *Romans*, proceeded from the Capacity of the one, and the want of Skill in the other; and, in effect, when e'er he deſign'd to put a Confidence into his Soldiers, he never told them, that his Enemies wanted Courage or Reſolution, for they had experienc'd the contrary often enough; but he aſſur'd them, that they had to do with a People unskill'd in War.

It is with this Science, as with Arts and Politeneſs; it paſſes from one Nation to another, and flouriſhes at different Times, and in different Places. Every one knows, that the *Grecians* carry'd it to a high Pitch: *Philip* ſurpaſs'd them in it; and all Things arriv'd to their Perfection under *Alexander*, when *Alexander* alone corrupted himſelf. It continu'd ſtill with his Succeſſors: *Hannibal* brought it amongſt the *Carthaginians*; and for all the Vanity of the *Romans*, they receiv'd it from him by the Experience of their Defeats; by reflecting upon their Miſtakes, and obſerving the Conduct of their Enemies.

This will be eaſily own'd, if it be conſider'd, that the *Romans* did not begin to make any Head againſt *Hannibal*, when they were in their prime Bravery; for the moſt Valiant Perſons being loſt in Battle, they had arm'd their Slaves, and made up Armies with unexperienc'd Soldiers. The truth is this, They never reduc'd him to Streights, till the Conſuls became more skilful, and the *Romans*, in general, knew better how to make War.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Genius of the Romans, *at the time when* Pyrrhus *waged War againſt them.*

IT is not my Intention to enlarge here upon the Wars of the *Romans*, which would be foreign to the Subject I have propos'd to my ſelf: But I am of Opinion, that to apprehend the true Genius of the Times, we ſhould conſider in a People, the different Affairs in which they were concern'd; and as thoſe of War are, without doubt, the moſt remarkable, ſo 'tis there Men are particularly to be obſerv'd; ſince the Diſpoſition of Tempers, and good, as well as ill Qualities, are there ſeen to the beſt Advantage.

At the firſt ſetting up of the Common-Wealth, the *Roman* People, as I have already obſerv'd, had ſomething of Wildneſs in them; afterwards this Humour turn'd into Auſterity, and became a rigid Virtue, far remote from Politeneſs or Agreeableneſs, and hating the very leaſt Appearance of Corruption: Theſe were the Manners of the *Romans*, when *Pyrrhus* paſſed into *Italy*, to relieve the *Tarentines*. The Science of War was then but indifferent amongſt them; and that of other Things altogether unknown. As for Arts, either they had none at all, or only ſuch as were very rude; they were not Maſters of Invention, and no leſs Strangers to Induſtry; but there was a good Order and Diſcipline exactly obſerv'd among them, an admirable greatneſs of ourage; and more Integrity us'd with the Enemy,

my, than is commonly practis'd with Fellow-Citizens. Juſtice, Uprightneſs, and Innocency, were common Virtues; they were not unacquainted with Riches, but the Uſe of them was prohibited among private Men. Their Diſintereſtedneſs went even to Exceſs, every one making it a Duty to neglect their own Affairs for the Service of the Publick; the Zeal of which did then ſupply the room of every Thing elſe.

After having ſpoken of theſe Virtues, 'tis neceſſary to come to the Actions which made them known. A Prince is thought a Man of Honour, who by oppoſing Force to Force, employs nothing but open and lawful Means to get rid of a formidable Enemy. But to think our ſelves oblig'd to preſerve thoſe that are reſolv'd to ruin us, to ſecure them from the Snares that are laid for them by others, and to ſave them from a Domeſtick Treaſon, is the effect of an unparellel'd Generoſity. Yet behold one Inſtance of this in the Time I am ſpeaking of. The *Romans* being defeated by *Pyrrhus*, and in a doubtful State, whether they ſhould retrieve their Affairs, or be conſtrain'd to yield, had in their Power the Deſtruction of that Prince, and made the following Uſe of it.

A Phyſician, in whom *Pyrrhus* repoſed great Confidence, offer'd to *Fabricius* to poyſon his Maſter, provided he might have a Reward proportionable to the Importance of the Service. *Fabricius*, ſurpriz'd with Horror at ſo villainous a Crime, immediately gives Notice of it to the Senate, who deteſting, like the Conſul, ſo black an Action, ſent to adviſe *Pyrrhus* to take ſpecial Care of his Perſon; adding, that 'twas the way of the *Romans*, to overcome by the Bravery of their Arms, and not to free themſelves of an Enemy by the Treaſon of his own People.

Pyrrhus

Pyrrhus, [illegible] ſenſible of the Obligation, or [illegible] as the Greatneſs of Spirit, was more [illegible] ever to make a Peace; and to diſpoſe [illegible] to receive it with the greater eaſineſs, [illegible] ſent them back Two Hundred Priſoners without Ranſom; with Preſents to the moſt conſiderable Perſons, and to the Ladies; and neglected nothing, under a pretence of Gratitude, to introduce Corruption amongſt them. The Romans, who preſerv'd *Pyrrhus* meerly out of a Principle of Virtue, would receive nothing that carry'd the leaſt Air of Acknowledgment. They therefore ſent him an equal Number of Priſoners; his Preſents were refus'd by both Senate; and all the Anſwer he had, was, *That they would never hearken to a Peace, till he quitted Italy.*

Amongſt an infinite Number of virtuous Things, that were practis'd at this time, the great Diſintereſtedneſs of *Fabricius* and *Curius*, who retir'd to a voluntary Poverty, are admir'd amongſt the reſt. 'Twould be a piece of Injuſtice not to allow them the Applauſe they deſerve; however, 'tis to be conſider'd, that it was more the general Quality of the Age, than a Virtue peculiar to theſe two Men. And, in truth, ſince Riches were puniſh'd with Diſgrace, and Poverty rewarded with Honour, methinks there was ſome Dexterity in knowing well how to be Poor. By this means they rais'd themſelves to the chiefeſt Employments of the Republick, where, in the Exercise of great Power, they ſtood in greater *Temptation* than *Patience*. To ſpeak the truth, the ſorts of *Privations* are not without Pleaſure, for they afford the Mind an exact Idea of what the Senſes are robb'd of.

But

But who can tell, whether *Fabricius* did not follow his own Humour? There are ſome Perſons that are perplex'd by a multitude and variety of Superfluities, who would quietly reliſh Things convenient, and even Neceſſaries with delight. In the mean time, People that have but a falſe Knowledge of Things, admire the appearance of Moderation; whereas, if they had an exact Judgment, they would ſoon diſcover it to proceed from the ſmall extent of a confin'd Spirit, or the lazineſs of an unactive Soul. With theſe Perſons, to be content with a little, takes off rather from their Pain, than their Pleaſure. Beſides, when it is not deſpicable to be Poor, we want fewer Things to live in Poverty with ſatisfaction, than to live magnificently with Riches. Can you imagine the Condition of a Monk to be unhappy, when he is eſteem'd by his Order, and has ſome Reputation in the World? He makes a Vow of Poverty, which frees him from a Thouſand Cares, and leaves him nothing to deſire that's conſiſtent with his Profeſſion and Way of Living. Thoſe who live magnificently, for the moſt part, are the real Poor; they endeavour to get Money on all Hands with Inquietude and Trouble, to maintain the Pleaſures of others; and whilſt they laviſh their Plenty, which Strangers enjoy more than themſelves, they are at home, ſenſible of their Wants, with their Wives and Children; both by the Importunity of unmerciful Duns, and by the miſerable State of their Affairs, which they ſee going to Rack.

Let us return to our *Romans*, from whom we have inſenſibly digreſſed. Let who will admire the Poverty of *Fabricius*; for my part, I commend his Prudence, and think him very well adviſ'd, to have had but one Saltſeller of Silver, ſince *thereby he had* Credit enough to turn out of the Senate,

Senate, a Man * who had been twice Conſul, had triumph'd, and been Dictator, becauſe ſome † Marks of Plate more were found in his Houſe: For, beſides that it was the Humour of the Time, the real Intereſt of every Man, was, to have no other than that of the Republick.

Men eſtabliſh'd Society out of a Motive of private Intereſt; with a Deſign to make Life more pleaſant and ſecure in Company, than when they were perpetually upon their Guard in Solitudes. Now, when they find, not only Conveniency, but Glory and Authority in it, can they do better than devote themſelves wholly to the Publick, from whence they draw ſo many Advantages?

The *Decii*, who ſacrific'd themſelves for the Good of a Society, of which they were to be no longer Members, ſeem to me downright *Fanaticks*; but the Perſons we have been diſcourſing of, appear to have acted very rationally, in being ſo paſſionately concern'd for a grateful Republick, which was, at leaſt, as careful of their Intereſt, as they could be of hers.

I look upon *Rome*, at this time, as a true Religious *Community*, where every one diſpoſſeſſes himſelf of his private Good, to find a greater in that of the *Order* he belongs to; but this Temper ſubſiſts no where but in ſmall States. In great ones, the very appearance of Poverty is contemn'd; nay, 'tis much, if the extravagant Uſe of Riches is not approv'd of. Had *Fabricius* liv'd in the Grandeur of the Republick, either he muſt have chang'd his Manners, or he had been uſeleſs to his Country.: And if the honeſt Men of the latter

* *P. Cornelius* Rufinus.

† *Fifteen Marks of Silver*, that is, 7 Pound and a half.

latter time, had liv'd in that of *Fabricius*, either they had made their Integrity more rigid, or they would have been expell'd the Senate, as corrupted Citizens.

Having thus ſpoken of the *Romans*, it will not be amiſs to ſay ſomething of *Pyrrhus*, who comes in here naturally enough, in ſo many Reſpects.

He was the moſt experienc'd Captain of his time, even in the Opinion of *Hannibal*, who plac'd him immediately after *Alexander*, and before himſelf, as it ſeems to me, out of Modeſty. He join'd the Dexterity of Negotiations, to the Science of War: But, nevertheleſs, he could never make a ſolid Settlement for himſelf. If he knew how to gain Battles, he made no Advantage of the War; if he engag'd Nations in his Alliance, he knew not how to preſerve them in it. His two bright Talents, prepoſterouſly employ'd, ruin'd the Deſigns of both.

When he had ſucceeded to his Wiſh in the Field, his Thoughts were immediately bent to treat; and, as if he had acted in Concert with his Enemies, he ſtill obſtructed his own Progreſs. Had he known how to win the Affections of a Nation; His firſt Thoughts were to ſubdue them. Hence it came to paſs, that he loſt his Friends, without gaining his Enemies; for the Conquer'd aſſum'd the Spirit of the Victors, and refus'd the Peace that was offer'd them; and the others, not only withdrew their Aſſiſtance, but conſider'd how to get rid of an Ally, who ſhew'd himſelf a real Maſter.

A Conduct ſo extraordinary, ought partly to be aſcrib'd to the Diſpoſition of *Pyrrhus*, and partly to the different Intereſts of his Miniſters. Amongſt the reſt, there were two Men near his Perſon, whoſe Advice he generally follow'd, Cineas and

Milo: Cineas, who was eloquent, ingenious, skill'd, and dextrous in Negotiations, inſinuated the Thoughts of Peace, every time that War came to be debated; and when the ambitious Humour of *Pyrrhus* had prevail'd over his Arguments, he patiently expected when Difficulties would ariſe, and then managing the firſt Uneaſineſs of his Maſter, he preſently turn'd his Inclinations to Peace, that ſo he might return to his proper Talent, and put Affairs into his own Hands.

Milo was a Man experienc'd in War, and plac'd all his Confidence there; which made him endeavour, all that lay in his Power, to hinder Treaties, or elſe to break them off. He ſtill adviſ'd to overcome all Impediments; and if there was no ſubduing the Enemy, then by all means to enſlave the Allies.

As far as we may judge, at this diſtance, theſe were the Rules by which *Pyrrhus*, as well as his Miniſters acted. It may be ſaid in his Favour, that he was engag'd with powerful Nations, that had more Reſources than he; and though he won Battels by his Valour, yet that ſo ſmall and weak a State, as his, would not afford him the Means to carry on a long expenſive War. In ſhort, if we conſider both his perſonal Qualities, and his Performances, we ſhall find him to have been an admirable Prince, who yields, in no reſpect, to any of the Ancients: But to conſider, in general, the Succeſs of his Deſigns, and the Iſſue of his Affairs, he will often appear to have been unpolitick, and will loſe much of his Reputation. For, indeed, he poſſeſs'd himſelf of *Macedonia*, and was beaten out of it; his Beginnings in *Italy* were fortunate, but he was forced to quit it; he ſaw himſelf Maſter of *Sicily*, but could not maintain himſelf there.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Firſt Carthaginian *War.*

THE War of *Pyrrhus* animated the *Romans*, and inſpir'd them with Thoughts which they had not before entertain'd: To ſpeak the Truth, they enter'd upon it very rude and preſumptuous; with a great deal of Temerity and Ignorance; but they ſhew'd an extraordinary Virtue in the Proſecution of it: And, as every Thing was new to them with ſo experienc'd an Enemy, they became, without doubt, more induſtrious, and more skilful than they were before. They found out a way to ſecure themſelves from the Elephants, which, in the firſt Engagement, put their Legions into Diſorder; they learn'd to avoid the Plains, and poſſeſs'd themſelves of advantageous Poſts, againſt the Cavalry, which they had too fondly deſpis'd. They were at laſt inſtructed to form their Camp by that of *Pyrrhus*, after having admir'd the Order and Diſtinction of the Troops, which with them encamp'd in Confuſion. As for natural Parts, altho' the Harangue of old *Appius* drove *Cineas* from *Rome*, yet the Eloquence of *Cineas* did not fail to pleaſe, and his Addreſs was admir'd.

The Preſents that were offer'd, tho' they were refus'd, begot, nevertheleſs, a ſecret Reverence for thoſe that could make them; and *Curius*, ſo much honour'd for his diſintereſted Virtue, was ſtill in greater Credit, when he ſhew'd to the People, his Triumph, Gold and Silver, Pictures and Statues. They were then ſenſible, that other Places afforded Things more excellent than *Italy*.

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Thus new Idea's form'd new Minds, if I may ſo ſpeak; and the *Roman* People, taken with an unknown Magnificence, loſt thoſe old Opinions, in which a Habit of Poverty engag'd them no leſs than Virtue it ſelf.

Curioſity was now excited in the Citizens; Their Hearts began to feel, with Emotion, what their Eyes had begun to ſee with Pleaſure; and when theſe Motions were better underſtood, there appear'd real Deſires for Foreign Things. Some private Perſons did ſtill preſerve the ancient Temperance, as it afterwards happen'd, even in the moſt corrupt Times of the Republick; but, at laſt, there was a general Deſire to croſs the Seas, to ſettle in thoſe Places where *Pyrrhus* found ſo much Wealth. This it was, in ſhort, that gave Birth to the firſt *Carthaginian* War: The Aſſiſtance given to the *Tarentines* was the Pretence of it, but the Conqueſt of *Sicily* the true Occaſion.

Having diſcover'd the Motives that led the *Romans* to this War, it is neceſſary, in a few Words, to ſhew what their Genius was at that time. Their principal Qualities, in my Judgment, were Courage and Reſolution; to undertake Things of the greateſt Difficulty; not to be frighted with any Danger, nor diſcourag'd with any Loſs. In all the reſt, the *Carthaginians* had infinitely the Superiority over them; whether by their Induſtry, or by their Experience at Sea, or elſe by their Wealth, which the Trade of the whole World afforded them; when the *Romans*, who were of themſelves but Poor, had exhauſted their Treaſure in the Wars of *Pyrrhus*.

To ſpeak the Truth, the Virtue of the latter, ſupply'd the room of all Things. A good Succeſs encourag'd them to the purſuit of a greater; and a croſs Event only ſerv'd to exaſperate them the

the more. It happened directly otherwiſe in the Affairs of the *Carthaginians*, who grew remiſs in good Fortune, and were eaſily dejected in Adverſity. Beſides the different *Temper* of theſe two Nations, the different *Conſtitution* of the Republicks contributed much to it. *Carthage* was eſtabliſhed upon Commerce, and *Rome* founded upon Arms. The firſt employed Strangers in their Wars, and Citizens in their Traffick: The other got Citizens out of all Nations, and Soldiers out of their Citizens. The *Romans* breath'd after nothing but War; even thoſe that went not actually into the Field, had their Inclinations there; either as having been in the Service before, or becauſe they knew they muſt at one time or another, go into it.

At *Carthage* they always demanded Peace upon the leaſt Inconvenience that threatned them; as well to get rid of Foreigners, as to return to their Trade. We may yet add this Difference, That the *Carthaginians* never did any thing that was great, but by the Valour of private Perſons; whereas the *Roman* People often recover'd by their Conſtancy, what the Imprudence or Cowardiſe of their Generals had loſt. All theſe things conſidered, we need not wonder to ſee the *Romans* remain victorious, for they had all the principal Qualities, which render one People Maſter of another.

As the Proſpect of Riches made the *Romans* deſirous of ſubduing *Sicily*, ſo the Conqueſt of *Sicily* made them deſirous to enjoy thoſe Riches which they had acquired. The Peace with the *Carthaginians*, after ſo bloody a War, inſpired a Spirit of Repoſe, and that Repoſe produced the Reliſh of Pleaſures. Then it was that the *Romans* introduced the firſt Compoſitions of the Theatre, and exerted their firſt Magnificence. They began to

have a Curioſity for Shews, and an Affection for Pleaſures.

Law-Suits, altho' they are Diſturbers of Joy, began to increaſe; every one having Recourſe to the Publick Juſtice, as that of private Perſons was corrupted.

Intemperance occaſion'd new Diſtempers, and Phyſicians were introduced to cure Diſeaſes; from which, Continence had ſecured the ancient *Romans*.

Avarice put them upon little Wars, and Weakneſs made them apprehenſive of great ones. If Neceſſity obliged them to undertake any that was conſiderable, it was begun with *Reluctancy*, and they were glad when it was ended.

They demanded of the *Carthaginians*, Money which they ow'd not, when they were employ'd in the Reduction of their own Rebels; But they uſed all imaginable Precaution, not to break with them, when their Affairs were a little mended.

Thus ſometimes Injuries, ſometimes other Conſiderations, always either Spight or Fear, were the Cauſe of their Wars: And certainly we may ſay, that the *Romans* knew not how to live, either as Friends or Enemies: For they affronted the *Carthaginians*, yet ſuffered them to recover Breath, and gave Cauſe enough for a new War, which yet of all things they dreaded moſt.

A Conduct ſo uncertain, degenerated into a downright Careleſneſs; and they ſuffer'd the *Saguntines* to be deſtroyed with ſo much Diſgrace, that their Ambaſſadors were ſhamefully treated for it by the *Spaniards* and *Gauls*, after the Ruin of that miſerable People.

This Contempt of their neighbouring Nations, with which they were nettled, awaked them out of this Drowſineſs; and the March of *Hannibal* to *Italy*, revived their ancient Vigour. They made

made War for ſome time with much Incapacity, and a great Courage; afterwards with more Experience, and leſs Reſolution. At laſt, the Loſs of the Battel of *Cannæ*, made them retrieve their Virtue and Courage; or to ſpeak better, excited a new one, which raiſed 'em above themſelves.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Second Punick *War.*

TO ſee the Republick in the full Extent of her Virtue, we muſt conſider her in the Second War of *Carthage*. She had before more Auſterity; after that more Grandeur; but never ſuch real Merit, as in this Period of Time. When ſhe was engaged in other Extremities, her Security was owing to the Boldneſs, Valour, or Capacity of ſome particular Citizen. Perhaps, had it not been for *Brutus*, there would have been no Common-Wealth. If *Manlius* had not defended the *Capitol*; if *Camillus* had not come to reſcue it, the *Romans*, who could ſcarcely call themſelves free, would have fallen under the Servitude of the *Gauls*.

But here the *Roman* People maintain'd the *Roman* People; here the Univerſal Genius of the Nation, preſerved the Nation; here good Order, Reſolution, and a general Zeal for the Publick Good, ſaved *Rome* when ſhe was ready to fall, by the Blunders and undiſcreet Conduct of her Generals.

After the Battel of *Cannæ*, where any other State had yielded to its ill Fortune, there was not the leaſt Sign of Weakneſs amongſt the People, not a Thought but what tended to the Good of the Common-Wealth. All Orders, all Ranks, all Condi-

Conditions voluntarily exhauſted their Treaſure; the *Romans* gave up with Pleaſure the moſt valuable things they poſſeſs'd, and kept with Regret what they were obliged to leave themſelves for their bare uſe. To retain the leaſt, was a Point of *Honour*, to reſerve the moſt in Houſes, a kind of *Diſgrace*. When they debated about creating Magiſtrates, the Youth, who, for the moſt part, are prepoſſeſſed in Favour of themſelves, conſulted with Docility, the Wiſdom of the more Ancient, to give their Votes with more Diſcretion.

As they wanted old Soldiers in this Exigence of State, ſo for the raiſing of new ones they made their Slaves free; and theſe Slaves becoming *Romans*, were animated by the ſame Spirit with their Maſters, to defend the ſame Liberty: But behold a Greatneſs of Courage, which ſurpaſſes all other Qualities, let 'em be never ſo noble. It happens ſometimes in an eminent Danger, that Perſons of no extraordinary Prudence, are obſerved to take good Reſolutions; and that the moſt intereſted Perſons, contribute largely to the Publick Good, when by taking other Meaſures, they are afraid to ruin themſelves with the Publick: But perhaps it never happened before, that People took an equal Care of their Affairs, both Abroad and at Home, in ſuch preſſing Extremities; and I find nothing ſo much to be admired in the *Romans*, as to ſee them ſend Troops into *Sicily* and *Spain*, with the ſame Care as they did againſt *Hannibal*.

Overwhelmed with ſo many Loſſes, exhauſted of Men and Money, they divided their laſt Reſources between the Defence of *Rome*, and the Preſervation of their Conqueſts. A People ſo magnanimous, thought it as elegible to periſh as to decline; and to be no more, was looked upon as an indifferent thing, when they cou'd no longer be Maſters of others. Tho' Self-Preſervation be

ever

ever [illegible]
chief Pre-[illegible]
owed [illegible]
Greatness [illegible]
for them [illegible]
the War of [illegible]
traordinary [illegible]
Poverty [illegible]
Rome had [illegible]

It was [illegible]
lity, as well [illegible]
If she had [illegible]
Allies, she had [illegible]
Speech of [illegible]
Pity of the [illegible]
Infidelity. [illegible]
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for.

But [illegible]
Wisdom, [illegible]
bly [illegible]
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him the [illegible]
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General, [illegible]

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that might obſtruct the Succeſſes they had a Proſpect of, or deſtroy thoſe already obtained. One would have taken *Hanno* for an Ally of the *Roman* People, who looked upon *Hannibal* as the common Enemy. When the latter ſent for a new Supply of Men and Money to maintain the Army, *What would he demand,* ſaid *Hanno, if he had loſt the Battel? No, no, Gentlemen, either he's an Impoſtor, that amuſes us with falſe News, or a Publick Robber, that, enriches himſelf with the Spoils of the* Romans, *and the Advantages of the War.* This Oppoſition did, at leaſt, retard the Supplies; tho' it could not hinder the Reſolution of ſending them: And they executed ſlowly, what had been reſolv'd upon with Difficulty. The Supplies being at laſt prepared, it was a long time before they were ſent away; and then Orders were given to ſtop them in *Spain,* inſtead of haſtening them into *Italy.* Thus the Recruits arrived very late, and when they came to joyn *Hannibal,* which was a Miracle, he received them ſickly, and haraſſed, and after the Seaſon for Action was over.

This General was almoſt continually deſtitute of Money and Proviſions; reduced to the Neceſſity of being eternally ſucceſsful in War; having no Reſource upon any Misfortune; and a great deal of Perplexity even upon good Succeſs, when he found not wherewith to maintain different Nations, who rather followed his Perſon, than depended on the Common-Wealth of *Carthage.*

To keep ſo many different People in order, he added to his natural Severity, an artificial Cruelty; which made him dreaded by ſome, whilſt his Virtue gain'd him a Veneration from others. I own, he uſed no great Violence upon his Temper; For being naturally ſomewhat cruel, he found himſelf in ſuch Circumſtances, *that it was* neceſſary for him to be ſo. However,

his

his Intereſt was ſometimes the Rule of his *Cruelty*; and even enclined him to *Clemency*: For he knew how to be gracious and merciful when his Affairs required; and his *Policy* ever prevailed over his *Nature*.

He made War upon the *Romans* with all manner of Severity, but treated their Confederates with much Civility and Courteſy; hoping by this means to deſtroy the firſt abſolutely, and to draw off the others from their Alliance: A Conduct extreamly different from that of *Pyrrhus*, who reſerved all his Civility for the *Romans*, and his ill Uſuage for his Allies.

When I conſider that *Hannibal* removed out of *Spain*, where he left nothing behind him well ſecured; that he croſs'd the Country of the *Gauls*, whom he ought to have accounted his Enemies; that he paſſed the *Alps* to make War againſt the *Romans*, who had expell'd the *Carthaginians* out of *Sicily*. When I conſider, that in *Italy* he had neither Garriſons, Magazines, nor any certain Supplies, or hopes of Retreat, I am aſtoniſhed at the Boldneſs of his Deſign: But when I conſider his Valour, and his Conduct, I admire nothing but *Hannibal*, and I eſteem him yet ſuperior to the Undertaking.

The *French* particularly admire the War of the *Gauls*, both for the Reputation of *Cæſar*, and becauſe, the Scene of it lying in their own Country, it affects them with a more lively Idea than any: However, to ſpeak impartially, it falls infinitely ſhort of *Hannibal*'s Actions in *Italy*. Had *Cæſar* found amongſt the *Gauls*, that Union and Bravery, which the other did amongſt the *Romans*, he had made over them but ſmall Conqueſts; for it muſt be acknowledged, that *Hannibal* met with very great Difficulties, without reckoning thoſe he carried with him. The only Advantage on

which

which he could reaſonably dep
Goodneſs of his Troops, and his
Ability.

It is certain, that the *Roman*
great Superiority over the *Carthagi*
cilian War; but Peace having made
their Army, they inſenſibly loſt
whilſt their Adverſaries, who were
Spain and *Africk*, ſtill kept their V
and acquir'd new Experience.

Thus *Hannibal* came w an ol
tack *Italy*; which the *Rom* were
fend with an old Repu tion, m
Troops. As for the *Rom* Genera
certainly Perſons of great ourage,
they ſhould injure the C y of the
Wealth, if they did not gi Battle
Offer of the Enemy.

Hannibal made it his particular St
their Genius, and obſerv'd nothing
the Humour and Conduct of each
was to oppoſe him. Thus, by pr
fiery Temper of *Sempronius*, he knew
him to fight, and gain the Battel of
Defeat of *Thraſimene* was owing to a S
the like nature.

Being acquainted with the haughtin
Flaminius, he burn'd before his Eyes t
of his Allies, and ſo critically provok'd
Temerity, that the Conſul not only to
ſolution to fight, at an unſeaſonable Ti
engag'd himſelf in ſome Defilees, where
happily loſt his Army, together with his
As *Fabius* went upon a different Method of
ing, ſo the Conduct of *Hannibal* was entirely
poſite.

After the Battle of *Thraſimene*, the *Roman*
ple created a Dictator, and a General of the

The Dictator was *Quintus Fabius*, a Man wiſe and ſlow, who plac'd the only Hope of Safety in Caution, from which Security may, indeed, reſult. Conſidering in what a Poſture their Affairs were, he thought there was no difference between fighting, and being beaten; ſo that he aim'd at nothing but to give freſh Spirit to the Army; and as he did not entertain the Hopes of *Victory*, he thought he ſhould act prudently enough, if he could but contrive to prevent his being overcome.

Marcus Minutius was General of the Horſe, a Man violent, raſh, vain in Diſcourſe, and daring, as well upon the ſcore of his Ignorance, as his Courage. This Perſon plac'd the Intereſt of the State in the Reputation of Affairs, and imagin'd that the Republick could not ſubſiſt, if it did not blot out the Diſgrace of paſt Defeats, by ſome Glorious Action. He was for Grandeur, when there was a neceſſity for Prudence; for Glory, when Safety was in Queſtion.

Hannibal ſoon found out theſe different Humours, not only by the Reports that were made him, but by his own Obſervations; for many Days ſucceſſively he offer'd Battle to *Fabius*, who was ſo far from accepting it, that he would not permit a ſingle Man to ſtir out of his Camp.

Minutius, on the contrary, took the artificial Bravado's of the Enemy, for ſo many Affronts, and made the Dictator paſs for a weak Man, or at leaſt for one that was inſenſible of the Diſgrace of the *Romans*.

Hannibal being inform'd of theſe Diſcourſes, endeavour'd to encreaſe the Opinion of Fear and Weakneſs, which was attributed to *Fabius*. He burnt, in his view, the fineſt Country in *Italy*, in order either to draw him to fight, which he was not able to *effect*; or, at leaſt, to blemiſh his Reputation,

putation, in which he did not want Succeſs. Nay, he begot a Suſpicion, that there was a ſecret Combination between them, by ſparing his Lands, with great Care, amidſt the general Deſolation of the Country.

But this is but one part of his Artifices: Whilſt he labour'd to ruin the Reputation of *Fabius*, who gave him ſome trouble, he omitted nothing to raiſe that of *Minutius*, in whom he wiſh'd the Command, or at leaſt a larger Power in the Army. Sometimes, he pretended to be afraid of him, when he ſhew'd all manner of Contempt for the other. Sometimes, after a ſmall Engagement with him, he retir'd firſt, and let him obtain ſome trifling Advantage; which advanc'd his Credit with the *Romans*, and ſo prepar'd him to fall by an inconſiderate Confidence. In ſhort, he was ſo dextrous in running down the Conduct of the Dictator, and in raiſing the Credit of the General of the Horſe, that the Command was divided, and the Troops ſhar'd between them, which was never done before. One would think, that *Rome* acted by the Advice of her Enemy: For, in truth, ſo extraordinary a Decree, was the pure effect of his Contrivance and Deſign.

Hereupon the Vanity of *Minutius* had no Bounds: He contemn'd with equal Imprudence, *Fabius* and *Hannibal*, declaring nothing leſs, Than that he alone would beat all Foreigners out of *Italy*. He therefore would needs form a ſeparate Camp; of which *Hannibal* was no ſooner ſenſible, but he approach'd with his: In fine, not to amuſe my ſelf with deſcribing the Particulars of every Action, *Minutius* was engag'd in a Battle, wherein he was defeated.

This was the Behaviour of *Hannibal*, during the Dictatorſhip of *Fabius*, and his Conduct was much the ſame, with the Conſuls that gave him Battle

at

at *Cannæ*. 'Tis true indeed, there was no neceſſity for ſo politick a Conduct: The Wiſdom of *Paulus*, was leſs troubleſom to him than that of *Fabius*; and the preſumptuous Ignorance of *Terentius*, hurried him faſt enough to his own Ruin.

The Reader will admire, perhaps, that I have dwelt ſo long upon an Affair, which only ends in the Defeat of *Minutius*, and that I do but curſorily mention that great and famous Battle of *Cannæ*: But my Deſign is rather to make the Genius of Men known, than to deſcribe that Battle. And as Judicious are better pleas'd by contemplating *Cæſar* in the War of *Petreius* and *Afranius*, than in his moſt ſhining Actions; I imagin'd, that we ought to conſider *Hannibal* more curiouſly, in an Affair which was entirely manag'd by Policy, than in that great and fortunate Succeſs, which the Imprudence of *Terentius* gave him without much difficulty.

However, it muſt be confeſs'd, That never was a Battle ſo entirely won; and that very Day had, in a manner, been the *Romans* laſt, if *Hannibal* had not choſe rather to enjoy the Sweets of the Victory, than to purſue its Advantages.

He, who by his Policy made others guilty of ſo many Miſtakes, betrays here the Weakneſs of Human Nature, and cannot preſerve himſelf from failing. He ſhew'd himſelf invincible in the greateſt Difficulties, but could not reſiſt the Allurements of his good Fortune; and ſuffer'd himſelf to yield to Eaſe, when a little Action would have fix'd him in a State of Repoſe for all the Remainder of his Life.

If you enquire into the Reaſon of it; 'tis becauſe every Thing hath Bounds in Man. Patience, Courage, Reſolution wear out at laſt.

Hannibal can fatigue no more, becauſe he has fatigu'd too much; and his conſummate Virtue finds it ſelf without Reſource in the midſt of Victory.

The remembrance of paſt Difficulties, gives him a proſpect of new ones; his Mind, which ought to have been full of Hopes, nay, almoſt Aſſurance, is now taken up with a Fear of the future: He conſiders, when he ſhould be bold; he conſults, when he ſhould be active; he gives Reaſons for the *Romans*, when he ought to have put his own Counſels in Execution.

As the Faults of great Men have always ſome Pretences to excuſe them, ſo *Hannibal* did not fail to repreſent to himſelf very ſpecious Reaſons; as for Inſtance, 'That his Army, tho' Invincible in 'the Field, was yet by no means fit for Sieges; 'That he had no good Infantry, no Engines, no 'Money, no certain Subſiſtence: That by rea-'ſon of theſe Defects, he had attack'd *Spoletum* 'to no purpoſe, after the Succeſs at *Thraſimene*, as 'victorious as he was; that a little before the 'Battle of *Cannæ*, he had been obliged to raiſe 'the Siege of a Town, of no Name or Strength; 'that to beſiege *Rome*, furniſh'd with every Thing, 'was the direct way to loſe the Reputation he 'had gain'd; and to deſtroy an Army, which 'alone made him to be conſider'd; that therefore 'it was moſt adviſeable, to let the *Romans*, coopt 'up within their own Walls, fall inſenſibly of 'themſelves; and in the mean time to go and 'poſſeſs himſelf of ſome Places near the Sea, 'where he might receive Recruits from *Carthage* 'with Convenience; and where it would be ea-'ſie to ſettle the moſt conſiderable Power of '*Italy*.' Theſe were the Reaſons, which *Hanni-*

bal

bal adapted to the Diſpoſition he found himſelf in, and which would not have affected him in his firſt Heats.

In vain did *Maharbal* promiſe him to ſup in the *Capitol*; his own Reflections, which had nothing but the Air of Wiſdom, and his falſe Reaſoning, made him reject, as unadviſed, a Confidence ſo well grounded. He had purſu'd violent Counſels, when he began a War with the *Romans*, and he is now kept back by an unſeaſonable Circumſpection, when he is upon the point of making an end of all.

It is certain, that Men of too refin'd Policy, as *Hannibal* was, are apt to create Difficulties in Undertakings, and ſtop themſelves by Obſtacles, which proceed more from their own Imagination, than the Thing it ſelf.

There is a critical Point in the Declenſion of States, where their Ruin would be unavoidable, if one knew how eaſie it were to deſtroy them; but for want of a clear Foreſight, or a ſufficient Courage, Men are content with a little, when they might do more; making either the meanneſs of Spirit, or the want of Greatneſs in the Soul, to paſs for Prudence.

In theſe Conjunctures, a Man is not the Inſtrument of his own Preſervation; 'tis his old Reputation purely that maintains him in the Imagination of his Enemies, when his real Forces have abandon'd him.

Thus *Hannibal* repreſents to his View, a Power which is no more. He entertains a fantaſtical Idea of dead Soldiers, and diſſipated Legions, as if he were to fight and defeat what he had already defeated.

And certainly the Confuſion was not leſs at *me* after the Battle of *Cannæ*, than heretofore

after the Defeat of * *Allia*; but inſtead of approaching a City whither he would have ſtruck a general Conſternation, he removes at a diſtance from it, as if he had a mind to hearten it, and give the Magiſtrates time to repair their Loſſes at their leiſure. He was ſo unadvis'd as to attack the Allies, who would have fallen with *Rome*, and maintain'd themſelves by her with more eaſe, than ſhe could have maintain'd her ſelf.

This was the firſt and great Omiſſion of *Hannibal*, which was alſo the firſt Reſource of the *Romans*. When their Conſternation was over, their Courage increas'd, as their Forces grew leſs; whereas the *Carthaginians* loſt their Vigour, as their Power increas'd.

Now, if we ſhould enquire into the Cauſe of all their Misfortunes, there may be aſſign'd two eſſential ones: The Careleſneſs of *Carthage*, which ſuffer'd good Succeſſes to fall to nothing, for want of Supplies; and *Hannibal*'s precipitate Deſign to put an end to his Labours, before he had ended the War.

After he had taſted Repoſe, it was not long before he was inclin'd to taſte Delights, and he was the more eaſily inchanted by them, as they were altogether unknown to him.

A Man that knows how to mix *Pleaſures* with *Buſineſs*, is never intirely poſſeſſed by them; he either quits, or reſumes them at his Will; and in the uſe he makes of them, rather finds a Relaxation of Mind, than a dangerous Charm that might corrupt him. It is not ſo with thoſe auſtere Perſons,

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* *A River within three or four Leagues of* Rome, *near which the* Romans *were defeated by the* Gauls. *The latter made themſelves Maſters of the City, but could not force the Capitol, whither part of the* Roman *Youth retir'd. See* Livy, *Decad. I. Book V.*

ſons, who, by an alteration of Temper, come to taſte of Voluptuouſneſs; They are immediately enchanted with its Sweetneſs, and have nothing but an Averſion for the Severities of their paſt Life. Nature, in them, being wearied with Inconveniences and Pains, abandons it ſelf to the firſt Delights that come in its Way: Then what appear'd Virtuous, preſents it ſelf with a groſs and moroſe Air; and the Soul, which imagines it ſelf to be undeceiv'd of an old Error, has a Complacency in its new Affection for Things agreeable.

Thus it far'd with *Hannibal* and his Army, which did not fail to imitate him in Remiſneſs, as they had all along done it ſo well in Fatigues.

There was nothing then but Bathing, Feſtivals, Amours, and Paſſions; Diſcipline was no longer obſerv'd, either by him that ought to have given Orders, or by thoſe that ſhould have put them in Execution. When there was a neceſſity to go into the Field, Glory and Intereſt excited *Hannibal*, who re-aſſum'd his former Vigour, and found himſelf again; but he found no more the ſame Army. There was nothing elſe but Softneſs and Effeminacy: If they were forc'd to undergo the leaſt Want, they regretted the Plenty of *Capua*: Their Thoughts ran upon their Miſtreſſes, when they were to meet the Enemy; they languiſh'd and melted with the Tenderneſs of Love, when there was need of Action and Fierceneſs for Battle.

Hannibal omitted nothing that might excite their Courage, ſometimes by reviving the remembrance of a Valour which they had loſt; ſometimes by the ſhame of Reproaches, of which they were inſenſible.

In the mean while, the *Roman* Generals became every Day more skilful and experienc'd: The

Legions gain'd daily Advantages over effeminate Troops; and there came from *Carthage*, no Supplies sufficient to give fresh Spirit to so languishing an Army. But the more Resolution *Hannibal* found amongst the Enemies, the less Assistance he receiv'd from his own Men, and the more he was oblig'd to depend upon himself. It is not credible with what Valour he maintain'd himself in *Italy*, which the *Romans* could not make him quit, till they forc'd the *Carthaginians* to re-call him. The latter being defeated, and driven out of *Spain*, beaten and undone in *Africk*, had recourse to *Hannibal* for their last Refuge. He obey'd the Orders of his Country, with the same Submission, that the meanest Citizen could have done: And he was no sooner arriv'd, but he found Affairs in a desperate Posture.

Scipio, who had beheld the Calamities of his Republick, under unfortunate Generals, now commanded the Forces of it in a prosperous Condition, which was purely owing to himself.

As for *Hannibal*, he had nothing but the Remembrance of his good Fortune, which he had ill used; but, however, he was not in the least wanting to support the bad. The former, whose natural Confidence was still buoy'd up by the present fortunate Posture of his Affairs, was at the Head of an Army, which doubted not of Victory. The latter increas'd his natural Distrust, by the miserable Condition he saw his Country reduc'd to, and by the ill Opinion he had of his Soldiers.

These different Situations of Mind made Peace to be offered, and rejected; after which, every one's Thoughts were intent upon Battle.

On the Day it was fought, *Hannibal* surpass'd himself, whether by taking all Advantages, disposing his Army, or giving Orders in the Fight; but

but at length the *Genius* of *Rome* prevailed over that of *Carthage*, and the Defeat of the *Carthaginians* yielded the Empire of the World for ever to the *Romans*.

As for the General, he was admir'd by *Scipio*, who in the midſt of his Glory, ſeem'd to envy the Capacity of the Vanquiſhed; and the Vanquiſhed, whoſe Humour was far enough from vain Oſtentation, thought he had always ſome Superiority in the Science of War: For, diſcourſing one Day with *Scipio*, concerning the Great Generals, he placed *Alexander* the firſt, *Pyrrhus* the ſecond, and Himſelf the third; to which *Scipio* coldly, *And if you had conquered me*, ſaid he, *in what Rank would you have placed your ſelf? The firſt of all*, replied *Hannibal*.

'Tis certain, that his Skill in War was admirable, and thoſe Illuſtrious Conquerors, who have left ſo great a Name to Poſterity, came not near him for Induſtry, both in bringing together, and maintaining Armies.

Alexander paſſed into *Aſia* with *Macedonians* who obey'd their King: If he had but little Money and Proviſions, the Battles he gain'd ſoon furniſh'd him with Plenty of All: A City taken or ſurrendred, gave him the Treaſures of *Darius*, who became neceſſitous in his own Country, in proportion as *Alexander* poſſeſſed the Riches of it.

Scipio, whom I mentioned before, made War in *Spain* and *Africk*, with thoſe very Legions which the Republick both levied and maintain'd.

Cæſar had the ſame Advantages towards the Conqueſt of *Gaul*, and made uſe of the Forces and Money of the Common-Wealth to enſlave it.

As for our *Hannibal*, to a little Body of *Carthaginians*, he joined ſeveral Nations, which he kept together meerly by his own Intereſt, and by whom he made himſelf obey'd, though he la-

boured under a continual want of Proviſions and Money. What's yet more extraordinary, Victories made him not the eaſier, and he was almoſt as much ſtraitned after the gaining of them, as he was before. But if he had Talents which the others had not, ſo was he guilty of a Fault, which, in all probability, they would not have committed.

Alexander was ſo far from leaving Things done by halves, that he always went farther, even when they were compleated. He was not ſatiſfied with ſubduing the great Empire of *Darius*, to the very leaſt Province; his Ambition carried him to the *Indies*, when he might have reconciled, (what ſeldom happens) his Glory and Repoſe, and have enjoy'd his Conqueſts in Peace.

Scipio did not think of Eaſe, before he had reduced *Carthage*, and eſtabliſhed the *Roman* Affairs of *Africk*. And one of the great Commendations which is given to *Cæſar*, is, *That he thought nothing was done, while there remained any Thing to do.*

Nil actum reputans, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.
Lucan. *Pharſal.* Lib. II.

As often as I reflect upon this Miſcarriage of *Hannibal*, I cannot forbear thinking, that Men do not ſufficiently conſider, of how vaſt Importance a good Reſolution is in great Affairs.

The marching immediately to *Rome*, after the Battle of *Cannæ*, draws after it the Deſtruction of that City, and the Grandeur of *Carthage*; The not marching thither is, in time, attended with the Ruin of the *Carthaginians*, and the Univerſal Empire of the *Romans*.

I have ſeen a Reſolution taken, which would have inevitably occaſioned the Loſs of a great State.

State. I ſaw by a happy Change, a * contrary one taken the ſame Day, which proved its Security: But it gave leſs Reputation to the Author of ſo good Advice, than the Defeat of Five Hundred Horſe, or the taking an inconſiderable City would have done. Theſe laſt Events ſtrike the Eyes or Imagination of all the World: But Judgment is hardly admir'd by any, becauſe 'tis known but by Reflections, which few People are able to make. Let's return to *Hannibal.*

If the Trade of War, as glittering a Figure as it makes, merited only our Regard, I don't ſee one of the Ancients, who can reaſonably be preferr'd to him: But it does not follow, that he that knows it beſt, is neceſſarily the greateſt Man. Juſtice, Magnanimity, Greatneſs of Soul, a diſintereſted Integrity, and an Univerſal Capacity, make up the better part of thoſe Great Men.

To know barely how to ſlaughter Men; to be better skill'd than others in laying Waſte Human Society, and deſtroying Nature, is to excel in a very fatal Science.

The Application of this Science ought to be juſt, or at leaſt honourable; it ſhould turn, if poſſible, to the Good of thoſe whom it has ſubdu'd; but always to the Intereſt of one's Country, or the neceſſity of a private Advantage.

* *The* French *Court being at* Pontoiſe, *(in* 1652.*) and Cardinal* Mazarin, *conſidering, that the Prince of* Condé *was not far off; That* Fuenſaldagne *advanc'd with* 25000 *Men, and the Duke of* Lorrain *with* 12000. *reſolv'd to cauſe the King to retire into* Burgundy, *not thinking him ſafe in* Paris. *The Prince of* Turenne *was not then in Council; but being inform'd of this Reſolution, he immediately repair'd thither, and told the Miniſters, That if the King quitted* Paris, *he would never enter it again; and that they ought either to vanquiſh or die: Which oblig'd the Council to alter their Reſolution.*

When it is govern'd by a capricious Humour, and ſubſervient to Irregularity and Fury; when its End is to oppreſs the World, then that Glory which is aſcrib'd to it, ſhould be taken away, and it ought to be as Ignominious as it is Unjuſt.

Now 'tis certain, that *Hannibal* had but few Virtues, and many Vices; Infidelity, Covetouſneſs, a Cruelty oftentimes neceſſary, but always natural, were the chief Ingredients of his Compoſition.

Beſides, People judge, for the moſt part, by the Succeſs, whatever is the Opinion of the wiſer ſort: For let a Man ſhew all the good Conduct that is poſſible, if the Event does not anſwer, ill Fortune paſſes for a Fault, and is juſtified but by a very few Perſons.

Thus for Inſtance, that *Hannibal* made War better than the *Romans*, and was undone by the ill Management of his own Republick; whereas the *Romans* became victorious by the good Order of theirs, is a Conſideration which falls not within the reach of many People. But that he was defeated by *Scipio*, and that the Ruin of *Carthage* was the Conſequence of his Defeat, is a Thing fully known, and 'tis from hence that the Univerſal Opinion of all Nations has been form'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Genius of the Romans, *towards the End of the Second War of* Carthage.

UPON the Concluſion of ſo great and ſo long a War, there aroſe a certain Spirit unknown till then in the Common-Wealth.

Not but that there had been frequent Seditions before. For the Senate had more than once endeavour'd to oppreſs the People; and the People offer'd Violence to the Senate: But ſtill Men acted on theſe Occaſions by a publick Principle, regarding the Power of one as a Tyranny, which ruin'd Freedom; and the Liberty of the other, as a Licentiouſneſs which would end in Confuſion.

But Men now began to ſeparate their private from the publick Intereſt: The Bonds of Society, which were thought ſo agreeable before, ſeem'd at this time to be troubleſome Chains; and every one growing uneaſie under the Laws, had a mind to re-aſſume his Primitive Right of diſpoſing of himſelf, and in this Choice to follow the Motions of his own Will.

As the Diſguſt of Subjection had been the occaſion of turning out the Kings, and diſpoſed the People to the Eſtabliſhment of Liberty, ſo the Diſguſt of the ſame Liberty, which they found troubleſom to maintain, diſpos'd their Minds to particular Dependencies.

Their Love for their Country, and their Zeal for the Publick Good, were exhauſted in the ſtreſs of the War againſt *Hannibal*, where the Affection and Virtue of the Citizens went beyond the Expectation

pectation of the Republick. Men had ſpent their Blood and Treaſure for the Publick, which was yet in a Capacity to give any Recompence to Private Men. The Severities even of the Senate had increas'd that of the Laws on ſome Occaſions, and the Rigour which had been uſed towards the Priſoners that were taken at the Battel of *Cannæ*, affected every Body very ſenſibly; but People ſuffered it patiently, at a time when they thought it was their common Intereſt to endure all things. So ſoon as they had leſs to fear, they thought the Neceſſity of ſuffering was at an end; and every one having exhauſted their Stock of Docility and Patience, before the Concluſion of their Misfortunes, they bore with *Reluctancy*, what they imagin'd was impoſed upon them without *Neceſſity*, by the ſole Pleaſure of the Magiſtrates.

'Twas thus that the firſt Diſguſts were form'd, from whence it came to paſs, that Men left the Republick, to cultivate their own private Intereſt; ſought new Engagements in Society, and choſe amongſt themſelves ſuch Perſons, as moſt deſerved their Affections.

In this Diſpoſition of Mind, *Scipio* preſented himſelf to the *Romans*, with all the Qualities that may gain the Eſteem and Favour of Men. He was nobly deſcended, and in him ſhone with equal Luſtre the Goodneſs and Charms of an excellent Natural Diſpoſition. He had an admirable Greatneſs and Courage; and a ſweet, affable, and beneficent Temper; he was vehement and earneſt to inſpire his Reſolution and Confidence in Publick; polite and agreeable in private Converſation, for the moſt refined Pleaſure of Friendſhip; his Soul was lofty, but Serene; more ſenſible of Glory than ambitious of Power. He ſought leſs to diſtinguiſh himſelf by Authority, or the Splendor of Fortune, than by the Difficulties

of

of his Undertakings, and the Merit of his Actions. Add to ſo many things, that in him, happy Succeſſes always anſwered high Deſigns; and to crown all, he had poſſeſs'd the People with an Opinion, *That he ſet about nothing without the Advice, and never acted without the Aſſiſtance of the Gods.*

'Tis no Wonder, that ſuch a Man as I have here deſcribed, ſhould attract the Affections of the People, which they were ready enough to give him of themſelves, and diſengage many from a Republick, for which they had already entertain'd a Diſguſt. Thus the Will of a Perſon ſo virtuous, was preferr'd to Laws, which perhaps were not ſo equitable.

As for *Scipio*, he uſed all the engaging Ways of Humanity and Affability; and laying aſide the Priſtine Severity of Diſcipline, he commanded with Gentleneſs, Troops that obey'd him with Affection. * *I know very well that ſome Seditions that happen'd in his Camp are aſcrib'd to his Eaſineſs: But, if I dare adventure to ſay it, 'twas a Misfortune almoſt neceſſary at that time. 'Twas a new Spirit in the Republick, which was prejudicial to the Government; yet, without this Spirit, the Commonwealth would have been ruin'd, and* Scipio *alone was capable to inſpire it. 'Twas not ſufficient to maintain Order among the Citizens, according to the Genius of their ancient Legiſlators; there was alſo need of that of a Heroe of leſs ſevere Virtues, to animate deſponding Soldiers againſt* Hannibal, *and give them the Confidence of being able to overcome. The Affairs of* Rome *were ſo deſperate, that nothing leſs than Heroical Qualities, and*

* *This Paſſage, and another which will be found a little lower, both in* Italick, *are extracted* out of a Manuſcript *which was left in the Hands of Mr.* Waller.

and the Opinion of Divine Aſſiſtance, could have retrieved them.

'Tis certain that never had any *Roman* General ſhewn ſo great a Capacity, nor managed Affairs ſo well; never were Legions ſo zealous to behave themſelves gallantly, and never was Common-Wealth ſo well ſerved, tho' by a Principle, different from that of the Common-Wealth.

Fabius and *Cato**, were ſenſible of this Evil, and omitted nothing to hinder the ill Effects of it. But in truth, they mixed the Sourneſs of their Paſſions with it; and the Envy they bore to this Great Man, had as great a Share in their Oppoſitions, as their Jealouſie of Liberty.

That which is extraordinary, the Corrupter remain'd a good Man amongſt thoſe whom he corrupted, and acted more nobly than thoſe who oppoſed the Corruption. And, indeed, he made all things ſubſervient to the Advantage of the Common-Wealth, from which he had brought off others; and was only guilty of ſerving it with the ſame Qualities, with which he might have ruin'd it.

I own indeed, that by the Maxims of ſo jealous a Government, ſome Alarm might be reaſonably taken.

A Soul ſo elevated, is thought incapable of Moderation; a Deſire of Glory ſo paſſionate, is hardly to be diſtinguiſh'd from Ambition, which makes us aſpire to Power. A Confidence ſo uncommon, is not remote from extraordinary Undertakings: In a word, the Virtues of Heroes are ſuſpected among Citizens; nay, I dare affirm, that his pretending a Commerce with the Gods, which is ſo advantageous to Legiſlators for the Foundation of a State, ſeem'd, in a private Perſon of dangerous Conſequence to an eſtabliſh'd Common-Wealth.

Scipio,

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* *The Cenſor.*

Scipio, was therefore unhappy, in affording Appearances contrary to his Intentions; which ſerved as a Pretence for the Malice of his Rivals, and as a Ground for the Precaution of alarm'd Perſons.

Hereupon a Man of Integrity is firſt ſuſpected, and a little after an Innocent accuſed: He was able to anſwer and juſtify himſelf; but, if the Expreſſion may be allowed me, there is an Heroick Innocence as well as Courage. Thus he neglected the common Forms, which innocent Perſons of the ordinary Stamp are oblig'd to ſubmit to; and inſtead of anſwering his Accuſers, he caus'd Thanks to be return'd to the Gods for his Victories, when they demanded of him an Account of his Actions. All the People follow'd him to the *Capitol*, to the Shame of thoſe that proſecuted him: And the better to juſtify the Sincerity of his Deſigns, and the Pureneſs of his Virtue, he ſacrificed his Reſentments to the Publick, chuſing rather to live at a Diſtance from *Rome*, by complying with the Ingratitude of ſome Citizens, than to make himſelf the Maſter of it, by an unjuſt Uſurpation. So many Noble Qualities oblig'd *Livy* to pitch upon that great Man for his Heroe, and to allow him a nice Preference to the reſt of the *Romans*.

If other Generals gain'd more Battels, and reduc'd more Cities, yet they did not defeat *Hannibal*, nor conquer *Carthage*: If they knew how to command others as well as he, they knew not how to command themſelves, and be equally Maſters of their Paſſions in the Hurry of Buſineſs, and the Repoſe of a private Life.

I leave it undetermin'd whether he was the greateſt, but, if I dare affirm what *Livy* hath but inſinuated, take him altogether, he was the moſt deſerving Perſon. He had the Virtue of the ancient *Romans*, but cultivated and poliſhed; and

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the Knowledge and Capacity of the laſt, without any Mixture of Corruption.

However, it is to be acknowledged, that his Actions were more advantageous to the Common-Wealth, than his Virtues. The *Roman* People had too deep a Senſe of his excellent Qualities, and applied themſelves ſo particularly to him, that they ſacrific'd their Duty to the Publick, in following the private Suggeſtions of their Will.

The Humanity of *Scipio*, did in Time, produce unhappy Effects, for it taught the Generals how to make themſelves belov'd: And as 'tis natural for all Things to degenerate, an agreeable Command was followed by an unworthy Complaiſance; and when Virtues were wanting to procure Eſteem and Friendſhip, they employed all the Methods of Bribery and Corruption. Theſe were the miſerable Effects of this particular Genius, which was Noble and Glorious in its beginning, but did afterwards produce the Ambitious and the Covetous; the Corrupters, and the Corrupted.

I may add, That had it not been for the attractive Charm of Scipio's *Virtues, the fierce and untractable Spirit of Equality that ſway'd the Old* Romans, *had ſubſiſted a long time: A Citizen would have made leſs Application to another; and this Application would not have produc'd an inſenſible Dependance, which tends to the Ruin of Liberty; But* then again, *had it not been for the Allurements of thoſe very Virtues, the* Romans *would never have recover'd the Deſpondency into which the Fear of* Hannibal *had caſt 'em; And the ſame Men, who afterwards became Maſters of the World, would, perhaps, have been ſubject to the* Carthaginians.

This, at leaſt, may be ſaid in behalf of the Diſguſts which the *Romans* had for the Republick, that if the People diſengag'd themſelves from the Love of the Laws, they only did it to ſettle their Affections on virtuous Perſons.

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The *Romans* came to that paſs, that they conſider'd their Laws, as the Sentiments of old Legiſlators, which ought not to be a Rule to their Age; and the Sentiments of *Scipio* were look'd upon as living and animated Laws.

As for *Scipio*, he turn'd all the Regard they had for his Perſon, to the Service of the Publick; but deſiring to ſoften the Auſterity of Duty, by the Allurement of Glory, he, perhaps, ſuffer'd himſelf to be carried a little too far in this Point; and at *Rome* particularly, where the Citizens had appeared Criminal, when they attracted too favourable an Eſteem.

This *new Genius* which ſucceeded the Publick Spirit, encourag'd the *Romans* for a long while to the Performance of Great and Noble Actions, which they atchiev'd with a generous Vigour and Induſtry, to which they were Strangers before: For the Love of our Country makes us, indeed, ſacrifice our Fortunes, and even our Lives for its Safety; but Ambition and Deſire of Glory are greater Incentives to our Induſtry, than that firſt Paſſion, which is always virtuous and noble, but rarely cunning and ingenious.

To this Genius was owing the Defeat of *Hannibal*, and the Ruin of *Carthage*; the Humbling of *Antiochus*, and the Conqueſt or Subjection of all the *Greeks*: So that we may ſay with Reaſon, that it was advantageous to the Grandeur, but fatal to the Liberty of the Common-Wealth.

At length, they were as much out of Humour with this, as they were with the Love of the Republick. That Eſteem, that noble Inclination of Men of Virtue, ſeem'd ridiculous to thoſe that reſolv'd to conſider nothing but themſelves. Honour began to be accounted a Chimera; Glory, a meer Vanity; and every one baſely purſu'd his own private Intereſt, whereby he thought he *w'd his good* Senſe and Judgment. Now

Now the Genius of Self-Intereſt, which ſucceeded that of Honour, acted differently amongſt the *Romans*, according to the Diverſity of Tempers.

Thoſe that poſſeſſed a true Greatneſs of Mind, ſtrove to acquire Power; mean Souls contented themſelves by heaping up Riches, all manner of ways.

As Men do not fall, of a ſudden, into an abſolute Corruption, there was a gentle ſliding from Honour to Intereſt, where both one and t'other ſubſiſted in the Republick, but with different Reſpects. There was Honour preſerv'd in ſome particular Actions, and nothing but Infamy in others.

A general Corruption crept at *Rome*, in Affairs that related to the Citizens. Integrity became every Day more rare; Juſtice was in a manner baniſh'd; the Deſire of growing Rich, was the predominant Paſſion; and conſiderable Perſons applied their Induſtry to the making themſelves Maſters of what did not belong to them. But ſtill there was a Face of Dignity kept up, in relation to Strangers; and the moſt depraved at Home, ſhew'd themſelves jealous of the Glory of the *Roman* Name Abroad.

Nothing was more unjuſt than the Judgment of the Senators; nothing ſo ſordid as their Avarice; yet at the ſame time the Senate religiouſly preſerv'd their Dignity; and never were they more zealous to hinder the Majeſty of the *Roman* People from being violated.

This Senate, in other things ſo much abandon'd to Intereſt, and ſo corrupted, together with the reſt of the Citizens, voted with the ſame high Spirit as *Scipio* could have had, when they were to deal with an Enemy. In the time of a great Corruption, they could not bear the ſhameful Treaty

Treaty that * *Mancinus* ſtruck up with the *Numantines*; and that miſerable Conſul was oblig'd to go and deliver up himſelf into their Hands, with all manner of Diſgrace. *Gracchus*, who had a Share in the Peace, as being Quæſtor in the Army of *Mancinus*, in vain endeavour'd to ſupport him; his Credit was of no Service; and his Eloquence employ'd to no purpoſe.

As there happen'd through *Gracchus*, one of the moſt important Turns of the Common-Wealth, and, perhaps, the Riſe of all thoſe Commotions that afterwards diſturb'd it, it will not be amiſs to give his Character.

He was a Perſon very conſiderable for his Birth, the Advantages of his Body, and the Qualities of his Mind; of a Genius oppoſite to that of Great *Scipio*, from whom his Mother *Cornelia* was deſcended; more ambitious of Power, than animated by a Deſire of Glory, unleſs it were that of Eloquence, which was neceſſary at *Rome*, to gain Credit, and *make one's ſelf popular*. He had a great and lofty Soul; but fitter to embrace new, or revive antiquated Things, than ſolidly to purſue thoſe already eſtabliſh'd. His Integrity made him ſcorn all Thoughts of Money, in regard to himſelf; tho' when he advanc'd the Intereſt of others, 'tis certain, he always did it with ſome Deſign. However, the Love of Virtue was na-

T tural

* *The Conſul*, C. Hoſtilius Mancinus, *having been ſeveral times defeated by the* Numantines, *ſuffer'd himſelf to be coopt up in his Camp, with an Army of Thirty Thouſand Men, which he could not otherwiſe ſave, than by making a Treaty with the Enemy, whereby his Soldiers were oblig'd to deliver up all their Arms: At which the Senate were ſo incens'd, That they ſent back* Mancinus, *bound Hand and Foot to the* Numantines, *that they might uſe him as they thought fit; but the* Numantines *would not receive him. See* Florus's *Abridgment of* Livy, *Lib. V.*

tural enough to him, and the Hatred of Vice yet much more. He had a Compaſſion for the Oppreſſed; but more Animoſity againſt the Oppreſſors: So that his Paſſion prevailing over his Virtue, he inſenſibly abhorr'd the Perſons, more than the Crimes.

Several great Qualities made him admired amongſt the *Romans*; tho', at the ſame time, he was not Maſter of one in a juſt Degree. His Engagements carried him farther than he thought at firſt; his Reſolution turn'd into a ſort of obſtinate Stiffneſs, and thoſe Virtues which might have been uſeful to the Republick, became ſo many advantageous Talents for Faction.

In my Opinion, there is neither Niceneſs nor Moderation in the Judgments that have been tranſmitted to us concerning him. Thoſe that have embrac'd the Party of the Senate, have repreſented him as a hot furious Man; and the Partiſans of the People, as a true Protector of Liberty: Now it ſeems to me, that his Deſigns, in the main, were honeſt, and that he naturally hated all manner of Injuſtice; but Oppoſition put theſe good Intentions into a Ferment and Diſorder. Contradiction having incens'd him againſt thoſe that oppoſed him, he purſu'd by a Spirit of Faction, what he had begun with a Principle of Virtue. This, in my Opinion, was the true Genius of *Gracchus*, who ſtirr'd up the People againſt the Senate. Let's now conſider, what Diſpoſition the People were in.

After having done great Services to the State, the People found themſelves expoſed to the Oppreſſion of the Rich; and particularly to that of the Senators, who by their Authority, or other unfair Methods, robb'd the Commons of their *ſmall Poſſeſſions*. Thus continual Injuries had *alienated* the Hearts of the Multitude, but with-

out

out entertaining, as yet, any ill Intentions, they ſuffered this Tyranny with Grief; and as they were really more miſerable than ſeditious, they expected, rather than ſought after a Deliverance from this unfortunate Condition.

I thought it neceſſary, to deſcribe the Senate, *Gracchus*, and the People, before I enter'd upon that violent Agitation, which afterwards ſhook the Common-Wealth.

We may, therefore, imagine the Senate unjuſt, corrupt, but concealing the Infamy at Home, by maintaining their Affairs with Dignity abroad. Our Idea of *Gracchus*, will repreſent him to us, as a Perſon that had great Talents, but fitter wholly to ruin a corrupted Common-Wealth, than to reſtore it to its Purity by a wiſe Reformation. As for the People, they were not diſaffected, but could not tell how to bear their Miſery, nor how to employ themſelves after the Loſs of their Poſſeſſions.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Monſieur de St. Evremond, *as was mention'd in his Life, having reſolv'd to go over into* Holland *in the Year* 1665, *left his Papers in the Cuſtody of his good Friend Mr.* Waller; *but upon his return to* London, *in* 1670, *he found, that the ſame were loſt during the great Plague; and, among the reſt, the Seven following Chapters, which could never be recover'd; and Mr.* de St. Evremond *would not take the Trouble to write them over again: So that we have only the Summary Titles of them,* viz.

CHAP. IX.

The Genius of the Roman *People, when* Jugurtha *poſſeſſed himſelf of the Kingdom of* Numidia. *Sordid Intereſt predominant, as to their Affairs Abroad, as it had been long before at Home. The infamous Character of thoſe Perſons, who were firſt employ'd in this Affair. The Temper of* Scaurus.

CHAP. X.

War manag'd by Metellus. *His Character, and that of* Jugurtha. *The Pride and Haughtineſs of the Nobility.*

CHAP. XI.

The Character of Marius; *his Arrogance. The Genius of the People, and the Spirit of Faction againſt the Senate. The People ſuperior to the Senate; their Licentiouſneſs.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The Character of Sylla, *who retrieves the Authority of the Senate, and oppreſſes the People. Something of* Pompey *and* Sertorius.

CHAP. XIII.

The State of Rome, *and the Genius of the* Romans *at the time of* Catiline's *Conſpiracy. His Character, together with that of* Clodius. *The Baniſhment of* Cicero, *and his Character.*

CHAP. XIV.

The State of Rome, *when the Government was divided between* Pompey, Cæſar, *and* Craſſus.

CHAP. XV.

The Motives of the Civil War between Pompey *and* Cæſar. *Their Character.*

How the Senate was affected to Pompey, *and the People to* Cæſar. *The Sentiments of the former, concerning the Republick. His Power eſtabliſhed, at the Expence of the Publick Liberty.* Cæſar's *politick and gradual Steps towards abſolute Sway.*

CHAP. XVI.

Of Auguſtus; *his Government; and his Genius.*

I Will not meddle with the Beginnings of the Life of *Auguſtus*, which were too tragical; I only intend to conſider him after his Acceſſion to the Empire: And, in my Opinion, never did Government deſerve more particular Obſervations, than his.

After the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate*; and the Deſolation occaſion'd by the Civil War, he reſolv'd, at length, to govern by Reaſon, a People ſubjected by Force; and being diſguſted with Violence, which, perhaps, the Neceſſity of his Affairs had forc'd upon him; He knew how to eſtabliſh a happy Subjection, farther diſtant from Slavery, than from the ancient Liberty.

Auguſtus was none of thoſe, who place the Advantage of Sovereignty, in the Rigour of Obedience; who take no Pleaſure in the Service which is done them, but for the Neceſſity which *they impoſe* upon others to perform it.

This

This Refinement of Government was carried to ſuch a Point of Nicety, under ſome of the Emperors, that Subjects were not permitted to ſeem willing to bear that, which others thought fit to impoſe on them. A Diſgrace that was receiv'd without a ſhew of deep Sorrow; a Baniſhment that was cheerfully complied with; in ſhort, an eaſie Submiſſion to every Thing that was enjoin'd, cauſed the Diſguſt of the Prince: To obey him as he would have it, a Man was oblig'd to obey him in ſpight of himſelf; but then it highly concern'd him, to be very cautious in his Reluctance; for when the latter broke out with Bluſter, it did but provoke the more Reſentment and Anger: So that the poor *Romans* were hard put to it, to find a nice *Medium* between two Extremes, equally dangerous.

Auguſtus judg'd quite otherwiſe of the Matter: He was of Opinion, that the beſt Way to command Men, was to gain their Affections, before Duties were exacted from them: And, indeed, ſo ſucceſsful was he, in perſuading them of the Uſefulneſs of his Orders, that the People thought leſs of the Obligation they lay under to perform them, than of the Advantage they found in them.

One of his greateſt and conſtant Cares was, to make the *Romans* taſte the Happineſs of his Government, and to make his Power, as far as he could, inſenſible to them. He rejected thoſe very Names that might be diſpleaſing, and above all Things the Title of DICTATOR, deteſted in *Sylla*, and odious even in *Cæſar*.

The greateſt part of thoſe Perſons that raiſe their Fortunes, aſſume new Titles to authorize a Power; But he was for concealing a new under uſual Names, and ordinary Digni-He caus'd himſelf to be called EMPE-

ROR, from time to time, to preſerve his Authority over the Legions; he made himſelf to be created *Tribune*, to manage the People; and *Prince of the Senate*, to govern that Body; but when he had re-united in his Perſon, ſo many different Powers, he alſo charg'd himſelf with different Cares, and really became the Overſeer of the Armies, the People, and the Senate, when he made himſelf *Maſter* of them all: So that he employ'd his Power, only to take away the Confuſion that was grown Univerſal. He reſtor'd the People to their Rights, and retrench'd nothing but Caballing at the Election of Magiſtrates: He likewiſe reſtor'd the Senate to their ancient Splendor, after he had baniſh'd Corruption; for he contented himſelf with a *moderate Power*, which did not afford him the Liberty of doing Ill; but would have it *abſolute*, when he reſolv'd to impoſe upon others the Neceſſity of doing well.

Thus the People loſt no other Branch of their Liberty, but that of being Seditious; nor the Senate any Part of their Power, but that of being Unjuſt. *In a Word*, Liberty loſt nothing but the Diſorders it may occaſion, and nothing of the Happineſs it may produce.

After he had eſtabliſhed ſo good an Order, he found himſelf agitated by different Thoughts, and conſidered a long time with himſelf, whether he ſhould keep the Empire, or reſtore the People to their priſtine Liberty. The Examples of *Sylla* and *Cæſar*, notwithſtanding their Difference, made an equal Impreſſion in favour of the laſt Opinion. He conſider'd that *Sylla*, who had voluntarily quitted the Dictatorſhip, died peaceably in the midſt of his Enemies; and that *Cæſar*, for having kept it, was murder'd by his moſt intimate Friends, *who glory'd in* the Action.

I know

I know Verſes ſuit but ill with this Solemn Subject: Yet thoſe of *Corneille*, about the Suſpence *Auguſtus* was in, will not be amiſs in this Place; ſince he makes the *Romans* ſpeak better than they ſpeak themſelves:

SYLLA *m'a precedé dans ce Pouvoir Supreme,*
Le grand CESAR, *mon Pere, en a joüi de même:*
D'un Oeil ſi different tous deux l'ont regardé,
Que l'un s'en eſt demis, & l'autre l'a gardé.
Mais l'un, cruel, barbare, eſt mort aimé, tranquille,
Comme un bon Citoyen dans le Sein de ſa Ville;
L'autre, tout debonnaire, au milieu du Senat,
A vu trancher ſes jours par un Aſſaſſinat.

Corneille's CINNA, a Trag.
Act. II. Scene I.

SYLLA did once ſuſtain that Sovereign Pow'r,
Which my illuſtrious Father, CÆSAR, bore:
But different Views their Thoughts did entertain;
So one *reſign'd*, what t'other did *retain*.
Yet, cruel *Sylla* dy'd in ſoft Repoſe,
Like a good Citizen that had no *Foes*;
When *Cæſar*, who with *gentle Mercy* reign'd,
Was butcher'd, in the Senate, by a *Friend*.

Struggling with ſo troubleſom an Uncertainty, he diſcover'd the Perplexity of his Soul to his two principal Friends, *Agrippa* and *Mecænas*. *Agrippa*, who had gained him the Empire by his Valour, adviſed him to lay it down, and this from a Principle of Moderation; unleſs, perhaps, he had ſome concealed Ends: And finding himſelf a greater Warrior than *Auguſtus* was, he expected the chief Employments of the Common-Wealth, upon its Reſtoration.

As for *Mecænas* who had no Share in the Victo- he adviſed him to retain what Conqueſt had

given him; and amongſt other Reaſons, he fail'd not to urge the Conſideration of the Publick, which, he pretended, could not be ſupported without *Auguſtus*: But allowing it might be ſo in ſome meaſure, he followed, in effect, his Inclination for the Perſon of his Prince, and his own private Intereſt.

Mecænas was an honeſt Man; but gentle-natured and tender, and more affected by the Sweets of Life, than by thoſe ſolid Virtues, which were eſteemed in the Common-Wealth. He was Ingenious, but given to his Pleaſures; but more capable of adviſing than acting: So that finding himſelf weak, lazy, and purely cut out for the Cabinet, he hoped to obtain from his Addreſs with a nice Emperor, what he could not expect from the *Roman* People; where he muſt have raiſed himſelf by his own Abilities and Performances, and acted vigorouſly by himſelf.

To return from the Perſons to the Thing, the Empire was retained by his Advice; yet after the Reſolution of keeping it was taken, *Auguſtus* made a Compliment of reſigning it to the Senate.

Some looked upon this as a great Inſtance of Moderation; many acknowledged the great Integrity of the Offer; but all truly agreed in this Point, to refuſe the ancient Liberty. One would have ſaid, that there was a Conteſt of Civilities, which concluded in a common Satisfaction on both ſides: For *Auguſtus* governed the Empire by the Senate, and the Senate was governed by *Auguſtus*.

A Government ſo temperate, pleas'd every Body; and the Prince followed no leſs his Intereſt therein, than his moderate Temper; for after all we paſs with much Reluctance from Liberty to Subjection; and he might eſteem himſelf happy to *command* a free People in what manner ſoever.

Beſides,

Beſides, the fatal Example of *Cæſar* oblig'd him perhaps, to follow a different Conduct, to avoid the ſame End. The Great *Julius*, who was born, if I may ſo ſpeak, in a Faction oppoſite to the Senate, had always a ſecret Deſire to oppreſs it; and finding that that great Body oppoſed his Deſigns, in the Civil War, he conceiv'd a new Averſion for it, altho' he had ſhewed a great deal of good Nature and Clemency to the Senators in particular. After his Return to *Rome*, ſeeing himſelf ſecure of the People, and the Legions, he little regarded the Senate; and even treated them with Inſolence upon ſome Occaſions; *ſo difficult is it for Perſons of the greateſt Moderation, not to forget themſelves in a great Fortune!* Now it is certain, that this haughty Pride of his, incenſed a great many Perſons, and produced, or, at leaſt accelerated the Conſpiracy by which he periſh'd.

Auguſtus, one of the warieſt Princes of the World, did not fail making the beſt uſe of an Obſervation ſo neceſſary; and ſcarce was he poſſeſſed of the Empire by the Legions, but he reſolved to govern it by the Senate. He knew the Violence of the Soldiers, and the tumultuous Temper of the People, both appearing to him, more fit to be employed on any ſudden Occaſion, than eaſie to be managed, when it is once over.

He therefore had a mind to found the Government upon the Senate, as the beſt conſtituted Body, and moſt capable of Wiſdom and Juſtice; but at the ſame time he ſecured the Legions, and the People to himſelf, by Donatives and Acts of Grace. Thus, as I have already obſerved, every one was pleaſed, and *Auguſtus* found in his Moderation, the real Safety of his Perſon, and his Power. In which reſpect he was, in truth, extreamly fortunate, there being nothing ſo happy in this Life, as for a Man to be able with Honour, to

purſue

purſue his Inclination, and his Intereſt at the ſame time.

I will not excuſe his Beginning; but I make no queſtion, but that during the Violence of the *Triumvirate*, he did much Violence to himſelf. 'Tis certain, that he naturally hated the cruel Temper of *Marius*, *Sylla*, and ſuch like; he hated thoſe fierce Souls who feel but an imperfect Pleaſure in being Maſters, if they don't make their Power felt by others; who place Greatneſs in being dreaded; and the Happineſs of their Condition, in making Perſons miſerable, at their Pleaſure.

He had found by Experience, that an honeſt Man makes himſelf firſt unhappy, when he makes others ſo; and he was never ſo well ſatisfied, as when he ſaw himſelf in a Capacity of doing Good, according to his own Inclination; after he had been forced to do ſome ill things againſt it. He always aimed at the Succeſs of his Affairs, but then he deſired that they ſhould tend to the publick Advantage of Mankind; and in all his Undertakings, conſidered leſs the Glory, than the Benefit. During his Government, no War was neglected that might be uſeful; and he left thoſe Wars for Heroes, that are purely for Glory.

This made him come to an Accommodation with the *Parthians*, and lay aſide the Project which *Cæſar* entertain'd a little before he was murther'd. This made him reject the Propoſal of a War in *Germany*, wherein he diſcovered no real Intereſt; This made him ſet Bounds to the Empire, whatever Interpretation *Tacitus* has given of ſo prudent a Counſel. In a word, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be little govern'd by Opinion, Noiſe or Vanity. He eſteemed a ſolid Reputation, which renders the Life of Men more pleaſant and ſecure.

'Tis true indeed, that *Auguſtus* had but an indifferent Talent for War; and if we commend his

Wiſdom

William and his Capacity, we muſt not commend his Valour univerſally.

Hirtius and *Panſa*, carried on the firſt War againſt *Anthony*, of which *Auguſtus* alone reaped the Advantage. He gained but little Glory in that of *Brutus*, which was wholly managed and concluded by *Anthony*. The Ruin of *Anthony* was the Effect of his Paſſion for *Cleopatra*, and the Valour of *Agrippa*. *Auguſtus* had but a little Share in theſe Battels, yet for all that obtained the Empire. Not but that he was in ſeveral Fights, and even wounded in ſome: But with more Succeſs for his Affairs, than Glory for his Perſon. And, indeed, the Tenth Legion, ſomewhat inſolent upon the Score of the high Eſteem the Great *Cæſar* had for them, could not bear with the Nephew, whenever they remembred the Uncle; which occaſion'd their being disbanded, for ſhewing a Diſreſpect to him, in his very Preſence. However, he made an admirable Uſe of War, both for the Advancement of his own Intereſt, and that of the Empire. Never did Prince know how to give better Orders, nor repair'd more willingly, whitherſoever the Exigence of Affairs call'd him; whether into *Egypt*, *Spain*, *Gaul*, *Germany*, or the *Eaſt*.

Yet after all, the World was ſenſible that War did not agree with his true Genius; and altho' he triumph'd with univerſal Applauſe, it was well known, that his Lieutenants were the Conquerors.

He

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* Mark Anthony, *who was beſieging* D. Brutus, *one of* J. Cæſar's *Murtherers, in* Modena. Anthony *was defeated before that Town, but the two Conſuls*, A. Hirtius, *and* C. Vibius Panſa, *periſh'd there; all which very much contributed to the Advancement of* Auguſtus, *then call'd* Octavius Cæſar.

He would have paſs'd for a great Captain in the time of thoſe Emperors, who either through their want of Valour, or falſe Ideas of Greatneſs, durſt not, or thought it below their Dignity, to take the Conduct of Armies upon them; But as he liv'd in an Age, wherein a Man could not recommend himſelf but by his own Exploits; and, in particular, ſucceeded *Cæſar*, who owed all to himſelf, it was a Diſadvantage to him, to be more beholden to others than to himſelf.

But it was not ſo in the Civil Government, wherein the Senate did nothing that was wiſe and good, but what *Auguſtus* ſuggeſted to them. The *Good of the State* was his firſt Thought; and he did not underſtand by the Good of the State, a vain and fantaſtical Name, but the real Benefit of thoſe that compoſed it. His own firſt; (for it is not reaſonable that a Man ſhou'd quit the Pleaſures of a private Life, to abandon himſelf to the Cares of the Publick, unleſs he finds his own Advantage in it) and next, that of his People, which he ever thought inſeparable from his own.

Thoſe who had perform'd the greateſt Service were entitled to his firſt Regard; and under him Merit advanc'd thoſe, whom it would have ruin'd under his Succeſſors; when Crimes were leſs dangerous than Virtues. *Agrippa* had not ſo great a ſhare in his Confidence, as *Mecænas*; but his great Qualities render'd him much more conſiderable; and having gain'd ſuch an Intereſt in *Rome*, that *Auguſtus* found himſelf oblig'd, either to get rid of him, or make him his abſolute Creature, he rather choſe to give him his Daughter, notwithſtanding the Meanneſs of his Birth, than hearken to what Jealouſie might ſuggeſt to him. As for *Mœnas*, as he was more agreeable, and more verſed in the Cloſet, ſo he had the greater Intimacy with him, both as to his Pleaſures and Secrets.

Auguſtus

Auguſtus was benificent to his Courtiers, and was glad to ſee, that the *Romans* heretofore ſo jealous of their Liberty, would make an Advantage of his Favours. Thus they made it their particular Buſineſs to pleaſe *Auguſtus*, and the making one's Court became a Man's true Intereſt: Tho' not the moſt conſiderable. The Merit which related to the Service of the State, was preferr'd before that which was acquir'd by a Devotion to his Perſon: The firſt of which he all along took care to encourage himſelf by his own Diſcourſes; never mentioning what was due to him, but always what he himſelf ow'd to the Republick.

However, as we never beheld a Man ſo uniform in his Actions, who did not, now and then, depart from the general Habit and Conduct of his Life; ſo *Auguſtus* pleaded one Day in defence of a Friend * of his, that was accus'd of a horrible Villany; and who, in all appearance, was acquitted only out of reſpect to the Emperor. This cou'd not be done without offending Good Men; but yet he expreſs'd ſo much Moderation in keeping the Forms, and in bearing with the Freedom of thoſe, who anſwer'd him ſomewhat ſmartly, that he ſoon regain'd their Affections; and even thoſe that were moſt offended, recovering their Indignation, excus'd the Injuſtice of protecting a wicked Man, by the Generoſity that appear'd in not deſerting a Friend.

The Men of Letters had a great ſhare in his Familiarity; amongſt the reſt *Livy*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*; by which we may ſee the Excellence of his Judgment, as well in ingenious Compoſures, as

* Vonius Aſprenas, *who was accuſed of having poiſon'd* 130 *with one Diſh only*: *See* Pliny's Hiſt. Nat. Lib. Cap. 12. & *in Auguſto*, Cap. 50.

but they make as great Allowances to their Humour. 'Tis hardly to be believed, how nice he was, in relation to his Family; nothing was ſo dangerous as to talk of the Amours of *Julia*, unleſs it were to have ſome Commerce with her: *Ovid* was baniſh'd for it, and never recall'd; and that which appears to me extraordinary, the Husband himſelf felt the Effects of this froward Humour. That the Conduct of *Julia* ſhould diſpleaſe *Auguſtus*, was a natural thing; but that the poor *Agrippa* ſhould ſuffer the Anger of his Father-in-Law, and the Debaucheries of his Wife at the ſame time, was an odd Buſineſs, and the laſt Misfortune that can befal a Husband.

It muſt be confeſs'd, that the Emperor was too much perplex'd at home in the general Applauſe of the whole Empire. He could not overcome thoſe little Inquietudes his Family gave him, and he bore them rather like a meer private Perſon than a great Man; for he knew neither how to end theſe Diſorders, by taking care to prevent them for the future, which really is no eaſie thing; nor yet to conquer his own Reſentments, and ſet his Mind at reſt. After he had much afflicted himſelf on one ſide, he indulg'd himſelf too careleſly in the Sweetneſs he found on t'other; and if *Julia* tormented him as long as ſhe lived, *Livia* knew how to manage him ſo well in the declining part of his Age, that the Adoption of *Tiberius* was rather the Effect of her Conduct, than the real Choice of the Emperor.

Auguſtus knew better than any one the Vices of *Tiberius*, and the Deſigns of *Livia*; but had not Force enough to act according to the true Judgment he made of them. While he beheld every thing with a ſound Judgment, which however had not Influence enough upon him, to make him act as that directed; his Wife left his Underſtanding

to amuſe it ſelf as it pleas'd, and made her ſelf Miſtreſs of his Will.

'Tis this, in my Opinion, which hath deceiv'd *Tacitus*, in thoſe malicious Politicks which he aſcribes to *Auguſtus*: He knew that *Tiberius*'s Temper was not unknown to him; and becauſe he did not believe, that ſo great an Emperor could be perſwaded to ſo important a Buſineſs, againſt his own Sentiments; he hath ſuppos'd a Deſign and Myſtery, where, if I miſtake not, there was nothing at bottom, but downright Facility.

After theſe Particulars of his Family, let us return to Generals: He made the World happy, and was happy in the World: He had nothing to deſire of the Publick, nor the Publick of him: And conſidering the Evils through which he forc'd his way to the Empire, and the Good Things he did after he arrived at that Dignity, I think it was ſaid with Reaſon, *That it it were to be wiſh'd either he had never been born, or had never died.*

At laſt he died lamented by all Men, leſs great without Compariſon than *Cæſar*; but of a more regular Genius; which makes me believe, that it would have been more glorious to have ſerv'd in the Army of *Cæſar*, but more happy for a Man to have liv'd under the Government of *Auguſtus*.

As for the *Romans*, they had nothing then ſo elevated among them, as formerly in time of the Republick, either in reſpect to the Greatneſs of Genius, or Firmneſs of Soul; however, they were ſomewhat more ſociable. After all the Calamities they had ſuffer'd, they were glad to find ſome Tranquility, no matter how it came to them. There remain'd not a ſufficient Virtue to ſuſta Liberty; They would have been aſham'd, ind of an entire Subjection; but if we except a haughty Spirits, whom nothing would cont every one took a Pride to ſee, at leaſt the Appea-

ance of a Republick, and was not in reality, displeased with a gentle and agreeable Sovereignty.

CHAP. XVII.

of TIBERIUS, and his Genius.

AS there are but few Revolutions where Men continue long within such a just Moderation, a happy and honourable State was soon changed into a miserable and base Condition. The *Roman* Valour was softned after the Death of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, who alone sustain'd the Fierceness of it. After the Ruin of *Anthony*, there was, as it were, a general liking of the Government of *Augustus*, and no less a complaisance for his Person. When *Tiberius* came to the Empire, this *Complaisance* degenerated into *Cringing* and Adulation.

We may with Reason affirm, that this Prince being naturally irresolute, would have been contented with a moderate Power; but the *Romans* more disposed to serve, than *Tiberius* to command, gave themselves up to Slavery, when he hardly durst hope for their Subjection. This was the Genius of the *Roman* People at that time.

'Tis necessary now to speak of that of *Tiberius*, and to shew what sort of Temper he brought with him to the Government of the Empire.

His most concealed, but best pursued Design, was to change all the Maxims of *Augustus*, who when he came to be Emperor, bent all his Thoughts towards the procuring the General Good. So just and so wise a Policy, *Tiberius* made

made a formal Science, in which was comprehended a Falſe and Myſterious Intereſt of the Prince, ſeparate from the Intereſt of the State, and generally oppoſite to the Publick Good.

Judgment, Capacity, and Secrecy, were changed into Craft, Artifice, and Diſſimulation. Good and Evil Actions were no longer known by themſelves, every thing being interpreted according to the nice Intention of the Emperor; or judg'd by the Refining of ſome malicious Speculation.

The Authority which *Germanicus* had to appeaſe the Legions, was a Service very advantageous, and for ſome time well accepted: When the Danger was over, it was conſidered, that he might debauch the Troops from their Duty, ſince he knew how to bring them to it. In vain was he faithful to *Tiberius*; his Moderation in refuſing the Empire, was not thought a ſufficient Proof of his Innocence: He was thought Guilty for having it offered to him; and ſo many Artifices were employed to deſtroy him, that they at length got rid of a Man, who was willing to Obey, but deſerv'd to Command.

Thus periſh'd this *Germanicus*, ſo dear to the *Romans*, in an Army, where he was leſs in Danger from the Enemies of the Empire, than from that Emperor whom he had ſo faithfully ſerv'd.

He was not the only Perſon that fell a Sacrifice to thoſe pernicious Politicks, which had a general Influence in all Counſels. Diſtant Employments were but myſterious Baniſhments; Offices, and Governments were beſtow'd on Perſons that were either deſign'd for Ruin, or thoſe that were to ruin others. In a word, the *Good of the Service* was no longer conſidered; for in truth the Armies had rather Outlaws over them than Generals; and the Provinces, baniſhed Men, than Governors. At *Rome*, where the Laws had been always ſo religi-

ouſly and ſo ſolemnly obſerv'd, every thing was then manag'd, by the Jealouſie of this myſterious Cabinet.

When a Perſon of conſiderable Merit ſhew'd any Paſſion for the Glory of the Empire, *Tiberius* ſuſpected immediately, that it was with a deſign to obtain it. If another retain'd an innocent Remembrance of Liberty, he paſs'd for a dangerous Man, that had a mind to reſtore the Republick. To praiſe *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, was a capital Crime; to lament *Auguſtus*, a ſecret Offence; which was ſo much the leſs pardon'd, as People durſt not complain of it: For *Tiberius* always commended him in Publick; caus'd Divine Honours to be decreed to him; and was the firſt Man that perform'd them to him: But humane Sentiments were not allow'd; and a Tenderneſs ſhewn for the Memory of that Emperor, was improv'd either into an indirect Impeachment of the preſent Government, or a Diſaffection to the Perſon of the Prince.

Hitherto you have had Crimes inſpired by the Jealouſie of falſe Politicks; but now there opens a Scene of bare-fac'd Cruelty, and avow'd Tyranny. They are not contented with forſaking good Maxims, but the beſt Laws muſt be aboliſh'd, and new ones enacted, under Pretence of ſecuring the Emperor's Perſon, but in reality to deſtroy all Good Men that remain'd in *Rome*.

Every thing is made Treaſon; formerly true Conſpiracies were puniſh'd, but now even innocent Words maliciouſly explain'd, are made criminal.

Complaints, which the Unfortunate are allow'd for the Relief of their Miſeries; Tears, thoſe natural Expreſſions of our Grief; and Sighs, which eſcape us in ſpite of our Will; nay, bare Looks *at laſt*, became fatal. The Simplicity of Diſcourſe *was thought* to cover evil Deſigns; the Diſcretion

of

of Silence, to conceal miſchievous Intentions. *Joy* was interpreted as a Hope of the Emperor's Death; and Melancholy obſerv'd as a Vexation at his Proſperity, or Wearineſs of his Reign. In the midſt of theſe Dangers, if that of Oppreſſion gave a Man the leaſt Apprehenſion, his Fear was taken for the Teſtimony of a frighted Conſcience; which, betraying it ſelf, diſcovered what he was about to do, or what he had done. If any one was thought to have Courage and Reſolution, he was fear'd as an Audacious Man, capable to undertake any thing. To ſpeak, to be ſilent, to rejoyce, to be afflicted, to be fearful or reſolute, all was criminal, and very often incurr'd capital Puniſhments.

Thus the Suſpicions of others made a Man guilty: But it was not enough for him to be expos'd to the Corruption of Accuſers; the falſe Reports of Spies, or the Suppoſitions of ſome infamous Informer; he muſt dread likewiſe the Emperor's Fancy; and when one thought himſelf ſecure by the Innocence not only of his Actions, but of his Thoughts, he could not fail being ruin'd by the Malice of his Conjectures.

To carry the matter no further, a Man ought to have had a good Stock of Merit in that time, to be a Man of Integrity, becauſe it expoſed him to ſo many Dangers and Hardſhips, that Virtue which durſt appear, was infallibly deſtroy'd, and that which was but gueſſed at, was never ſecure.

As we are not exempt from Perplexity in the Evil which we make others endure, *Tiberius* was not always in Peace in the Exerciſe of his Cruelties. *Sejanus*, who inſinuated into his Favour, by Methods as unjuſt as his own; this great Favourite, ſurfeited with Honours and Riches, which ſtill continued him in a Dependance, had a deſire to free himſelf from all Subjection, and left nothing

But whether the Emperors acted by natural Temper, or Policy, or both together, I maintain, that *Tiberius* corrupted every Thing that was good, and introduc'd every Thing that was bad in the Empire.

Auguſtus, who had a juſt and nice Inſight into Things, knew admirably well the Genius of his Time, and found no trouble in changing a voluntary Submiſſion in the leading-Men of a Party, into a true Subjection.

Tiberius, full of Craft and Subtlety, but of a falſe Diſcernment, was miſtaken in the Knowledge of the Affections of the People. He thought he had to do with old *Romans*, fond of Liberty, and incapable of any Subjection: When at the ſame time the general Inclination was to ſerve, and the leaſt enſlav'd were diſpos'd to Obedience.

This falſe Notion of Things, made him uſe cruel Precautions againſt Perſons he fear'd without Reaſon; for 'tis obſervable, that ſo ſuſpicious a Prince, had never occaſion to fear any one but *Sejanus*, who made him diſtruſt all others.

With theſe falſe Meaſures, Cruelty daily increas'd; and as he that offends, is the firſt that hates, the *Romans* became odious to him, for his unjuſt and barbarous Uſage of them. At length, he acted openly, and treated them as Enemies, becauſe he had given them but too much reaſon to be ſo.

The Paſſive Humour which prevail'd then, made his Tyranny peaceably endur'd. They ſuffer'd the Brutality of *Caligula* with the like Submiſſion; for his Death is a particular Fact, wherein neither the Senate, People, nor Legions were concern'd. They bore with the dangerous Stupidity of *Claudius*, and the Inſolence of *Meſſalina*. They endur'd the Fury of *Nero*, till their Patience being

being totally exhausted, there ensu'd a general Discontent.

Hereupon a Conspiracy was form'd against his Person; from particular Combinations, it came to the Revolt of the Legions; and from the Revolt of the Legions, to the Declaration of the Senate. The Latter might, perhaps, have restor'd the ancient Liberty, if they had been willing to do it; but having been so long used to Emperors, they were contented to dispose of the Empire. This Privilege the Prætorian Cohorts challeng'd to themselves; neither would the Legions of Provinces yield them that Prerogative. A Division broke out among the latter, some nominating one for Emperor, and some another. Then nothing was heard but Massacres, and Civil Wars; and never did the People enjoy any settled Tranquillity, if we except the Reigns of a few Princes, who knew how to reconcile those Interests, which the false Politicks of *Tiberius* had divided, to the common Misfortune both of the Emperors, and Empire.

Of the COMPLACENCY *that* WOMEN *take in their* BEAUTY.

THERE's nothing so natural with the *Fair Sex*, as to take Pleasure in their own Beau- [illegible] please themselves, before 'tis possible [illegible] ase them, and are the first that [illegible] Charms, and fall in Love with [illegible] ns of this Love are so much [illegible] hardly to be perceiv'd; for

for *Self-Love* only flatters; but Love inſpired by an Object, makes us feel it to ſome purpoſe.

This firſt ſort of Love is naturally form'd in them, and has themſelves only for its Object. The ſecond comes from without, and is either caus'd by a ſecret Sympathy, or by the Violence of an amorous Impreſſion.

The one is a Good that only occaſions Pleaſure, but yet it is ſtill a Good; and laſts as long as their Beauty does. The other is capable of affecting them more ſenſibly, but is more ſubject to Change and Alteration.

Beſides this Advantage of Duration, which the *Complacency* that the Ladies take in their Beauty, has above a common Paſſion; we may ſtill add, That a beautiful Woman is more concerned to preſerve her Beauty, than her Lover; and ſhews leſs Tenderneſs for a Heart already vanquiſh'd, than Vanity and Oſtentation, to extend her Conqueſts. Not but that ſhe may be concern'd for her Lover; but her Reaſon will incline her rather to ſuffer the Loſs of what ſhe loves, than the Ruin of that which cauſes her to be belov'd.

There is a certain Pleaſure, in lamenting the Death of one we loved. Our Love ſupplies the Place of a Lover, whilſt our Sorrow laſts; and thence proceeds that Delight we find in a pleaſing Mourning.

Qui me conſole excite ma Colere,
Et le Repos eſt un Bien que je crains:
Mon Deüil me plait, & me doit toûjours plaire;
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.

Ceaſe, Damon, *ceaſe, by an ill-tim'd Relief,*
To rob me of my beſt Companion, Grief.

Sorrow

Sorrow to me, all lovely does appear;
*It fills the Place of Her I held ſo * dear.*

But 'tis not ſo with the Loſs of Beauty. This Loſs conſummates the Bitterneſs of Tears; for it robs the Ladies of the Hopes ever to receive any Pleaſure as long as they live.

As long a Woman is in full Poſſeſſion of her Beauty, no Misfortune can befal her, which ſhe cannot, in ſome meaſure, alleviate: But when once that Bleſſing has left her, all the other Advantages will never be able to give her any tolerable Satisfaction. Where-ever ſhe goes, the Remembrance of what ſhe has been, or the Conſideration of what ſhe is at preſent, will give her a Thouſand Inquietudes.

The beſt Remedy would be for a Woman wiſely to take up with the unfortunate Condition ſhe is in: But what a cruel Remedy this is for a Woman who has been ador'd, to be cur'd of a Vanity ſo very dear to Reaſon it ſelf? A new and troubleſom Experiment after the Habit of ſo ſweet and ſo agreeable a Senſe!

The laſt Tears that beautiful Eyes reſerve, are ſpent in bewailing themſelves, after their Brightneſs is gone. Of all Hearts, the only one that ſighs for a loſt Beauty, is that of the miſerable Poſſeſſor.

The beſt of Poets endeavouring to comfort a great Queen, for the loſs of a greater King, her Royal Conſort, would make her aſham'd of the Extravagance of her Affection, by the Example of a certain Princeſs † in Deſpair, who arraign'd De-

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* Maynard's Poems in the Ode on the Death of his Daughter.

† Artemiſia, who had loſt Mauſolus, King of Caria, her

Deſtiny, reproach'd the Stars, and accus'd the Gods for the Death of her Husband.

Qui dit aux Aſtres Innocens,
Tout ce que fait dire la Rage,
Quand elle eſt Maîtreſſe des * *Sens.*

Boldly ſhe charges ev'ry Pow'r above,
(So much her Reaſon's govern'd by her Love.)
With all that furious Paſſion can inſpire,
When Grief indulg'd, renews the glowing Fire.

But finding that the Horror of Impiety was not ſtrong enough to make any Impreſſion on a Mind ſo tranſported by Grief; for his laſt and convincing Reaſon, he repreſents to her, how much her Charms are concern'd in it; as if he had no better a Remedy againſt this Exceſs, than to put her in Mind of the great Injury it did her Beauty:

Que vous ont fait ces beaux Cheveux,
Dignes Objects de tant de Voeux,
Pour endurer vôtre Colere;
Et devenus vos Ennemis,

Reçevoir

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* Malherbe, *in his* CONSOLATION à Caritée ſur la Mort de ſon Mari. *Mr.* de St. Evremond *thinks that* Malherbe *wrote that Poem for* Mary *of* Medicis, *upon the Death of King* Henry IV. *of* France: *But whatever Beauties there be in that Piece, the Stile of it appears to me too plain, and too familiar for a Perſon of ſo high Degree.* Menage *in his* OBSERVATIONS ſur les Poëſies de Malherbe, *pretends that this* Caritea *was a Lady of* Provence, *of great Merit and extraordinary Beauty: But tho' Mr.* de St. Evremond *had that Remark, he told me, that in his Time, no Body doubted but that* Malherbe *had* Mary *of* Medicis

Recevoir l'injuſte Salaire,
D'un Crime qu'ils n'ont point Commis?

Thoſe charming Locks the rudeſt Hands would spare,
And yet they ſuffer by your own Deſpair.
Alas! What Crimes have thoſe fair Treſſes done?
Think what a Train of Conqueſts they have won.
Is Grief ſo Cruel, or your Rage ſo Blind,
That to your ſelf you muſt be thus unkind?

He excus'd the Ladies for being Impious and Extravagant; but would not pardon their making themſelves leſs Amiable. This is a Crime, which he thought would eaſily create a Horror in them. It had ſignified but little to endeavour to bring them back to a Senſe of Religion, but to ſet before their Eyes the Intereſt of their Beauty, was the ſtrongeſt Argument he could think of to oppoſe the Obſtinacy of their Grief; and he knew nothing beyond that, which was capable to cure them.

That we may fully know how paſſionately fond the Ladies are of their Beauty, let us conſider the moſt Retir'd and the moſt Devout amongſt them. There are ſome who have renounc'd all Pleaſures; who are wean'd from all worldly Concernments; who endeavour to pleaſe no Body, and whom no Body pleaſes: But even in this indifference for every Thing elſe, they ſecretly flatter themſelves, to find they are ſtill agreeable.

There are others who abandon themſelves to all ſorts of Auſterities; yet, if they accidentally happen to ſee themſelves in a Glaſs, you ſhall hear them Sigh, to behold themſelves alter'd. They do, with the utmoſt Zeal, every Thing that helps to diſfigure their Faces, but can't endure the ſight of them when they are once diſfigur'd.

Nature,

Nature, that can conſent to deſtroy it ſelf, out of Love to God, ſecretly oppoſes the leaſt Change of Beauty, out of a Principle of *Self-love*, that, never dies with us.

Let a fair Perſon retire to what Place ſhe pleaſes, let her Condition be what it will, yet her Charms and Features are ſtill dear to her, even in the time of Sickneſs; and if her Sickneſs goes as far as Death, the laſt Sigh that goes from her, is more for the Loſs of her Beauty, than that of her Life.

A JUDGMENT
UPON
SENECA, PLUTARCH, and *PETRONIUS.*

I Will begin with *Seneca*, and with the utmoſt Aſſurance own, that I eſteem his Perſon, much more than his Works. I reſpect the Tutor of *Nero*, the Gallant of *Agrippina*, an Ambitious Man that put in for the Empire: Of the Philoſopher, and Writer, I have but a mean Opinion, and am affected neither with his Stile, nor his Sentiments. His *Latin* comes far ſhort of that of the *Auguſtean* Age; nothing eaſie, or natural; but all made up of Points, and ſtrain'd Witticiſms, and has more of the *Heat* of *Africk*, or *Spain*, than the *Light* of *Rome*, or *Italy*. There are abrupt Things, that have the Air and Turn of Sentences, but want Solidity, and good Senſe; that affect the Imagination, without convincing the

the Judgment. His ſtrain'd Stile gives me a ſort of Conſtraint; and inſtead of finding any Satisfaction and Repoſe in him, I meet with Trouble and Vexation.

Nero, tho' he was one of the moſt wicked Princes of the World, yet was he very ingenious, and had about him a Set of young Rake-hells of Quality, extreamly nice, who treated *Seneca* as a Pedant, and turn'd him into Ridicule. I am not of the Opinion of *Berville*, who imagin'd, that the ſham *Eumolpus* of *Petronius*, was the true *Seneca*. If *Petronius* would have expos'd him in an injurious Character, it had been under that of a *Pedantick Philoſopher*, rather than that of an *impertinent Poet*. Beſides, 'tis almoſt impoſſible to find the leaſt Agreement between them. *Seneca* was the richeſt Man in the Empire, yet always commended Poverty. *Eumolpus*, a Poet very low in the World, who in the Deſpair of his Fortune, complain'd of the Ingratitude of the Age, and found nothing elſe to comfort him, but this thread-bare Saying, *Bonæ mentis Soror eſt Paupertas*: If *Seneca* had Vices, he carefully conceal'd them, under the Appearance of Wiſdom: *Eumolpus*, *on the contrary*, had the Vanity to proclaim his, and as to his Pleaſures, was a profeſs'd Libertine.

I can't imagine, therefore, what Reaſons *Berville* had for this Conjecture. But I am deceiv'd, if what *Petronius* ſays of the Stile of his time, and the Corruption of Eloquence and Poetry; if the *Controverſiæ ſententiis vibrantibus pictæ*, which offended him ſo much; if the *Vanus Sententiarum ſtrepitus*, that ſtunn'd him, doth not belong to *Seneca*; if the *Per ambages & Deorum Miniſteria*, &c. does not relate to the *Pharſalia* of *Lucan*; if the Encomiums, which he beſtows on *Virgil*, and *Horace*, are not deſigned in Contempt of the *Uncle*, and

Nephew. Be it as it will, to return to my Sentiments about this Philoſopher, I never read his Writings, without entertaining Thoughts that are very different from thoſe which he would ſuggeſt to his Reader. If he pretends to recommend Poverty, I long for his Riches; his Virtue frightens me; and a Man the leaſt diſpos'd to Vice, would abandon himſelf to Pleaſures, meerly for the Deſcription which he gives of them. In a Word, he ſpeaks ſo much of Death, and leaves me ſuch melancholly Ideas, that I endeavour all I can, not to improve by reading him. The fineſt Things that I find in him, are the Examples and Quotations which he intermixes all along in his Works. As he liv'd in a refined Court, and knew a Thouſand remarkable Paſſages of former Times; he alledges ſome that are very agreeable, ſometimes of the *Greeks*, ſometimes of *Cæſar*, of *Auguſtus*, and *Mecænas*; for, after all, his Wit and Knowledge were extraordinary: But his Stile does not at all affect me; his Opinions are too ſevere; and 'tis ridiculous, that one who liv'd in Plenty, and was ſo tenderly careful of his own Perſon, ſhould preach up nothing but Poverty and Death.

Upon PLUTARCH.

MOntaigne obſerves a great reſemblance between *Plutarch* and *Seneca*; both great Philoſophers, great Encouragers of Wiſdom and Virtue, both Tutors of *Roman* Emperors; the one more rich and elevated; the other more happy in the Education of his Pupil. The Opinions of *Plutarch*, (as the ſame *Montaigne* affirms) are more palatable, and better calculated for Society; thoſe of *Seneca*, according to him, more ſolid

ſolid; but, in my Judgment, more harſh, and more ſevere. *Plutarch* ſweetly inſinuates Wiſdom, and would even reconcile Virtue to Pleaſures. *Seneca* makes all Pleaſures to terminate in Wiſdom, and looks upon the Philoſopher to be the only happy Man. *Plutarch* natural, and firſt perſuaded of the Truths he advances, eaſily perſuades others. On the other hand, *Seneca's* Mind labours and ſtrains, to wind up it ſelf to *Virtue*; and as if ſhe was a perfect Stranger to him, he has need to ſurmount himſelf. As for *Plutarch's* Stile, having no Skill in the *Greek*, I cannot pretend to make a true Judgment of it; but I muſt confeſs, that amongſt his Moral Treatiſes, there are ſeveral which I cannot comprehend; whether 'tis owing to the vaſt Difference of Things, and Manners in his Time, from thoſe of ours, or that they are really above my low Underſtanding. The familiar *Dæmon* of SOCRATES; the *Creation of the Soul*, the *Circle of the Moon*, may be admirable to thoſe that underſtand them. For my part, I make no ſcruple to own, that I don't apprehend the Beauty of them; and if they are wonderful, they are Wonders that ſoar above my Capacity. We may judge by the Apophthegms of the Ancients, which he hath left us; by their Sayings, which he hath collected with ſo much Care; by his long Table-Diſcourſes, how much he was taken with Converſation. In the mean time, either there was but little Delicacy in his Time, or elſe his Palate was not very exquiſite. He ſupports grave and ſerious Things with a great deal of good Senſe and Reaſon; but in Things that depend purely upon Wit, he has nothing ingenious, or delicate.

To ſpeak the Truth, *The Lives of Illuſtrious Men*, is the Maſter-piece of *Plutarch*, and in my Opinion, one of the Nobleſt Works in the World.

You ſee there thoſe great Men expoſed to Publick View, and in their Retirements at Home; you ſee them in their true Natural Temper, and in the whole Extent of Action. There you ſee the Reſolution of *Brutus*, and his bold Anſwer to the evil Genius that ſpoke to him: You ſee that there ſtill remain'd with him, in ſpite of himſelf, ſome Impreſſion of this Ghoſt, which the Reaſoning of of *Caſſius* had much ado to efface. A few Days after, you ſee him put his Troops in order, and fight a Battel ſo ſucceſsful on his ſide, and ſo fatal by the Error of *Caſſius*. You ſee him try his Fortune again, loſe the Battel, reproach Virtue, and find more Relief in Deſpair, than in an ungrateful Miſtreſs whom he had ſo faithfully ſerved *.

There is a natural Force in the Diſcourſe of *Plutarch* which equals the greateſt Actions; and 'tis of him that one may properly ſay, *Facta dictis exæquata ſunt:* But he forgets neither the indifferent, nor the common ones, and carefully examines the ordinary Courſe of Life. As for his Parallels, which *Montaigne* thinks are ſo admirable, they appear to me very fine: But I'm of Opinion, that he might have gone further, and penetrated deeper into the bottom of our Nature. There are Windings and Turnings in our Souls, which have eſcap'd him. He has judg'd of Man too much in general, and has not thought him ſo different as he is from himſelf; wicked, virtuous; equitable, unjuſt; merciful, cruel: When a Man ſeems to be oppoſite to himſelf, he attributes it to foreign Cauſes. In a word, if he had defined *Catiline*, he would have made him covetous, or prodigal: That *Alieni appetens, ſui profuſus*, was beyond his Apprehenſion; and he would never have diſcovered

* *See Bayle's Dictionary, in the Article of* BRUTUS.

covered thoſe Contrarieties, which *Saluſt* hath ſo well mark'd, and which *Montaigne* himſelf did much better underſtand.

Upon PETRONIUS.

TO judge of the Merit of *Petronius*, I will only examine what † *Tacitus* ſays of him; and certainly, he muſt have been one of the fineſt Gentlemen in the World, ſince he has oblig'd

† Illi Dies per ſomnum, nox officiis, & oblectamentis vitæ tranſigebatur. Utque alios induſtria, ita hunc ignavia ad famam protulerat; habebatúrque non ganeo & profligator, ut plerique ſua haurientium, ſed erudito luxu. Ac dicta factaque ejus quanto ſolutiora, & quandam ſui negligentiam præferentia, tanto gratiùs in ſpeciem ſimplicitatis accipiebantur. Proconſul tamen *Bithyniæ*, & mox Conſul, vigentem ſe ac parem negotiis oſtendit: dein revolutus ad vitia, ſeu vitiorum imitatione, inter paucos familiarium *Neroni* aſſumptus eſt, Elegantiæ arbiter, dum nihil amœnum, & molle affluentia putat, niſi quod ei *Petronius* approbaviſſet. Unde invidia *Tigellini*, quaſi adverſus æmulum & ſcientia voluptatum potiorem. Ergo crudelitatem Principis, cui cæteræ libidines cedebant, aggreditur, amicitiam *Scevini Petronio* objectans; corrupto ad indicium ſervo ademptáque defenſione, & majore parte familiæ in vincla rapta. Forte illis diebus *Campaniam* petiverat *Cæſar*, & *Cumas* uſque progreſſus *Petronius* illic attinebatur. Nec tulit ultra timoris aut ſpei moras. Neque tamen præceps vitam expulit, ſed inciſas venas, ut libitum obligatas, aperire rurſum, & alloqui amicos, non per ſeria, aut quibus conſtantiæ gloriam peteret. Audiebátque referentes, nihil de immortalitate Animæ, & Sapientium placitis, ſed levia carmina & faciles verſus. Servorum alios largitione, quoſdam verberibus affecit. Iniit & vias, ſomno indulſit, ut quamquam coacta mors, fortuitæ ſimilis eſſet. Ne codicillis quidem (quod plerique pereuntium) *Neronem* aut *Tigellinum*, aut quem alium potentium adulatus eſt: ſed flagitia Principis ſub nominibus exoletorum fœminarumque, & novitate cujuſque ſtupri deſcripſit, atque obſignata miſit *Neroni*. Fregitque annulum, ne uſui eſſet ad facienda pericula. C. *Tacitus*, Annal. [illegible]

ſo ſevere an Hiſtorian, to renounce his natural Auſterity, and to enlarge himſelf with Pleaſure upon the Commendation of a voluptuous Perſon. Not but that a Luxury ſo exquiſite, ſhew'd as great a Delicacy of *Genius*, as it did of *Reliſh*. That *Eruditus luxus*, that *Arbiter elegantiarum*, is the Character of an Ingenious Politeneſs, far enough remov'd from the groſs Extravagance of a vicious Man. Nor was he ſo poſſeſs'd by his Pleaſures, as to be made uncapable of Buſineſs; and that Tranquility of Life he ſo much ſtudied, did not render him an Enemy to Publick Employments. He had the Merit of a Governour in his Governnment of *Bithynia*; the Virtue of a Conſul in his Conſulſhip: But inſtead of making his Life a Slave to his Dignity, as the greateſt part of Men do, and centring all his Troubles, and all his Joys there; *Petronius*, who was of a Genius ſuperiour to his high Employment, made them center in himſelf; and to explain my ſelf after the manner of *Montaigne*, he did not renounce the *Man* for the Magiſtrate. As for his Death, having carefully examin'd it, either I am deceiv'd, or it is the moſt glorious of Antiquity. In that of *Cato*, I find Trouble, and even Anger. The deſperate Poſture of the Affairs of the Republick, the Loſs of Liberty, his hatred of *Cæſar*, much aſſiſted his Reſolution; and I can't tell, if his auſtere Humour did not degenerate into downright Madneſs, when he tore out his own Bowels.

Socrates acted truly like a wiſe Man, and with Indifference enough: Yet he endeavour'd to aſſure himſelf of his Condition in another Life, and did not: He was ſtill reaſoning about it with his Friends in Priſon, weakly enough; and to ſay all, Death was a conſiderable Object to him. *Petronius* alone hath ſhew'd Softneſs and Indifference in his. *Audiebatque referentes nihil de immortalitate*

animæ,

animæ, & Philoſophorum placitis ; ſed levia carmina & faciles verſus. He not only went on in his ordinary Courſe of Life, giving Liberty to ſome of his Slaves, and chaſtiſing others, but gratify'd his Fancy with thoſe things that pleaſed him ; and his Soul, at the Point of ſo grievous a Separation, was more touch'd with the ſweet and eaſie Charms of Verſe, than all the empty Notions of Philoſophers.

Petronius leaves us nothing at his Death, but an Image of Life ; no Action, no Word, no Circumſtance, ſhews the Perplexity of a dying Perſon. 'Tis with him properly, that to die is to ceaſe to live, and the *Vixit* of the *Romans* juſtly belongs to him.

II. I am not of their Opinion, who believe that *Petronius* had a mind to laſh the Vices of his Time, and that he compoſed a Satyr with the ſame Intention that *Horace* wrote his. Unleſs I am deceiv'd, Morality was not oblig'd to him in this Point ; he is rather a nice Courtier, that turns every thing into Ridicule, than a publick Cenſor, who makes it his Buſineſs to expoſe Immorality. And indeed, if *Petronius* had deſign'd to leave us an ingenious Moral in his Deſcription of Pleaſures, he would have endeavour'd to create in us a Diſtaſte for them ; but 'tis there that Vice appears with all the Graces of the Author ; 'tis there he ſhews with the greateſt Care, the Agreeableneſs and Politeneſs of his Wit.

Beſides, if he had intended to inſtruct us in a more refin'd and conceal'd Method than that of Precepts, we ſhould at leaſt ſee ſome Example of Divine or Humane Juſtice, upon his Debauchees. But he is ſo far from doing this, that the only honeſt Man introduc'd by him, the poor *Lycas*, a Merchant of great Integrity, and one that ador'd

the Gods, miſerably periſhes in a Storm, in the midſt of thoſe vitious Perſons, that are preſerv'd. *Encolpius* and *Gito* embrace one another, to die more cloſely united together, and Death durſt not interrupt their Pleaſures. The luſtful *Triphæna* ſaved her ſelf in a Skiff, with all her Trinkets; *Eumolpus* was ſo little concern'd at the Danger, that he had leiſure enough to compoſe an Epigram; *Lycas*, the * pious *Lycas*, calls to his Gods in vain for Relief; and to the Diſgrace of their Providence, the only innocent Man in the Company, is made to ſuffer for all the wicked. If we ſee *Encolpius* ſometimes afflicted, it does not proceed from his Repentance: He kill'd his Hoſt, is a Fugitive, there's no ſort of Crime which he has not committed; but thanks be to the ſtrong Conſtitution of his Conſcience, he lives without Remorſe: His Tears and Lamentations, come from a different Principle; he complains of the Infidelity of *Gito*, who abandon'd him, and he is reduc'd to Deſpair to imagine him in the Arms of ano-

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* *Mr.* Nodot *has criticiz'd upon this Paſſage in his* Notes *upon* Petronius; *but without Reaſon. He thought that Mr.* de St. Evremond *call'd* Lycas *PIOUS, becauſe* Petronius *gives him the Epithet of* Verecundiſſimus: *But he is miſtaken. Mr.* de St. Evremond *charges* Petronius *with proteſting Impiety and Vice, whilſt he oppreſſes Virtue and Piety, and makes it out by the Example of* Lycas, *who being the only Man in the Storm that fear'd the Anger of the Gods, and uſed all Endeavours to appeaſe it, was alſo the only Man of the Company that periſhed miſerably. 'Tis not therefore on account of thoſe Motions of Devo-* *that he calls him the* Pious Lycas; *but by reaſon of his En-*

* *to cauſe the Veil and* Syſtrum, (a Brazen Inſtrument ibrel) *of ISIS, to be reſtor'd, and of his repeated* Encolpius *about it.* Tu inquit, *Encolpi*, ſuccurre ius; id eſt, veſtem illam divinam, Siſtrumque red- Per fidem, miſerere, quemadmodum quidem ſoles, uidem Vociferantem in Mare Ventus excuſſit, repe- nfeſto gurgite Procella circumegit, atque hauſit.

another, who made himſelf merry with his being alone.

Jacent nunc amatores obligati noctibus totis, & forſitan mutuis libidinibus attriti, derident ſolitudinem meam.

All Crimes were ſucceſsful with him, except one alone, which indeed brought upon him a rigorous Puniſhment: But 'tis an Offence, for which neither the Divine, nor Humane Laws have ordain'd any Chaſtiſement. He had, it ſeems, diſappointed the Expectations of *Circe*; and in truth, his Impotence is the only Fault that troubles him. He confeſſes, that he has been a great Offender, but that he never deſerv'd Death, except on this Occaſion. In ſhort, without tracing the Particulars of the whole Story, he relapſes into the ſame Crime, and receives the Puniſhment he deſerv'd for it, with a perfect Reſignation: Then he comes to himſelf, and acknowledges the Anger of the Gods.

Helleſpontiaci ſequitur gravis ira Priapi.

He laments the miſerable Condition, wherein he finds himſelf. *Funerata eſt pars illa corporis, quâ quondam Achilles eram*: And to recover his Vigour, he puts himſelf into the Hands of a Prieſteſs of this God, with a very Religious Intention; and indeed the only one he ſhews in all his Adventures. I might add, that the good *Eumolpus* is follow'd by little Children, when he recites his Verſes: But when he debauches his Scholar, the Mother looks upon him as a Philoſopher; and the Father, tho' he lies in the ſame Chamber, does not awake: So ſeverely is Ridicule puniſh'd by *Petronius*, and Vice happily protected. Judge by this, if Virtue has not need of another Orator, to plead its Cauſe, and be inculcated. I fancy he was of the

Opi-

Opinion of *Boutru*: That a Gentleman, and Strictneſs of Morals, are inconſiſtent. *Si ergo Petronium adimus, adimus virum ingenio vero cultu, Elegantiæ Arbitrum, non Sapientiæ.*

III. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that *Petronius* had a Mind to to expoſe the Debaucheries of *Nero*, and that this Prince was the chief Object of his Raillery: But whether the Perſons he introduces be true, or fictitious; whether he gives us Characters according to his own Fancy, or the true Temper of particular Perſons, 'tis very difficult to know, and at this Diſtance we cannot be poſitively aſſur'd of it. For my part, I am of Opinion, that there is no Character in *Petronius*, but what may ſuit with *Nero*. Under *Trimalcio*, in all probability, he derides his ridiculous Magnificence, and the Extravagance of his Pleaſures: *Eumolpus* repreſents to us the fooliſh Paſſion he had for the Theatre: *Sub nominibus exoletorum, fœminarumque, & novitate cujuſque ſtupri, flagitia Principis præſcripſit*; and by an agreeable Diſpoſition of different, but imaginary Perſons, he expoſes ſeveral Follies of the Emperor, and the uſual Diſorders of his Life.

It may be alledg'd, that *Petronius* is very oppoſite to himſelf, thus to blame Vice, Softneſs, and other Pleaſures; he that was ſo ingenious in the Search of them: *Dum nihil amœnum & molle, affluentia putat, niſi quod ei* Petronius *approbaſſet*. For, to ſpeak truth, altho' the Prince was of his own Nature debauch'd enough, in the Judgment of *Plutarch*, yet the Complaiſance of this Courtier, did not a little contribute to throw him into all ſort of Luxury and Profuſion. In this, as in the greateſt part of thoſe things that are deliver'd by Hiſtory, a Man ought to conſider the difference of *Times*. Before *Nero* gave himſelf up to theſe

ſtrange

animæ, & Philoſophorum placitis; ſed levia carmina & faciles verſus. He not only went on in his ordinary Courſe of Life, giving Liberty to ſome of his Slaves, and chaſtiſing others, but gratify'd his Fancy with thoſe things that pleaſed him; and his Soul, at the Point of ſo grievous a Separation, was more touch'd with the ſweet and eaſie Charms of Verſe, than all the empty Notions of Philoſophers.

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We find in *Tacitus*, a large Account of his Diſgrace, and that in purſuance of *Piſo*'s Conſpiracy, the Friendſhip of *Scevinus* was made the Pretence of his Deſtruction.

IV. *PETRONIUS* is to be admir'd throughout, for the Purity of his Stile, and the Delicacy of his Sentiments; but that which more ſurprizes me, is, his great Eaſineſs in giving us ingeniouſly all ſorts of Characters. *Terence* is, perhaps, the only Author of Antiquity, that enters beſt into the Nature of Perſons. But ſtill this Fault I find in him, that he has too little Variety: His whole Talent being confin'd in making Servants, and old Men; a covetous Father, and a debauch'd Son; a Slave, and an Intriguer, to ſpeak properly, according to their ſeveral Characters; ſo far, and no farther, the Capacity of *Terence* reaches. You muſt not expect from him, either Gallantry or Paſſion, either Thoughts, or the Diſcourſe of a Gentleman. *Petronius*, who had an Univerſal Wit, hits upon the Genius of all Profeſſions, and adapts himſelf, as he pleaſes, to a thouſand different Natures. If he introduces a Declaimer, he aſſumes his Air, and his Stile ſo well, that one would ſay, he had us'd to declaim all his Life. Nothing expreſſes more naturally the Diſorders of a debauch'd Life, than the Quarrels of *Encolpius* and *Aſcyltos*, about *Gito*.

Does not *Quartilla* admirably repreſent to us thoſe proſtitute Women, *Quarum ſic accenſa libido, ut ſæpius peterent viros, quam peterentur?* Does not the Marriage of young *Gito*, and innocent *Panichis*, gives us the Image of a compleat Wantonneſs?

All that a Sot, ridiculouſly magnificent in Banquets, a vain Affecter of Niceneſs, and an Impertinent, are able to do, you have undoubtedly at the Feaſt of *Trimalcio*.

Eumol-

Eumolpus ſhews us *Nero*'s extravagant Folly for the Theatre, and his Vanity in reciting his own Poems; and you may obſerve, as you run over ſo many noble Verſes, of which he makes an ill Uſe, That an excellent Poet, may be a very ill Man. However, as *Encolpius*, tho' he repreſents *Eumolpus* a Maker of fantaſtical Verſes, yet diſcovers ſomething great in his Phiſiognomy; he judiciouſly takes care, all along, not to ruin the Ideas he gave us of him. The Infirmity he has, of making Verſes out of Seaſon, even in *Vicinia mortis*; his Fluentneſs in repeating his Compoſures in all Places, and at all Times, anſwers his ridiculous Beginning: *Et ego, inquit, Poeta ſum, & ut ſpero, non humillimi ſpiritus, ſi modo aliquid coronis credendum eſt, quas etiam ad imperitos gratia deferre ſolet.*

His Knowledge, which was extenſive enough; his extraordinary Actions; his Expedients in unlucky Encounters; his Reſolution to ſupport his Companions in the Veſſel of *Lycas*; his getting about him at *Crotona* that pleaſant Court of People, who were perpetually hunting after Old Men's Eſtates, admirably well agrees with what *Encolpius* had promis'd us of him before: *Senex canum exercitati vultus, & qui videbatur magnum aliquid promittere.*

There is nothing ſo natural as the Character of *Cryſis*, and none of our Confidents come near her. Not to mention her firſt Converſation with *Polienos*; what ſhe tells him of her Miſtreſs, upon the Affront ſhe receiv'd, is of an inimitable Simplicity: *Verum enim fatendum eſt, ex qua hora accepit injuriam, apud ſe non eſt.* Whoever has read *Juvenal*, is ſufficiently acquainted with the *Impotentia Matro-*
s, and the ill Humour they are in, *Si quan-*
aut familiaris infelicius cum ipſis rem habu-
ut no Body beſides *Petronius* could have de-

deſcrib'd *Circe*, ſo beautiful, ſo voluptuous, and ſo polite.

Enothea, the Prieſteſs of *Priapus*, raviſhes me with the Miracles ſhe promiſes; with her Inchantments, her Sacrifices, her Sorrow for the Death of the conſecrated Gooſe; and the manner in which ſhe's pacified, when *Polienos* makes her a Preſent, with which ſhe might purchaſe a Gooſe, and Gods too, if ſhe thought fit.

Philumena, that complaiſant Lady, is no leſs entertaining; who, after ſhe had cullied ſeveral Men out of their Eſtates, in the Flower of her Beauty, now being old, and by conſequence unfit for Pleaſures, endeavour'd to keep up this Noble Trade, by the means of her Children, whom ſhe introduc'd with a Thouſand fine Diſcourſes to old Men, who had no Heirs of their own. In a Word, there is no part of Nature, no Profeſſion, which *Petronius* doth not admirably paint: He is a Poet, an Orator, and a Philoſopher, at his Pleaſure.

As for his Verſes, I find in them an agreeable Force, a natural *Beauty*, *Naturali pulchritudine carmen exſurgit*: Inſomuch that *Douza* cannot any longer bear with the Heat and Impetuoſity of *Lucan*, after he has read the taking of *Troy*, *or the little Eſſay about the* Civil War, *in* Petronius, which he prefers much above the other's *Pharſalia*.

Quam vel trecenta Cordubenſis *illius*
Pharſalicorum Verſuum Volumina.
Jan. Douſa Pat. *Præcidaneorum Petron.*
Lib. II. Cap. 12.

Perhaps I may be deceiv'd; but in my Opinion, *Lucretius* has not treated of Dreams, in ſuch agreeable manner as *Petronius*, in the following

Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra Deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt:
Sed ſibi quiſque facit; nam cum proſtrata ſopore
Urget membra quies, & mens ſine pondere ludit,
Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit; oppida bello
Qui quatit & flammis miſerandas ſævit in urbes,
Tela videt, verſaſque Acies, & Funera Regum,
Atque exundantes perfuſo Sanguine Campos.
Qui Cauſas orare ſolent, Legeſque, Forumque,
Et pavidò cernunt incluſum Corde Tribunal.
Condit Avarus Opes, defoſſumque invenit Aurum;
Venator ſaltus Canibus quatit. Etipit undis,
Aut premit everſam periturus Navita Puppim.
Scribit Amatori Meretrix. Dat Adultera Munus.
Et Canis in Somnis Leporis Veſtigia latrat.
In noctis Spatiò Miſerorum vulnera durant.

Petron. Satyr.

When in a *Dream*, preſented to our View,
Thoſe *airy Forms* appear ſo like the *true*;
Nor Heav'n, nor Hell, the fancy'd *Viſion* ſends,
But ev'ry Breaſt its own *Deluſion* lends:
For when ſoft Sleep the Body folds in Eaſe,
And from the heavy Maſs our Fancy frees,
Whatever 'tis in which we take Delight,
And think of moſt by Day, we dream by Night.
Th'ambitious Brave, who mighty States o'erturn,
Ruin whole Empires, and vaſt Cities burn,
From fancy'd Darts believe a darken'd Sky,
And ſee, in haſte, defeated Squadrons fly:
Here bloody Plains a ghaſtly Proſpect yield,
And Monarchs ſlain nobilitate the Field.
He that by Day litigious Knots unty'd,
And charm'd the drowſy Bench to either ſide;
By Night a Crowd of cringing Clients ſees,
Smiles on the Fools, and kindly takes their Fees.

The

The Miſer views his glitt'ring Heaps of Gold,
And oft the viſionary Sums are told:
Then fancies Thieves diſturb his ſhort Delight;
He views their Masks, and wakens with the Fright.
To Heav'n the Merchant does himſelf addreſs,
Dreaming of Wrecks, religious in Diſtreſs.
Huntſmen with Joy th'imagin'd Chaſe purſue,
Hollow aloud, and ſee the Stag in View.
The Miſtreſs to her abſent Lover writes,
And, as awake, with Flames and Darts indites.
The am'rous Wife dreams of her Lover's Charms,
And hugs her Husband with adult'rous Arms.
Dogs, in full Cry, purſue their fearful Game;
The Wretched, tho' aſleep, ſtill feel their Pain.

And what can one compare to that voluptuous Night, whoſe Image fills the Soul in ſuch a manner, that a Man has need to call his Virtue to his Aſſiſtance, to overcome the lively Impreſſion it makes upon the Mind?

Qualis nox fuit illa, Dii, Deæque!
Quam mollis thorus! Hæſimus calentes,
Et transfudimus hinc & hinc labellis
Errantes animas. Valete curæ.
Mortalis ego ſic perire cœpi.

Who can the Charms of that bleſt Night declare!
How ſoft, ye Gods! our warm Embraces were!
Our wanton Limbs, like curling Ivy twin'd;
By eager Lips our wand'ring Souls were join'd.
Away, all Cares: I'd gladly ceaſe to live,
If Joys, like theſe, I might in Death receive.

Altho' the declamatory Stile ſeems ridiculous in *Petronius*, yet, for all that, he ſhews much Eloquence in his Declamations; and to demonſtrate the moſt Debauch'd are not incapable of

Ma-

Meditation, or Recollection, Morality has nothing more ſerious, or better manag'd than the Reflections of *Encolpius* upon the Inconſtancy of Human Affairs, and the Uncertainty of Death.

Upon every Subject that offers it ſelf, 'tis impoſſible to think more nicely, or to ſpeak with more Purity. In his Narrations, he ſometimes copies after plain unaffected Nature, and contents himſelf with the Graces of Simplicity; ſometimes he gives his Work the finiſhing Strokes, and then nothing is ſo poliſh'd. *Catullus* and *Martial* treat of the ſame Things in a groſs manner; and if any one could find the Secret of wrapping up what's Obſcene, in a Language like his, I dare anſwer for the Ladies, that they would praiſe him for his Diſcretion.

But that which more peculiarly belongs to *Petronius*, is, that excepting *Horace*, in a few Odes, he is, perhaps, the only Perſon of Antiquity, that knew how to ſpeak of Gallantry. *Virgil* is, indeed, moving in his Paſſions; the Amours of *Dido*, and thoſe of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*, have Charms and Tenderneſs; yet there is nothing of Gallantry in them: And poor *Dido*, ſo compaſſionate was her Soul, fell in Love with the pious *Æneas*, at the bare recital of his Misfortunes. *Ovid* is witty, and eaſie: *Tibullus* delicate. But their Miſtreſſes ought to have been bred at a * College, to know what they mean. On all Occaſions they alledge Gods, and Fables, and Examples drawn from the moſt remote Antiquity; they alſo promiſe Sacrifices too, and I fancy

* *Mr.* de St. Evremond *ſays in the* French, *That they ught to have been as learned as Madam* de Scuderi, *who was famous Writer of Romances.*

that Monſieur *Chapelain* † learn'd of them the Method of *burning Hearts in Offerings*. *Lucian*, as ingenious as he is, appears groſs ſo ſoon as he ſpeaks of Love, and his Courtezans talk rather the Language of the Stews, than of the Bed-Chamber.

For my own Part, tho' I am a great Admirer of the Ancients, I can't but do Juſtice to our own Nation, and am perſuaded, that we have a great Advantage over them in this Point. And, indeed, after having examin'd this Matter, I do not know one of thoſe great Genius's, that could have made *Maſſiniſſa* and *Sophonisba*, *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*, ſpeak ſo genteely of Love, as we have heard them in our * Language. Now, as much as others fall ſhort of us in this particular, ſo much doth *Petronius* exceed us. We have no Romance that can boaſt of a Story ſo agreeable as that of the *EPHESIAN* MATRON. Nothing has ſo much of Gallantry as the Letters of *Circe* and *Polienos*; and all their Adventures, whether you reſpect the Management, or the Deſcriptions, have a Character very much above the Politeneſs of our Age. You may judge, whether he

† *Mr.* Chapelain, *in his* PUCELLE d'Orleans, *Book* II. *makes the Count* Dunois, *who was in Love with that Heroin, ſay, among other extravagant Things:*

De ce Feu toutefois que me ſert l'Innocence,
Si tout Sage qu'il eſt il me fait Violence?
Helas! il me devore; & mon Cœur embraſé
Déja par ſa Chaleur eſt de Force épuiſé.
Et ſoit, conſumons nous d'une Flamme ſi belle,
Brulons en Holocauſte au Feu de la Pucelle:
Laiſſons-nous pour ſa gloire en Cendres convertir,
Et tenons à bonheur d'en être le Martyr.

* *See the* SOPHRONISBE and La MORT de POMPÉE *of* Corneille.

he was able to treat a Noble Paſſion with the niceneſs it deſerves; ſince this was an Affair of two Perſons, that were to taſte the utmoſt Pleaſure at their firſt Interview.

THE
EPHESIAN MATRON.

THere was a Lady at *Epheſus*, in ſo high a Reputation for her Chaſtity, that even the Women of the neighbouring Countries came out of Curioſity to ſee her, as a Miracle. This *Prude* having loſt her Husband, was not content, as the Cuſtom then was, to aſſiſt at the Funeral Rites, with her Hair diſhevel'd, and to beat her Breaſt before the People; ſhe reſolv'd to follow the Deceas'd even to his Monument; and having laid him in a Sepulchre, after the *Grecian* Manner, ſhe watch'd the Body, and wept inceſſantly over it; abandoning her ſelf to all the Exceſſes of Grief and Deſpair, and ſo obſtinately determin'd to deſtroy her ſelf by Hunger, that neither her Relations nor Friends were able to conquer this fatal Reſolution. The Magiſtrates of the Place, who met with no better Succeſs, were the laſt that took their leaves of her; and in this manner, our illuſtrious Matron, lamented by all the World as a dead Perſon, had already paſs'd five Days without Eating. A faithful and affectionate Maid, bore this unfortunate Lady Company, mingling her Tears with thoſe of her Miſtreſs, and renewing the Light as often as there was occaſion. Nothing was talked of in the City, but this unprecedented Adventure, and every one agreed,

that this was the firſt Example of Conjugal Love and Chaſtity, which the World had ever beheld.

It happen'd that, at this very time, the Governour of the Province order'd certain Robbers to be affix'd to Croſſes near the diſmal Vault, where this virtuous Lady bewail'd her ſelf over the Body of her dear Husband. The following Night, a Soldier who was appointed Centinel to watch the Croſſes, leſt the Bodies ſhould be ſtolen, perceiving a Light in the Monument, and hearing the ſad Complaints of a Perſon in Affliction, was led, by a Curioſity common to all Men, to ſee what the Matter might be. With theſe Intentions he went down into the Sepulchre, and ſurpriz'd at the ſight of a very beautiful Woman, he continu'd for ſometime frighted, as if he had ſeen ſome Fantom; then earneſtly beholding the dead Body, which lay ſtretch'd out before his Eyes, conſidering the Lady's Tears, her Face diſfigur'd with her Nails, and all the other Marks of ſolemn Woe, he imagin'd, at laſt, what the Matter was: That a poor diſconſolate Woman gave her ſelf up to Sorrow, and could not bear, without Deſpair, the Death of him ſhe had loſt. Upon this, he went back, and brought his ſmall Supper with him to the Monument, and began to exhort her not to perſevere any longer in an unprofitable Sorrow, and inſignificant Complaints; That all Men have one common *Exit*, out of this World, and muſt go to the ſame Place; not omitting any of the Arguments that are uſually employ'd to cure the moſt diſtemper'd Minds. But the Lady being ſtill the more provok'd by [illegible] expected a Conſolation, redoubled [illegible] tions, beat her Breaſt before, and tore off *upon the* miſerable

The Soldier was not at all diſcourag'd by this, but with the ſame Exhortations endeavours to perſuade her to take ſome Nouriſhment, till the Maid, who was undoubtedly conquer'd by the delicious Smell of the Wine, as well as by his Diſcourſe, ſtretch'd out her Hand to the Perſon, who invited them both in ſo obliging a manner; and having recruited her Spirits by what ſhe eat and drank, began her ſelf to combat the Obſtinacy of her Miſtreſs. 'And what will you be 'the better, ſaid ſhe, by thus ſtarving your ſelf; 'burying your ſelf alive; and giving up to 'Fate, a Soul he does not yet demand back 'again?

Think you theſe Tears, this pompous Train of Wo,
Are known, or valu'd by the Ghoſts below?

'What! do you imagine you can bring the Dead 'to Life again, contrary to the Order of Nature? 'For once be adviſed by me; lay aſide this Weak-'neſs, which none but Women are capable of; 'and enjoy the Advantages of Life, while Hea-'ven gives you leave to do it. This very Body 'which you ſee before you, ſufficiently ſhews 'you the Value of Life, and warns you to ma-'nage it better. Few People liſten with regret, when they are preſs'd to eat on the like Occaſions: And we eaſily ſuffer our ſelves to be perſwaded to live. Thus our Matron, famiſhed by ſo long an Abſtinence, ſuffered her Obſtinacy to be overcome, and took her Victuals with the ſame Greedineſs as her Maid, who had yielded before. You know that Temptations generally follow after Meals: Therefore with the very ſame Arms that the Soldier employ'd to combat her Deſpair, did he now attack her Chaſtity; and as this young Fellow appeared neither diſagreeable, nor

nor deſtitute of Wit; the Maid was not wanting on her Part, to do him all the good Offices ſhe could, telling to her Miſtreſs:

Why will you ſtill reſiſt a pleaſing Flame?

In ſhort, not to hold you any longer in ſuſpence, the Virtuous Matron obſerv'd the ſame Abſtinence as to the other part of her Body; and the Soldier compleatly Victorious, ſucceeded in his Attempts upon both. Thus they continued together, not only the firſt Night of their Enjoyment, but the next Day alſo, and the next after that. The Doors of the Monument being ſo carefully ſhut, that whoever had come thither, whether a Friend or Stranger, would, without doubt, have concluded, that the moſt Pious Wife in the Univerſe, had expir'd over the Body of her Husband.

The Soldier perfectly charm'd with the Beauty of his fair Miſtreſs, and the Secrecy of his good Fortune, laid out all the little Stock he had upon Proviſions, and aſſoon as Night came on, he carried them to the Monument. In the mean time, the Relations of one of the Men that were hang'd perceiving that no body look'd after them, carried off the Body in the Night, and buried it. But the poor Soldier, who ſuffer'd this ſcurvy Trick to be play'd him, while he was too buſily purſuing his private Pleaſures, finding on the Morning one of theſe Croſſes without a Body, repair'd immediately to his Miſtreſs, in the greateſt Apprehenſions of Puniſhment; and acquainted her with what had happen'd to him; adding, That as to himſelf he was full [illegible] to wait his Condemnat
Juſtice upon him
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and to put him in the ſame Tomb, fatal both to her Husband and her Lover. At this, our Matron, who had an equal Share of Charity and Diſcretion, *Heaven forbid*, ſaid ſhe, *that I ſhould ever behold at the ſame time, the Funerals of two Perſons who are ſo very dear to me: I will rather chooſe to hang the Deceas'd, than to occaſion the Death of the Living.* According to this fine Speech, ſhe drew her Husband's Corps out of the Coffin, in order to faſten it to the Croſs, from whence the Body was ſtolen. The Soldier immediately put in execution the ſeaſonable Advice of ſo diſcreet a Lady; and next Morning every one wonder'd *how a dead Man ſhould be able to find his way to the Gibbet.*

A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

The Mareſchal D'HOCQUINCOURT, *and Father* CANAYE.

BEing one Day at Dinner with the Mareſchal * *D'Hocquincourt*, Father *Canaye*, who din'd there alſo, inſenſibly led the Diſcourſe to that Submiſſion of Mind, which Religion requires of us; and having related to us many new Miracles, and ſome Modern Revelations, he concluded, that we ought to avoid, like *a Plague*, thoſe *Libertine Wits*, who pretend to examine every thing by Reaſon.

) *at* Peronne, *of which*

'Who do you talk to of *Libertine Wits*, ſaid the 'Mareſchal, and who knew them better than I 'did? *Bardouville* and St. *Ival* were my beſt 'Friends; they engag'd me in the Party of the 'Count †, againſt Cardinal *Richelieu*: Why, I know 'em ſo well that I could write a Book of their 'Sayings. When *Bardouville* was dead, and St. 'Ival had retir'd into *Holland*, I came acquainted 'with *La Frette* and *Sauveboeuf*; theſe were none 'of your *Wits*, but brave, gallant Fellows. *La* 'Frette was as Stout as *Hercules*, and my very good 'Friend; and I think that I ſufficiently ſhew'd 'my ſelf to be his in the Sickneſs that carried 'him off. I ſaw him dying of a ſmall Fever, 'like a Woman; and was enraged to ſee *La* 'Frette, that gallant *La Frette*, who fought *Boute-* 'ville, go out, neither better nor worſe, than a 'Farthing Candle. *Sauveboeuf* and I, were con- 'cern'd to preſerve the Honour of our Friend; 'which made us reſolve to piſtol him, that he 'might die like a Man of Honour. I clapp'd a Pi- 'ſtol to his Head, when a Son of a Whore of a 'Jeſuit puſh'd my Arm aſide, and hinder'd my 'Deſign: This put me in ſo great a Paſſion a- 'gainſt him, that I preſently turn'd *Janſeniſt*.

Take notice, my Lord, ſaid Father *Canaye*, *take notice, how* Satan *is always in wait for us.* Circuit, quærens quem devoret; *You are ſomewhat piqu'd againſt our Order, and he takes that Occaſion to ſurprize, and devour you; nay, worſe than devour you, to make you turn* Janſeniſt: Vigilate, Vigilate; *A Man cannot be too much upon his Guard againſt the common Enemy of Mankind.*

'The Father's in the right, *ſaid the Mareſchal.* 'I have been told that the Devil never ſleeps. We 'ought

† *The Count* de Soiſſons.

'ought to do the like, and be always upon our 'Guard; *For, Sharp is the Word.* But let us leave 'the Devil, and talk of my Likings. I have 'loved War above all Things; Madam *de Mont-* 'bazon next to War; and ſuch as you ſee me, 'Philoſophy after Madam *de Montbazon. You have reaſon to love War,* replied the Father, *for War loves you too; it has crown'd you with Honours. Why, I'd have you to know, that I am alſo a* Warriour. *The King has given me the Direction of the Hoſpital of his Army in* Flanders: *Is not this enough to entitle a Man a Warriour? Who would ever thought that Father* Canaye *ſhould turn Soldier? Yet I am one, my Lord, and do God no leſs Service in the Camp, than I did in the College of* Clermont. *You may therefore love War innocently; to go to the War, is to ſerve one's Prince; and to ſerve one's Prince, is to ſerve God. But as for what concerns Madam de* Montbazon, *if you have Luſted after her, if you have look'd upon her with a Carnal Eye, you muſt permit me to tell you, that your Deſires were Criminal. You did not Luſt after her, my Lord, but only love her with an innocent Friendſhip.*

'How, Father! *ſaid the Mareſchal,* would you 'have me love like a Coxcomb? The Mareſchal 'd'*Hocquincourt* has not learn'd in Ladies Bed- 'Chambers, to do nothing more than to Sigh. 'I *LONG'D* Father, I *LONG'D*, ----- You 'underſtand my Meaning.--- *Long'd!* What *Long-* 'ing? *In Truth, my Lord, you rally with a good Grace. Our Fathers of St.* Louis, *would be ready to croſs themſelves at theſe Longings. But when a Man has been a great while in the Army, he learns to hear every thing. No more, no more, you ſpeak this, my Lord, I ſuppoſe to make your ſelf Merry.*

'There is no Merriment in the Caſe, Father 'Do you know to what Pitch I lov'd her? *Uſque ad Aras, my Lord.* No, *Aras,* Father: Look

'*here, ſaid the Mareſchal, taking a Knife, and graſp-*
'*ing the Haft faſt in his Hand,* Look ye here, if ſhe
'had commanded me to kill you, I would have
'ſheath'd this Blade in your Heart. Father *Ca-*
naye ſurpriz'd at this Diſcourſe, but more frighted at this ſudden Tranſport, had immediate recourſe to his Mental Devotion, and ſecretly pray'd to his Maker, that he would deliver him from the Danger wherein he found himſelf.. But not truſting altogether to Prayer, he inſenſibly got out of the Mareſchal's Reach, by an unperceivable Motion of his Buttocks. The Mareſchal kept ſtill within Arm's-length of him, by the ſame Motion, with the Knife lifted up, ſo that one would have ſworn, that he was going to put the Lady's Order in Execution.

My ill Nature made me take Pleaſure, for a while, in the Fright of our Reverend Spark; but fearing, at length, that the Mareſchal in his Paſſion, might render that Scene melancholy, which was before pleaſant; I put him in mind that Madam *de* * *Montbazon* was dead; and told him, That it was Father *Canaye*'s good Fortune, that he had nothing to fear from a Perſon that was no more. 'God does every thing for the beſt, *replied* '*the Mareſchal:* The faireſt † Woman in the 'World began to be troubleſome to me, when ſhe 'kick'd up her Heels and died. She had always at

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* *The Dutcheſs of* Montbazon, *Daughter to Count de* Vertus, *was then ſtill alive; for ſhe died in the Year* 1657. *Mr.* de St. Evremond *was not ignorant of it, but he thought that this* Anacroniſm *might be eaſily forgiven him, conſidering it was difficult otherwiſe to recover Father* Canaye *from the Fright he was in. 'Tis long ago ſince Mr.* Bayle *made this Obſervation. See his* Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres, *December,* 1686.

† *Thus the Mareſchal d* Hoquincourt *called Madam de* Montbazon.

' at her Tail *one Abbot de* † *Rancé*, who diſcours'd ' with her about *GRACE* before Company, and ' entertain'd her with ſomething elſe in private. ' This made me forſake the *Janſeniſts*: Before that ' I never miſs'd a Sermon of Father *Deſmaretz*, ' and never ſwore but by Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*; ' but I have confeſs'd my ſelf to the *Jeſuits* ever ' ſince: And if my Son has ever any Children, ' I am reſolv'd they ſhall go to the College of ' *Clermont*, or elſe I'll diſinherit them.

Oh, how wonderful are the Ways of God! cried out Father *Canaye*: *How profound is the Myſtery of his Juſtice! A Fopling of a* Janſeniſt *pretends Love to a Lady whom my Lord wiſhed well to*: The Merciful *God makes uſe of Jealouſie to put the Conſcience of my Lord into our Hands*; MIRABILIA JUDICIA TUA DOMINE, *Wonderful are thy Judgments, O Lord!* After the good Father had ended his pious Reflection, I thought I might be allowed to have a Share in the Converſation; ſo I ask'd the Mareſchal, if the Love of Philoſophy did not ſucceed the Paſſion he had for Madam *de Montbazon*?

' A

† Armand John Baptiſt de Rancé, *ſo well known, ſince under the Name of the* Abbot de la Trappe, *was one of the Dutcheſs of* Montbazon's *Lovers; and let his Panegyriſts ſay what they pleaſe, 'tis certain, that the ſudden and unexpected Death of that Lady, was one of the principal Motives of his Converſion and Retirement. Madam* de Montbazon *died of the Small-Pox in a Country Houſe, where the Abbot being come, from* Paris, *upon the firſt News of her Illneſs, and finding no body at the Gate, he went up to the Dutcheſs's Apartment through the Back-Stairs; and the firſt Object that preſented it ſelf to his Sight, was Madam de* Montbazon's *Corps, disfigured in the moſt horrid and ghaſtly manner, and ready to be laid in the Coffin. This made ſo lively an Impreſſion upon him, that he renounced the World, and ſettled in his Abbey of* La Trappe *a very auſtere Reform. He died on the 26th of* October, 1700.

'A Plague on't, I have lov'd Philoſophy but 'too well, *ſaid the Mareſchal*, I have loved it but 'too well; but I have left it at laſt, and will 'trouble my Head no more with it. A Devil of 'a Philoſopher had ſo puzzled my Brain about 'our *Firſt Parents, the Apple, the Serpent, Terreſtrial 'Paradiſe, and the Cherubims*, that I had like to have 'believ'd nothing at all. The Devil take me, if 'I believ'd a Syllable then; but ever ſince I could 'endure to be crucified for my Religion. Not 'that I ſee more Reaſon in it now; but, on the 'contrary, leſs than ever: But, for all that, I 'could ſuffer my ſelf to be crucified, without 'knowing why or wherefore.

So much the better, my Lord, reply'd the Father, twanging it very devoutly through the Noſe, *ſo much the better; Theſe are no Human Motions; they proceed from God.* NO.REASON! *That's the true Religion, this*—— NO REASON! *What an extraordinary Grace, my Lord, has Heaven beſtow'd upon you?* Eſtote ſicut Infantes, *be as Infants. Infants preſerve their Innocency, and why? becauſe they have no Reaſon.* Beati pauperes Spiritu, *Bleſſed are the poor in Spirit: they ſin not; the Reaſon is, becauſe they have no Reaſon:* NO REASON; WITHOUT KNOWING WHY, OR WHEREFORE. *Oh excellent Words! They ought to be written in Letters of Gold:* NOT THAT I SEE MORE REASON IN IT NOW; BUT, ON THE CONTRARY, LESS THAN EVER: *In Truth, this is Divine for them, that have any Taſte of Heavenly Things:* NO REASON! *What an extraordinary Grace, my Lord, has God beſtow'd upon you?*

The Father had carried farther his Holy Hatred againſt Reaſon, if ſome Letters had not come from Court to the Mareſchal, which interrupted ſo pious an Entertainment. The Mareſchal read them

them ſoftly to himſelf; and afterwards he was pleas'd to tell the Company the Contents. 'If 'I affected to be thought a Politician, as o-'thers do, I ſhould retire into my Cloſet, to read 'Diſpatches from the Court; but I always Act 'and Speak with an open Heart. The Cardinal 'ſends me word, That * *Stenay*'s taken; that the 'Court will be here within Eight Days; and 'that the Command of the Army, that made the 'Siege, is given me, in order to go and relieve '*Arras* with *Turenne* and *La Ferté*: I remember 'well that *Turenne* ſuffer'd me to be beaten † by 'the *Prince* of *Condé*, when the Court was at *Gien*; 'Perhaps I may find an Opportunity to be even 'with him. If *Arras* || were reliev'd, and *Turenne* 'beaten, I ſhould be content; I'll do what I can; 'but I ſay no more.

He would have related to us all the Particulars of the Battle, and what reaſon he thought he had to complain of Monſieur *de Turenne*: But we were inform'd, that the Convoy was got already a good way out of Town, which made us take our leaves ſooner than we intended to do.

Father *Canaye* having no Horſe of his own, deſir'd the Mareſchal to lend him one to carry him to the Camp: *And what ſort of a Horſe will you have, Father?* ſays the Mareſchal; *I will make you the ſame Anſwer, my Lord,* replies the Father, *as good Father* Suarez *made to the Duke of* Medina Sidonia *upon the like Occaſion,* Qualem me decet eſſe, Manſuetum, *Such an one as I ought to be, gentle and tractable.* 'Qualem me decet eſſe, Manſuetum! I 'underſtand

* Stenay *was taken the 6th of* Auguſt 1654.

† *At* Bleneau *the 7th of* April 1652.

|| *Theſe Three Mareſchals having forced the Lines in Three Places, beat the* Spaniards, *entred* Arras, *and obliged the Prince of* Condé *to retire.*

'underſtand a little *Latin*, ſaid the Mareſchal, '*Manſuetum* is a fitter Word for Sheep than Horſes: 'Let the Father have my Horſe; I love the 'whole Order, and am his Friend, therefore let 'them give him my beſt Horſe. I went to diſpatch ſome ſmall Buſineſs of my own, but ſtaid not long before I rejoin'd the Convoy.

We paſs'd without Danger; but not without ſome Fatigue for poor Father *Canaye*. I met him upon the March, mounted on one of the beſt Stone-Horſes of Monſieur *d'Hocquincourt*. 'Twas a mettleſome fiery Devil, reſtleſs, and always in Motion; that champ'd his Bit eternally; ſtill went on one ſide, neigh'd every Minute; and what moſt offended the Modeſty of the Father, he very indecently miſtook all the Horſes that came near him for Mares. *What do I ſee, Father?* ſaid I, coming up to him: *What Horſe have they given you? Where is good Father* Suarez's *Nag, that you ask'd ſo earneſtly for?* 'Ah, Sir, *ſays he*, I am e'en ſpent, I 'am bruis'd to Pieces.—— He was going on with his Complaints, when a Hare ſtarted. An Hundred Horſemen immediately hurried away in Confuſion after the Courſe, and we heard preſently more Diſcharges of Piſtols, than at a Skirmiſh. The Father's Horſe being us'd to Fire, under the Mareſchal, ran away with his Rider, and made him penetrate inſtantly beyond their confus'd Ranks. 'Twas a very pleaſant Sight to ſee a *Jeſuit* at the Head of all this Company, in ſpite of himſelf. By good Fortune Puſs was kill'd; and I found the Father in the midſt of Thirty Horſemen, who all gave him the Honour of a Chaſe, which might deſerve the Name of a Rencounter. The Father receiv'd their Commendations with a ſeeming Modeſty; but in his Mind he deſpis'd very much the *Manſuetum* of good Father *Suarez*, and hugg'd himſelf with the Wonders

he

he thought he had [illegible]
bary-Horse. [illegible] ON
remembred [illegible]
Vanitatum, & [illegible]
cool, he felt [illegible]
insensible; [illegible]
he wish'd [illegible] *and*
lege he had [illegible] D.
signified [illegible]
he was [illegible]
once [illegible] *Aubigny*
a-foot [illegible] *Canaye;*
I [illegible] ld meet
him [illegible] ou have
by [illegible] Trou-
wish'd [illegible] ubt but
[illegible] as the
[illegible]
[illegible], that
[illegible] pro-
[illegible] *Sophi-*
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[illegible]; and some-
[illegible] in the second,
[illegible] ' a great

[illegible] *ncle to the late Duke*
[illegible] France *when he was*
[illegible] *the College of* Port-
[illegible] *he was made a Canon*
[illegible] *fterwards into* England,
[illegible] *and that Prince ha-*
[illegible] ngal, *my Lord* d'Aubigny
[illegible] *See Mr.* de St. Evre-

'a great deal of Obſtinacy and Self-conceit: 'Thoſe that are leaſt uſeful, fortify the Party by 'their Numbers; and the moſt conſiderable raiſe 'its Credit by their Quality. As for the Politi- 'cians, they employ every one according to his 'Talent; and govern the whole Machine by 'Springs unknown to thoſe very Perſons who are 'acted by them.

'Thoſe who preach, or write upon GRACE, 'and treat that celebrated and ſo-long-debated 'Queſtion; Thoſe who place the Council above 'the Pope, oppoſe his Infallibility, and thwart 'the great Pretenſions of the Court of *Rome*, are 'perſuaded of what they ſay: Though capable 'to change their Opinion, if the *Jeſuits* ſhould 'one Day think fit to alter theirs. Our Directors 'do not much regard the Doctrine: For their 'principal Aim is to ſet up one Society againſt 'the other; to ſecure for them a *Party* in the '*Church*; and out of a Party in the Church, a '*Cabal* at Court. They introduce a Reformation 'into a Monaſtery, without reforming them- 'ſelves; They extol Penance, without practiſing 'it; They cauſe ſome Perſons, who endeavour 'to diſtinguiſh themſelves by being Singular, to 'diet on Herbs, whilſt they live as well as thoſe 'that have the moſt delicate Palates. Nevertheleſs, 'our Directors, ſuch as I repreſent them, do *Jan-* '*ſeniſm* more Service by rheir Directions, than our 'beſt Writers by their fine Books.

'Our Preſervation is owing to a wiſe and pru- 'dent Management: And, if I miſtake not, 'ſhould ever Mr. *de Believre*, Mr. *Légue*, and Mr. '*du Gué-Bagnols*, fail us, there will happen a 'great Change in *Janſeniſm*. The Reaſon of it 'is, becauſe our Opinions will have much ado 'to ſubſiſt by themſelves: For they put an 'nal Conſtraint upon Nature; take off f

'ligion what's comfortable in it; and put in its 'Place, Fear, Pain, and Deſpair. The *Janſe-* 'niſts endeavouring to make all Men *Saints*, do 'not find Ten in a whole Kingdom to make 'ſuch *Chriſtians* as they would have them. Chri- 'ſtianity is Divine: But they are Men that em- 'brace it; and therefore we muſt, by all means, 'calculate every Thing for Human Capacities. 'Too auſtere a Philoſophy, makes few wiſe Men; 'Too rigorous Politicks, few good Subjects; Too 'hard a Religion, few religious Perſons, whoſe 'Devotion is of long continuance. Nothing can 'be laſting, which does not ſuit with Nature. 'GRACE, of which we talk ſo much, ſuits it 'ſelf with it: For God makes uſe of the Doci- 'lity of our Minds, and of the Tenderneſs of our 'Hearts, to make himſelf beſov'd. 'Tis certain, 'that too rigid Divines raiſe a greater Averſion 'againſt themſelves, than againſt Sins. The Pe- 'nance they preach up, makes People prefer the 'Eaſineſs of continuing in Vice, before the Diffi- 'culties that attend the getting out of it.

'The other Extream appears to me equally 'vicious. If I hate moroſe People, who make 'a Sin of every Thing, I hate no leſs thoſe eaſie 'and complaiſant Teachers, who make a Sin of 'nothing; who countenance the Depravation of 'Nature; and become ſecret Favourers of Im- 'morality. The *Goſpel*, in their Hands, is more 'indulgent than *Morals*; And *Religion*, when ma- 'nag'd by them, does not ſo ſtrongly oppoſe 'Vice, as *Reaſon* does. I love learned honeſt 'Men, who make a ſound Judgment of our 'Actions; who ſeriouſly exhort us to the good; 'and, as far as in them lies, diſſuade us from 'the bad. I would have them know the true 'Difference of Things, by a juſt and nice Diſ- 'cernment; I would have them diſtinguiſh a

'Paſſion, from the Effect of it; a Deſign, from 'the Execution; Vice, from Crime; Pleaſures, 'from Vice: I would have them excuſe our 'Frailties, and condemn our Diſorders; I would 'not have them confound light, ſimple, and na-'tural Appetites, with wicked and perverſe In-'clinations: In a Word, I am for *Chriſtian Morals*, 'neither *ſevere*, nor *remiſs*.

The IRISH || *PROPHET.*

A NOVEL.

AT the time that Monſieur *de Comminges* was Ambaſſador from the Moſt Chriſtian King, to the King of *Great-Britain*, there came to *London* an *Iriſh* PROPHET, who paſs'd for a great Performer of Miracles; according to the Opinion of the Credulous, and, perhaps, his own Perſuation.

Some Perſons of Quality having deſir'd Monſieur *de Comminges* to ſend for him to his Houſe, that they might ſee ſome of his Prodigies, he was very willing to grant them that Satisfaction, as well to gratify his own natural Curioſity, as out of Complaiſance to them: And ſo he ſent for this pretended Prophet.

Upon

|| *See the Account that has been given of him in Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Life*, p. 47, 48. *to which I ſhall only add, That* Henry Stubbe, *a Doctor in Phyſick, has written a Book of the Cheats perform'd by this pretended* Iriſh *Prophet, whoſe Name was* Valentine Greatrak's.

Upon the Noiſe, which this News made in all Parts of the Town, the Ambaſſador's Houſe was ſoon fill'd with ſick People, who came with a full Aſſurance of being cur'd.

The *Iriſh* Man made the Company wait for him ſome time; and after an impatient Expectation, the Sick and the Curious ſaw him arrive with a grave, but plain Countenance, which carried in it not the leaſt Mark of an Impoſtor.

Monſieur *de Comminges* prepar'd himſelf to examine him to the Bottom, hoping he might enlarge himſelf with Pleaſure, on all he had read in *Van Helmont* and *Bodin*; but, to his great Concern, he was not able to effect it; for the Crowd was ſo great, and the Infirm preſs'd on ſo eagerly to be cur'd firſt, that they had much ado, with Threats, and even Force, to regulate their Ranks.

The *Iriſh* Prophet aſcrib'd all Indiſpoſitions to Spirits; and all *Infirmities*, according to him, were *Poſſeſſions*.

The Firſt Man that was preſented to him, was one troubled with the *Gout* and *Rheumatiſm*, which he had, in vain, endeavour'd to get cur'd of. This our *Wonder-Maker* obſerving, *I have ſeen, long ago*, ſaid he, *this ſort of Spirits in* Ireland. *Theſe are* Watry-Spirits, *that bring Coldneſs, and occaſion an over-flowing of Humours in theſe poor Bodies. THOU EVIL SPIRIT, WHO HAST LEFT THE HABITATION OF THE WATERS, TO COME AND AFFLICT THIS MISERABLE BODY, I COMMAND THEE TO QUIT THY NEW ABODE, AND TO RETURN TO THY ANCIENT DWELLING.* Having ſaid this, the ſick Man retir'd; and another came in his room, who complain'd he was tormented with melancholy Vapours.

He was, indeed, one of thoſe we commonly call *Hypocondriacks* and *Fancy-ſick*, altho' they are but too much ſo in effect. *AIRY SPIRIT*, ſaid the, *IRISH Man, RETURN INTO THE AIR, TO EXERCISE THY POWER IN RAISING STORMS; AND STIR UP NO MORE HURRICANES IN THIS SAD AND MISERABLE BODY.*

This Sick-Perſon made way for another, who, according to the Opinion of our Prophet, was a *PUNY HOBGOBLIN*, unable to reſiſt one Moment the Force of his Spell. He fancy'd he had found him out by certain Marks, which did not appear to us; and ſmiling on the Aſſembly, *This ſort of Spirits*, ſaid he, *are ſeldom troubleſom, and generally diverting.*

In ſhort, he knew every Thing that related to Spirits. He was acquainted with their Numbers, their Ranks, their Names, their Imployments and Functions: nay, he boaſted that he underſtood the Intrigues of Demons, much better than the Affairs of Men.

You cannot imagine what a Reputation he gain'd in a very little time. Both *Catholicks* and *Proteſtants* came to him from all Parts; and you would have ſaid, that the Power of Heaven was lodg'd in the Hands of this Man, when an unexpected Adventure, deſtroy'd the wonderful Opinion which the Publick had entertain'd of him.

A Country Gentleman and his Lady, who had for ſome time, came to ſeek Relief *working* Virtue, againſt certain Spi- which, they ſaid, diſturbed their n, and the Peace of their Family. nan was about 45 Years old, and erſon of Eſtate and Quality. Me- the Lady yet before my Eyes. She

was

was about 35 Years old, and was Perſonable enough; but one might eaſily read in her Face, that ſhe had been much Handſomer formerly. I nam'd the Husband firſt, for the Dignity of his Rank; yet the Wife would ſpeak firſt, whether it was becauſe ſhe believ'd her ſelf to be moſt tormented by her Spirit, or that ſhe was only prompted by the talkative Appetite, which is ſo Natural to her Sex.

My Husband, ſaid ſhe, *is one of the beſt Men in the World: I give him a thouſand Diſquiets, and he gives me no fewer in his Turn. I would fain live comfortably with him, and ſhould not fail of my Deſires, if a ſtrange Spirit, with which I feel my ſelf poſſeſſed at certain times, did not make me ſo haughty and ill-humour'd, that there's no enduring of me. After theſe Agitations are over, I return to my natural good Humour; and then omit no fond Endearments to endeavour to pleaſe my Husband: But his* Demon *poſſeſſes him, when mine forſakes me; and this very Husband of mine, who bears my Tranſports ſo patiently, is a down-right Fury to me, when I am Calm.* Here ſtopt our Lady, who, in all appearance, ſtated her Caſe truly; and the Husband, who ſeem'd to be no leſs ſincere than his Wife, began his Diſcourſe, as follows;

What-ever Reaſon I have to complain of my Wife's Devil, I am, however, oblig'd to him, that he has not taught her to Lye; for I muſt own, that ſhe has ſaid nothing but what is litterally True. All the time that ſhe appears to me to be in theſe Agitations, I am compos'd; but as ſoon as her Spirit leaves her in Peace, mine Torments me in its Turn; And as it inſpires me with new Courage, and new Forces, I make her then know the Dependance of a Wife, and the Superiority of a Husband. Thus our Lives are ſpent in perpetual War, either Offenſive or Defenſive; which makes our Condition as miſerable as can be imagin'd. Thus Doctor

have I acquainted you with our Torments, and if you have a Remedy for them, I deſire you to be our Deliverer. The Cure of a Diſtemper ſo ſtrange as this of ours, will bring you no ſmall Reputation.

Theſe are neither Hobgoblins, *nor* Fairies, ſaid the *Iriſh* Man; *They are Spirits of the Firſt Order, and belong to* Lucifer's *Legion: Proud Demons; Great Enemies to Obedience; and very hard to expel. You will not take it amiſs, Gentlemen,* purſu'd he, turning to the Aſſembly, *if I examine my Books a little; for I have occaſion for Words out of the common Road.* Upon this he withdrew into a Cloſet, in order to turn over his Books and Papers; and after he had rejected a Hundred Forms, as too weak to Combat ſuch powerful Enemies, he pitch'd, at laſt, upon one that was able, as he thought, to Confound and Expel all the Devils in Hell.

The firſt Effect of the Conjuration was upon himſelf; for his Eyes began to rowl in his Head, with ſo many Grimaces and Convulſions, that he might very well paſs for a Man poſſeſs'd, to thoſe who came for a Remedy againſt Poſſeſſion.

After he had ſtar'd and look'd about him, he fix'd his Eyes, at length, upon this Virtuous Couple; and ſtriking both of them with a Wand, which could not be without Virtue: *BE GONE, YE SPIRITS OF DISSENTION,* ſays he, *BE GONE, AND EXERCISE DISCORD IN HELL, AND BY YOUR DEPARTURE LET THAT HAPPY UNION BE RE-ESTABLISH'D, WHICH YOU HAVE SO IMPIOUSLY BROKEN.* Then he approach'd ſoftly to the Ears of the pretended Poſſeſs'd, and raiſing the Tone of his Voice, *I HEAR YOU MURMUR, DEVILS, AT THE OBEDIENCE WHICH YE ARE FORC'D TO PAY E: BUT WERE YE TO BURST WITH DNESS, YE MUST BE GONE. DE-*

PART,

PART, DEPART. And you, my Friends, go and merrily enjoy that Repoſe, which ye have been depriv'd of ſo long. Enough for this time, Gentlemen; I proteſt to you, that I am all over in a Sweat with the Fatigue, which the Oppoſition of theſe obſtinate Devils has given me. I believe I have had to deal with Two Thouſand Spirits in my time, who, all together, have not given me ſo much Pain and Trouble as theſe.

The Devils being thus diſpatch'd away, the *Iriſh* Man retir'd; all the Company went out of the Houſe; and our married Couple return'd to their Lodgings, with a Satisfaction more miraculous than the Prodigy, which had been wrought in their Favour.

When they came Home, every Thing appear'd agreeable to them, upon this new Alteration of Mind, which created a new Diſpoſition in their Senſes. They found a ſmiling Air in every Thing; they look'd upon themſelves with Pleaſure; and were not wanting in ſweet and tender Words to expreſs their Love. But, vain Delights, How little Dependance there is upon your Duration! And how prepoſterouſly do Perſons, that are born to Misfortunes, rejoice when they obtain one ſhort moment of Happineſs!

Such was the Tranquillity of our married Couple, when a Lady of their Acquaintance came, to wiſh them Joy for their Cure.

They anſwer'd this Civility in a very obliging manner, and the uſual Compliments, on this Occaſion, being made and return'd, the Husband began a very pertinent Converſation upon the Happy Condition they were now in, after ſo many Miſeries they had endur'd. His Wife, either to cauſe a greater Admiration of this Miracle, or elſe to pleaſe her own malicious Humour, enlarg'd her ſelf with Satisfaction upon the Tricks which her Devil had ſuggeſted to her, to

torment

torment her Husband. Upon which, the Husband jealous of the Honour of his Devil, or, at leaſt, of his own Authority, gave her to underſtand, *That ſhe talk'd too feelingly of Things paſt, the Remembrance whereof was ſo irkſome to him.* He added, *That conſidering all was now well, ſhe ought to think of nothing elſe, but that Obedience which a Wife owes to her Husband; as he would only be ſollicitous, on his ſide, how to make a lawful Uſe of his Priviledges, in order to make their Condition as happy for the future, as it had been unfortunate for the Time paſt.*

The Wife highly offended at the Word OBEDIENCE, and yet more at the ſevere Injunction *to hold her Tongue*, brought all the Arguments ſhe could think of, to maintain an Equality in Marriage, ſaying, *That the Devils were not at ſuch a diſtance, but they might be recall'd, in caſe this Equality was infring'd.*

The Lady above-mention'd, who was as Diſcreet and Judicious as any of her Sex, wiſely repreſented to her the *Duty* of Wives, and at the ſame time preach'd up the Conduct and good Management, that Husbands are oblig'd to uſe. But her Reaſons, inſtead of pacifying, did but more Incenſe her, ſo that ſhe became more inſupportable than before. *You are in the Right, dear Wife,* reply'd the Husband, *The Devils were not gone ſo far, but they were eaſily recall'd; or rather, you were ſo endearing to yours, that he reſolves to continue with u, notwithſtanding the poſitive Command that was d upon him to leave you. I am too weak to cope ne with you and him; which obliges me to retire, poſ'd, as I am, to ſuch an unequal Combat. And I, likewiſe, retire,* ſays ſhe, *with this Spirit, that will not abandon me. He muſt be a very ill-humour'd ſort of a Devil, indeed, if he is not more ſociable than ſo ubleſom, and ſo croſs a Husband.* Then, turning ards her Friend; *Before I go,* ſaid ſhe to her,

I am

I am glad I have an occaſion, Madam, to tell you freely, that I expected quite another Treatment from your Friendſhip; and that you have forgot the Intereſt, which obliges you to take a Wife's part, againſt the ill uſage of her Husband. 'Tis a very ſtrange Thing, that I ſhould be run down by one, that ought to have eſpous'd my Quarrel. Adieu, Madam, Adieu; your Viſits do me a great deal of Honour; but one may very well be without them, if this be all the Good they do.

Our good, but over-diſcreet Lady, was extreamly ſurpriz'd at this Compliment; being now convinc'd, by her own Experience, that even Wiſdom may over-ſhoot it ſelf, and that, for the moſt part, we make an ill uſe of our Reaſon, with thoſe who have none.

You may imagine ſhe did not ſtay long alone, in a Houſe where nothing was talk'd of but Devils; and nothing done, but what was Extravagant to the higheſt Degree.

The Husband paſs'd the reſt of the Day, and all the Night, in his Chamber, aſham'd of the ſhort-liv'd Joy he had receiv'd; vex'd at the preſent State of Affairs; and reflecting, with great Anxiety of Mind, upon what he might expect for the future.

As the Agitation of the Wife had been much more violent, ſo was it of much ſhorter Duration; and returning ſoon to her ſelf, ſhe made melancholy Reflections upon the loſs of thoſe Pleaſures, of which ſhe ſaw her ſelf depriv'd.

A certain reſtleſs Spirit, that ſhall be nameleſs, ſuffer'd few Moments to paſs without expoſtulating with the Spirit of Diſcord, why it ſhould Sacrifice its Intereſt and Pleaſure, thus to no purpoſe. This Spirit, which particularly ſways thoſe of the Fair Sex, but chiefly a-Nights, when they cannot Sleep, had its deſir'd Effect upon our Lady, ſo that reſigning her ſelf up purely to the Con-

duct

dust of Nature, ſhe awak'd her Husband, as ſoon as 'twas Day, deſigning to aſcribe all paſt Diſorders to a ſtrange Power, which is neither Natural nor Human. *I am ſatisfied*, ſaid ſhe, *in the lucid Interval I enjoy at preſent, that our Spirits did not immediately leave us, when our* Iriſh *Doctor commanded them to be gone: And if you'll take my Advice, my Dear, but two unhappy Husband, we will go again and beg of him a ſtronger and more effectual Conjuration.*

The poor Husband, oppreſs'd with Grief as he was, would not have repell'd an Injury; judge then if he was not very glad to find ſo unexpected a Calm; and tenderly affected with this amorous Return in his Spouſe; *Let us bemoan, my dear*, ſays he to her, *Let us bemoan our common Misfortunes, and go a ſecond time to ſeek a Remedy, which at firſt We could not obtain.*

The Wife was agreeably ſurpriz'd at this Diſcourſe; for, inſtead of a troubleſom *Demon*, whoſe Inſults ſhe expected, ſhe happily found a tender and compaſſionate Husband, who gave her Comfort for that very Uneaſineſs ſhe had given him; and of which he himſelf had bore the greateſt Share.

They ſpent an Hour or Two to poſſeſs one another with a mutual Confidence, and placing all their Hopes in the mighty Skill of the Pro-[illegible], they return'd to the Houſe of Monſieur *de* [illegible], in order to procure a more powerful Relief, than that which they had try'd before.

Scarce had they enter'd the Chappel, but the *Iriſh*-Man perceiv'd them, and calling them ſo loud, that he might be heard by all the Company; Come, ſays he to them, *come, declare the Miracle which has been effected in you; and make your Acknowledgments to that almighty Power, which has deliver'd you from the wretched Slavery under which ye groan'd.*

The

The Wife, without any Conſultation, immediately reply'd, That as for the Teſtimony he demanded of them, they were ready to give it to the Obſtinacy of the Devils, but not to his Skill: *For, in truth, Venerable Father,* added ſhe, *Since your fine Operation, they have tormented us, as it were, out of ſpite, more violently than ever.*

You are Incredulous, cried out our good *Iriſh*-Man in a wonderful Paſſion, *or at leaſt Ungrateful, who maliciouſly deny thoſe Benefits ye have received. Come hither, let me Convict you of Incredulity or Malice.*

When they came near him, he nicely examin'd all the Lines of their Faces: He particularly obſerv'd their Looks; and, as if he had diſcover'd in their Eye-Balls ſome Impreſſion of theſe Spirits; *You are in the right,* ſays he, all amaz'd, *you are in the right; they are not yet diſlodg'd. They are too deeply rooted in your Bodies, to ſurrender at the Firſt Summons, but they muſt hold faſt indeed, if the Words I am now going to pronounce, don't Eject them.*

LEAVE, YOU ACCURSED RACE, AN HABITATION OF REPOSE TOO GOOD FOR YOU, AND GO AND RAVE FOR EVER IN PLACES, WHERE DWELL HORROR, MADNESS, AND DESPAIR.

'Tis done, my Friends, you are moſt certainly deliver'd: But return no more, I intreat ye. I owe my Time to all the World, and you have had as much of it as comes to your Share.

Now our Patients ſuppos'd themſelves at the End of all their Misfortunes: This Day ſeem'd as Happy to them as the Firſt of their Marriage, and the Night was expected with the ſame Impatience, as that of their Nuptials had been formerly. This Night, ſo much deſir'd, came; but,

but, alas! How ill did it anſwer their Expectations!

Too much Love cauſes the Shame of Lovers; and I leave the Reader to imagine the Confuſion of an Adventure,

Where Exceſs of Deſire,
Does extinguiſh the Fire.

'Twas Happy for the Husband, that his Wife accus'd the Devils that were Innocent; For, ſhe was now ſatisfied, That our famous Prophet was a wretched *Hibernian*; who, for all his Pretences, had not Skill enough to conjure down an *Ignis Fatuus*.

Sometimes ſhe imputed to her ſelf this Non-performance of her Husband, after the Example of the *Spaniſh* Women, who attribute to themſelves, on theſe Occaſions, the Failings of their Lovers; as being perſuaded, that the Force of their Charms ought neither to ſubmit to the Infirmity of Nature, nor to the Power of Witchcraft. Thus the Wife, who accus'd her Husband in every Thing elſe, where he was moſt Innocent, juſtifies him where he was moſt Deficient, in paying the Conjugal Tribute; and rather choſe to impute a want of Love in him, to a want of Charms in her ſelf, than to a real Defect, which would prove eternally deſtructive of her Pleaſures.

But as a Lady doth not willingly entertain a Thought injurious to the Intereſt of her Beauty, ſhe immediately recall'd to her Mind, the Malice of the Devils, and turn'd her Confuſion into Anger againſt the *Iriſh*-Man, who had not Skill enough to expel them.

We have, ſaid ſhe angrily, and as if ſhe had been inſpired, *we have too long been made Fools by this*

this ſorry Bogg-Trotter; *but now I find that 'tis Non-ſenſe to expect our Deliverance from him. However, it is not enough that we are undeceiv'd; Juſtice obliges us to undeceive others as well as our ſelves, and to make known to the World, either his Roguery, or Folly.*

My Dear, reply'd the Husband, *'Tis undoubtedly true, that the Misfortune of this Night is purely owing to our Devils. The* Iriſh-*Man thought to banter them, but they reſolv'd to ridicule him and us in their Turn. You know me, and I know my ſelf; ſuch a ſtrange Impotence could not naturally happen, I ſay, it could not naturally happen; and therefore ſee what we got by theſe Conjurations. But, my Dear,* continu'd he, *when you take the Impoſtor to Task, don't mention the Particulars; and let nothing ſlip, which may tend to our Shame. All Family Secrets ought to be conceal'd; but this in a more particular manner.*

The Wife had like to take Pet, to ſee her ſelf ſuſpected of ſuch an Indiſcretion: But not to embroil Things a new, that were tending to a good Accommodation, ſhe promis'd ſo to manage her ſelf, that none but the *Iriſh*-Man ſhould find fault with her Proceeding.

We uſually ſeek the Night to conceal our Shame, but the Day here appear'd to diſpel it; and theſe unhappy Perſons, who were not yet well recover'd of their Misfortune, turn'd their Thoughts with the Sun, who enlivens all Things, towards the Hopes that their Affairs would change for the better.

They roſe out of their Bed with more Tranquillity, than they had found there; and after a ſmall Breakfaſt, and a little Converſation, to fortifie their Bodies, and reconcile their Minds, they went in Peace and good Union towards the Houſe, whither they had gone twice with Confidence, and from whence they had twice return'd with-

without any Relief. They were there inform'd, That the *Iriſh*-Man was gone to St. *James's*, to perform ſome Wonders there, at the Deſire of my Lord *d'Aubigny*, ſo well known to all the World, for one of the moſt agreeable Men that ever liv'd. Behold then ſome of the Prodigies which I obſerv'd at St. *James's*, with leſs Credulity than the Multitude, and with leſs Prejudice than my Lord *d'Aubigny*.

Already did the Blind ſuppoſe they ſaw that Light, they did not ſee; already did the Deaf imagine they heard, and heard not; the Lame already thought they were grown well; and the Impotent re-aſſum'd, in Imagination, the firſt Uſe of all their Limbs. A ſtrong *Idea* of Health had made the Sick forget their Diſtempers; and Imagination, which was no leſs Active in the Curious, than in the Sick, gave the Firſt a falſe Proſpect, through their Deſire of Seeing, as it gave a falſe Cure to the Second, through their Deſire of being cur'd.

Such was the Power of the *Iriſh*-Man upon our Minds: Such was the Force of our Minds upon our Senſes. Thus nothing was talk'd of but Prodigies; and theſe Prodigies came from ſo great an Authority, that the aſtoniſh'd Multitude receiv'd them with Submiſſion, whilſt ſome more knowing Perſons durſt not reject them by their Knowledge. A timorous and ſlaviſh Knowledge ever paid a Reſpect to an imperious and authoriz'd Error: The Soul was weak, when the Underſtanding was ſound; and thoſe who ſaw beſt into theſe imaginary Cures, durſt not ſpeak their real ſentiments among a prejudic'd and deluded Herd of Believers.

Such was the Triumph of the *Iriſh*-Man, when the married Couple couragiouſly broke through the Crowd, to come and inſult him in all his Majeſty.

Majeſty. *Art not thou aſham'd*, ſaid the Wife to him, *to abuſe the ſimple and credulous People as thou doſt, by pretending to a Power, which thou never hadſt? Thou haſt enjoyn'd our Devils to leave us in Quiet, and they have but tormented us the more for it. Thou haſt commanded them to be gone, yet they ſtill obſtinately reſolve to ſtay, in ſpite of thy Orders; and equally deride our fooliſh Credulity, and thy ineffectual Impotence.*

The Husband continu'd the ſame Reproaches, with the ſame Contempt, even ſo far as not to allow him the Name of IMPOSTOR, becauſe, ſaid he, there was need of *Wit* for an *Impoſture*, and this miſerable Wretch wanted even that.

Our Prophet loſt his Speech with the loſs of the Authority that made him Venerable; and this formidable Power, eſtabliſh'd on a ſuperſtitious Subjection of the Mind, came to nothing, ſo ſoon as there appear'd Perſons bold enough to diſown it. Thus ſurpriz'd, nonpluſt and confounded, our *Iriſt*-Man withdrew, and went out at the Back-Door. However, he was leſs mortified than the Aſſembly; there being nothing that a Man receives with ſo much Satisfaction, as the Opinion of a Miracle, nor leaves with more Difficulty and Concern. As for my Lord *d'Aubigny*, he ſoon reckon'd this Prophet in the ſame Claſs with a Hundred others, whom he had try'd.

All the Company retir'd, aſham'd of their Eaſineſs to be abus'd, and yet vex'd at the Loſs of their Error. Our married Couple, glorious and triumphant, enjoy'd the Pleaſures of Victory, without any further Thoughts of the Devils; and my Lord *d'Aubigny*, who eaſily paſs'd from one Opinion to another, quitted his former Belief of our Miracle-monger, to give himſelf the pleaſure of Laughing with me, at what had happen'd. He did not ſtop here; for his Curioſity led him

to a more particular Acquaintance with the Lady, who told him all the Paſſages of their imaginary Poſſeſſion.

A LETTER

To the Mareſchal DE GRAMMONT.

YOU expoſtulate with me, for not acquainting my Friends with my preſent Condition; to which I anſwer, That a Man muſt firſt know who they are, before he can write to them. When the World frowns upon us, we ſhall find our ſelves exceedingly miſtaken, if we lay any great Streſs upon an old *Acquaintance*, which we fondly call by the Name of *Friendſhip*. We frequently endeavour to make our ſelves *remembred* by certain Perſons, who are deſirous *to forget* us, and in whom we rather create a *Diſguſt*, than an Inclination to do us any good Offices. In effect, thoſe that are really willing to ſerve us in our Diſgraces, are impatient to ſhow us the Deſire they have to do it; and their Generoſity ſpares a Man of Honour the ſecret Pain which he always finds in explaining his Neceſſities.

As for thoſe who expect to be courted, we may take it for granted, [illegible] look upon our moſt reaſonable Requeſts [illegible] troubleſome Importunities. To apply my own particular [illegible] that I ſuppoſe I have that intereſt themſ[illegible] would be to nr

Letters, who have not yet thought fit to let me have any from them.

Among thoſe Friends, whom I have really found to be ſo in my ill Fortune, ſome I obſerv'd were full of Warmth and Tenderneſs; others did not want Friendſhip, but had a lively Senſe of their Incapacity of ſerving me; and as they were little concern'd to find themſelves without Credit upon this Occaſion, they fairly left me to bear all my Misfortnnes by my ſelf. However, I am oblig'd to them for the good Opinion they have of my Patience; 'tis a Virtue to which we reconcile our ſelves as well as we can; but would willingly leave the practiſe of it to our Enemies. In the mean time, we ought to be content with the Services that are done us, without complaining of thoſe that are left unperform'd; and diveſt our ſelves, as much as poſſible, of the ſuggeſtions of *Self-love*, which make us think People more obliged to ſerve us than really they are. Ill Fortune is not content with bringing us into calamitous Circumſtances, but makes us more tender, and more apt to receive the Impreſſions of every Thing that offends us; and Nature, which ought to reſiſt her, as it were in Confederacy with her, gives us a more exquiſite Senſe of our Misfortunes.

In my preſent Condition, 'tis my greateſt Care to fortifie my ſelf againſt ſuch Impreſſions. Although I ſhew Concern enough, I have, indeed, brought my ſelf to a kind of Inſenſibility; And my Soul, which beholds the moſt doleful Accidents with indifference, is affected with nothing but the good Offices, and conſtant Kindneſs of ſome of my Friends. For theſe Four Years, ſince I have been out of the Kingdom, I have, from Six Months to Six Months, undergone new Hardſhips, which I alleviate as much as I can, by bearing them patiently. I don't love to make

an unprofitable Resistance, which instead of preserving us from Misery, does only retard that Familiarity which, sooner or later, we must contract with it.

Besides, Those in whose Power it is to do all they please, are not so severe upon us, as otherwise they might be, when they see us patiently submit to their Orders. Opposition does but inflame their Anger, without lessening their Power. This Submission to my real Superiours disposes me insensibly to bear with those who are not so; I hear my self censur'd, frequently without Reason, and after a slight Justification, because I would not incense the World by too full a Vindication of my self, I patiently expect that People will at last undeceive themselves; and in truth, while our Disgrace is recent, 'tis much better to wait for a favourable time, than trouble the World with our Apology. Some think it a trouble to make it, and others to hear it; but upon any Change either of Interest or Humour a Man is sometimes extolled to the Skies for that very thing, which occasion'd his Misfortune. There are few Persons at Court whose Reputation I have not observ'd to vary twice a Year, either through the Levity of their Judgments, or the Diversity of their Conduct; I am so vain as to hope that the same thing may befal me; but rather by the Reflections of others, than any Alteration in my self. One Day, or o[illegible]rhaps, I shall be accounted a good *Frenchma*[illegible] ve-ry same Writing which has drawn [illegible]pon me; and if the *Cardinal* were still [illegible]uld have the Satisfaction to know that [illegible]me in his Conscience: F[illegible] not ble of him, which [illegible]saic himself a thousan[illegible]

the King's Honou[illegible]

I had a mind to deſcribe the Condition we were in before the Peace, that all other Nations might be ſenſible how much we were Superior to them; and imputing the ill Succeſs of the Negotiation to a Foreigner, might reflect on nothing but our Advantages in the War.

To conclude this melancholy Letter, 'tis a common, but ridiculous Practice of People in Diſgrace, to infect all Diſcourſes with the Recital of their Misfortunes; and as they are wholly taken up with theſe Thoughts, to endeavour to poſſeſs every body elſe with them. The Company of my Lord *d'Aubigny*, which I am going now to enjoy, ſaves me this Impertinence, and you the Fatigue, which you muſt otherwiſe have expected. With him Joy is of all Countries and Conditions; inſomuch that by the Influence of his Converſation, an unfortunate Man becomes too gay, and loſes that ſerious Air, which we ought, in good Manners at leaſt, to preſerve in our Misfortunes.

A LETTER

To the Marquis DE CREQUI *.

AFter having lived in the *Conſtraint* of *Courts*, I take up with the Comfort of Ending my Days in the *Freedom* of a *Commonwealth*, where if nothing is to be hoped for, there's at leaſt, nothing to be fear'd. It would be ſcandalous for a young

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* and wrote this Letter, in the Year back from England to Holland.

Man not to enter the World, with a Deſign to make his Fortune. But when we are upon the Decline, Nature calls us back to our ſelves; and the Sentiments of Ambition yielding to the Love of our Repoſe, we find it a Bleſſing to live in a Country, where the Laws guard us againſt the Wills of Men; and where, to be ſecure of all, we need only be ſecure of our ſelves.

To this Bleſſing we may add, That the Magiſtrates have a great ſway in their Offices, for the Intereſt of the Publick; but are little diſtinguiſh'd in their Perſons, by private Advantages: So that here are no odious Diſtinctions offenſive to Men of Breeding; no needleſs Dignities; no cumberſom Greatneſs, which cramps Liberty, without enlarging one's Fortune. Here Men in Authority procure our Repoſe, without expecting any Acknowledgment, or even any Reſpect for the Services they do us. They are Severe, in the Execution of the Orders of the State; Stiff in the Management of the Intereſt of their Country, with Foreign Nations; Mild and tractable with their Fellow-Burghers; Eaſy with all ſorts of private Perſons. The Bottom of *Equality* ſtill remains, notwithſtanding *Power*; and therefore Credit never makes a Man inſolent, and the Governors never bear hard on thoſe that are govern'd.

As for Taxes, they are indeed very great; but they are faithfully laid out for the Publick Good, and leave every one the Comfort of contributing only for himſelf. Therefore the Love People have here for their Country is not [illegible] be wonder'd at, ſince properly ſpeaking, 'tis [illegible] more than *Self-Love*. But I dwell too long [illegible] Govern[illegible], without mentioning him † w[illegible]

* *The Penſionary*

greateſt ſhare in it: To do him Juſtice, nothing equals his Capacity but his Diſintereſtedneſs, and Spirit.

Spiritual Matters are managed with the like Moderation. The Difference of Religion, which in other Places raiſes ſo many Commotions does not, in the leaſt, ruffle here the Mind of People: Every one ſeeks Heaven after his own way; and thoſe who are thought to go aſtray, are more pitied than hated, and beſpeak from others a pure Charity, free from the indiſcretion of miſtaken Zeal.

As there is nothing perfect every way in this World, we find here fewer Polite Perſons, than Men fit for Buſineſs; and more good Senſe in the Management of Affairs, than Delicacy in Converſation. The Ladies are very civil, and the Men are ſo eaſy as not to take it ill of one, if he prefers their Wives Company to theirs. The latter are ſociable enough for an *Amuſement*; but have not Vivacity enough to diſturb a Man's Repoſe. Not but ſome of them are very lovely; but then there is nothing to be expected from them; which may be aſcrib'd either to their Diſcretion, or to their natural Coldneſs, which ſerves them inſtead of Virtue. Whatever may be the Reaſon of it, we find in *Holland* a certain Reſervedneſs generally eſtabliſh'd, and I know not what Tradition of Chaſtity, which paſſes from Mother to Daughter, like an Article of Faith.

'Tis true, they do not find Fault with the Gallantry of young Women, who are honeſtly allow'd to uſe all innocent Helps to get Husbands. Some conclude the Courſe of their Gallantry in in a happy Marriage; while others, more unfortunate, feed themſelves with vain Hopes of a Condition, which is daily put off, and never comes. Theſe long Amuſements, however ought not to be imputed to any meditated Deſign of Infidelity.

A Man finds himſelf diſguſted at long run; and a Diſguſt for his Miſtreſs breaks his Reſolutions of making her his Wife: Thus fearing to paſs for a Deceiver, he has not Courage enough to break off, at the ſame time, when he is not willing to come to a Concluſion; And ſo what by the Power of Habit and long Acquaintance, what out of a fooliſh Vanity of being thought conſtant, a Man makes a ſhift to keep up languiſhingly the miſerable Remains of a worn-out Paſſion. Some Examples of this nature, have put very ſerious Reflections into the Heads of ſome young Women, who conſider Marriage as an amorous Adventure, and their natural Condition as the true State in which they ought to continue.

As for the Wives, when they are once within the Circle of Marriage, they think they have no Right to diſpoſe of themſelves, and ſeem to know nothing in the World, but barely their Duty. They would make it a Conſcience to allow themſelves the Liberty of Affections which the chaſteſt Women reſerve to themſelves in other places, without any regard to their Obligations, or Dependance. Here the leaſt Liberties for Infidelity; and Infidelity, which paſſes for a genteel Merit in agreeable Courts, is reckon'd the foulеſt of all Vices with this honeſt Nation, which is very wiſe as to the Conduct of its Government, but unexperienc'd as to ned Pleaſures, and a polite way of Living. The bands reward the Fidelity of their Wives, by a at Subjection; and if contrary to this receiv'd om, a Man ſhould affect to be Lord and Ma- n his own Houſe, the Wife wou'd be pitied l her Neighbours, as the moſt unfortunate of ex; and the Husband exclaim'd againſt as a y ill-natur'd Fellow.

A wretched Experience has given me Judgment enough, at my own Expence, to diſtinguiſh between

between theſe things, and makes me regret that time wherein we receive more ſatisfaction from Senſe than Knowledge. Sometimes I call to mind what I have been, to re-animate what I am at preſent; and from this remembrance of my former Sentiments, is form'd a certain Diſpoſition to Tenderneſs, or at leaſt a Removal from Indolence. A happy Tyranny that of our Paſſions, which make up all the Pleaſures of our Lives! An irkſome Empire that of Reaſon, if it robs us of all our agreeable Thoughts, and keeps us in an unprofitible Idelneſs, inſtead of eſtabliſhing a true Repoſe!

I will not trouble you with a long Account of the *Hague:* 'Tis enough to tell you, that Travellers are charm'd with it, after they have ſeen the Magnificence of *Paris*, and the Rarities of *Italy*. On one ſide you ſee a Walk to the Sea, worthy of the Grandeur of the old *Romans:* On the other you enter a Wood, which is the moſt agreeable one that ever I beheld in my Life. In the very ſame place you ſee Houſes enough to make a great City, and Rows of Trees ſufficient to make a delicious Solitude. At certain private Hours, you find here all the innocent Pleaſures that the Country affords; at that of publick Meeting, all the buſie Chat and Noiſe, which the moſt populous Cities are able to furniſh. Their Houſes are more free than in *France*, at the appointed Times for receiving Company; but more reſerved than in *Italy*, when too exact a Regularity obliges Strangers to withdraw, and reduces the Family to a cloſe way of Living. We now and then go to make our Court to the young * Prince, who

* *The Prince of* Orange, (*afterwards King* William III.) *who was then but* 14 *Years of Age.*

who will have Reaſon to complain of me, for telling you only, that a Perſon of his Age and Quality was never Maſter of ſo good a turn of Wit. To ſay all, I muſt tell you Things that would not be believ'd; and by a ſecret impulſe of Self-Love, I chuſe rather to paſs over in ſilence what I know, than not be believ'd in Acquainting you with what you know not.

A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

The Duke of CANDALE *and Monſieur* de St. Evremond.

I Do not pretend to entertain the Publick with my own Affairs. The World has no Concern to know the Misfortunes and Accidents that have befallen me; But no Man, that is not in the Spleen, can take it ill, If I make ſome Reflections upon my paſt Life, and divert my Mind from melancholy Thoughts, to thoſe that are not altogether ſo diſagreeable. However as it is extreamly ridiculous for a Man to talk always of himſelf, altho' it be to himſelf; to avoid this Impertinence, I will introduce ſeveral Perſons of great Merit into this Diſcourſe, the very Remembrance of whom will give me more Satisfaction than I can expect from any Converſation, ſince I have had the Misfortune to [illegible] of my Lord

* *D'Aubigny.*

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* *He died in*

At the time of the Prince of *Condé*'s *Impriſonment, I had a great Intimacy with the Duke of *Candale*. This Commerce had nothing of Deſign or Intereſt in it; but was purely occaſioned by Pleaſures and Good-Fellowſhip, and entertained by the bare Satisfaction we took in one another's Company. He had formerly lived in a ſtrict ſort of an Amity with *Moret* ||, and the Chevalier *de la Vieuville*; which *Vineuil* call'd *the League*, by way of Ridicule. Nor was this Nick-Name altogether undeſerv'd: For they improved a Thouſand Trifles into Secrets, made Myſteries of the moſt inſignificant Nothings; and met together in private, at leaſt Ten times a Day, without any other Pleaſure, than that of being ſeparated from others. It was my good Fortune to be admitted into their Confidence, which, at laſt, broke off without any Occaſion for a Rupture on either ſide.

Monſieur *de Vardes*, when he went to the Army, had left behind him a Miſtreſs at *Paris*, who was one of the moſt agreeable † Women in the World: She had formerly had a Lover, and had been in Love her ſelf; but as her Tenderneſs was wholly exhauſted in her firſt Amours, it was impoſſible for her now to have a real Paſſion; ſo that ſhe ſtudied nothing but down-right Gallantry, which ſhe manag'd with great Art and Addreſs, and cover'd with an Air of Simplicity; making the Eaſineſs and Freedom of her Wit paſs for Ingenuouſneſs and Plainneſs. As her Hiſtory was well known, ſhe had not the Aſſurance to ſet up for a Perſon of Vertue; and, inſtead of making a great Figure in the World, ſhe choſe a re-

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*Year 1650.

|| Moret, *eldeſt Brother to the Marquis* de Vardes.

† St. Loup.

a retir'd Life; to which the preſent Circumſtances of her Fortune induc'd her, and carried on this ſeeming Negligence with a great deal of Cunning. She never went to the *Louvre* to diſpute Gallants with thoſe young Beauties, which make ſo great a Noiſe in the Town; but had Addreſs enough to diſengage a Lover from their Charms; and was no leſs induſtrious to preſerve, than ſhe had been to gain him. She would not ſuffer him to maintain the leaſt Correſpondence with any Woman of tolerable Beauty; and if he perform'd but common Civilities to his Friends, ſhe would reproach him with throwing away that Love upon others, which was only due to her ſelf. Private Pleaſures made her fear the Loſs of her Lover; and ſhe was afraid of being forgotten in Publick Diverſions. Above all, ſhe exclaim'd againſt the Entertainments of the † *Commandeur*, in which Men breath'd a certain Air of Freedom, inconſiſtant with a nice and refin'd Paſſion; in ſhort, if all your Applications and Thoughts did not center in her, ſhe complain'd of being abandoned; and becauſe ſhe proteſted that ſhe was wholly yours, ſhe expected that you ſhould be entirely devoted to her.

Monſieur *de Vardes* being abſent, could not maintain himſelf long in the Affections of ſo tyrannick and [illegible]urſom a Miſtreſs. She ſurrendered he[illegible] firſt Sight, to the young Duke of C[illegible]y, 'tis ſaid, that her Deſign [illegible]ded [illegible]on which his Preſence made, [illegible]olved to poſſeſs him, before Monſieur *de Vardes* was ſen[illegible]is Alteration in her, knowing it w[illegible] of a Pleaſure that was very dear to

† Commandeur de Souvré.

to him; however, like a Man of Honour, he made no Noiſe about it, looking upon the Duke of *Candale* with the Diſcontent of a Rival, and not the Hatred of an Enemy.

Moret, whoſe Gravity perſonated *Honour* in every Thing, looked upon himſelf as injured, in the Perſon of his Brother, and improved that into a real Affront, which the Party concerned took only for a bare Diſappointment. His Complaints, at firſt, ran in a high Strain; but finding them ill received in the World, he altered his Language, without altering his Conduct. He ſaid, he was a very unhappy Man, to be ſo little regarded by a Perſon, for whom he had all his Life ſo profound a Veneration; That the Duke of *Candale* was little to be pitied; That he would find thoſe that better deſerved his Friendſhip; and that 'twas with a great Concern that he ſaw himſelf obliged to look out for others, upon whom he might ſecurely depend. After this rate he talked in all Companies, with a ſeeming Modeſty, which is a ſurer Evidence of Vanity, than a moderate degree of Aſſurance. As for the Chevalier *de la Vieuville*, he looked upon himſelf to be diſobliged, as ſoon as *Moret* thought ſo too; and partly by the natural Heat of his Temper, and partly to pleaſe his Friend, he carried theſe Expoſtulations higher than ever.

I kept the Duke of *Candale* Company as uſual; and as he could not be without ſome one or other to unboſom himſelf to; he ſoon made me the Confident of his Complaints, upon the Behaviour of theſe Gentlemen; and ſhortly after of his Paſſion for Madam *de St. Loup*. In the Heat of this new Confidence, he communicated to me the moſt trivial Things that befel him; which, though they appear weighty Things to a Lover, are yet very indifferent to thoſe that are obliged

therefore abandon my ſelf to my Fancy, provided it does not carry me into Extravagancies; for Irregularity and Conſtraint ought to be equally avoided; but becauſe I will not ramble too far, return to the Narration I begun.

The firſt thing the Court did after the Confinement of the Prince of *Condé*, was to go with ſome Forces into *Normandy*, to turn the Dutcheſs of *Longueville* out of that Province, and to lodge thoſe Governments in other Hands, which were then poſſeſs'd by the Creatures of that Family. I took this Journey with the Duke of *Candale*, and for Two Days together, when the Roads and Weather were extreamly bad, we were ſcarce one Hour aſunder; and our Converſation was ſo much the more entertaining, as it ran upon Variety of Matters.

After we had talk'd of his Amours, and thoſe of other Perſons, till the Subject was quite exhauſted, and had diſcours'd indifferently of all ſorts of Pleaſures, we fell inſenſibly into the miſerable Condition, wherein the Prince was at preſent, after he had acquir'd ſo much Glory in the World, and had paſs'd through ſo many conſiderable Poſts. I told him, 'That ſo great and ſo unfortunate a Prince ought to be univerſally lamented; that, in Truth, his Conduct had been ſomewhat diſreſpectful to the Queen, and no leſs diſobliging to the Cardinal; but that theſe were Faults againſt the Court, and not Crimes againſt the State, which ought not to obliterate thoſe important Services that he had done the Nation in general; that his Services had ſupported the Cardinal, and ſecur'd him in that Power, which his Eminence now employ'd to ruin him. That *France* had, perhaps, been reduc'd to the extremities in the beginning of the R[illegible] not been for the Battle of [illegible]

'owing to the Prince's Conduct; that all the ill 'Steps the the Court had made after the Battle of '*Lens*, were without his Privity and Direction, 'and that he alone had retriev'd Affairs in the 'War of *Paris*; That after ſo many ſignal Servi- 'ces, the Offence he had given, was wholly to be 'charg'd on the Impetuoſity of his Temper, which 'he was not Maſter of; but that all his Deſigns 'and Actions manifeſtly tended to the Grandeur 'of the King, and Advantage of the whole Na- 'tion. I don't know, *continued I*, what the Court 'propoſe to gain by his Confinement; but this I 'am certain of, that nothing cou'd be more wel- 'come to the *Spaniards*.

I am oblig'd, ſays the Duke of Candale, *to the Prince, for a Thouſand Civilities I have receiv'd from him, notwithſtanding his Spleen againſt the Duke of* Eſpernon, *my Father. However, I have, perhaps, ſhew'd too grateful a Senſe of ſuch light Obligations; and I know full well, that I have been blam'd for not engaging my ſelf far enough in the Intereſts of my Family. But let the World ſay what they pleaſe, all thoſe Diſcourſes ſhall not hinder me from being his moſt humble Servant; neither ſhall his preſent Diſgrace keep me from being ſo ſtill. But conſidering in what Circumſtances I ſtand at Court, I can only grieve in Private for his Misfortunes: This, indeed is unſerviceable to him in his preſent Condition, but it might be fatal to me, if I made it appear.*

'You have expreſs'd your ſelf on this Occaſion, 'ſaid I to him, like a Perſon of Honour, and 'tis 'ſo much the more generous in you, becauſe the 'Impriſonment of the Prince is the moſt advan- 'tageous thing you cou'd have deſired. I look 'upon you at preſent, to be the moſt conſiderable 'Perſon in *France*, if you have a mind to be ſo; 'our Princes of the Blood are ſent to the *Bois de* 'nes, from whence, in all Probability, they 'will

'will not come out in haſte. Monſieur *de Turenne*, 'and Monſieur *de Bouillon*, are gone off to ſerve 'them. The Duke of *Nemours*, as much a Man 'of Honour as he is, ſignifies juſt nothing, and 'does not know at preſent what Party to take. 'The Duke of *Guiſe* is a Priſoner in *Spain*; all the 'reſt of our Noblemen are either ſuſpected, or 'neglected at leaſt, by the Cardinal. As Affairs 'ſtand at preſent, if you don't put a juſt Value 'upon the eminent Rank you hold in the World, 'and the good Qualities of your Perſon, do not 'blame Fortune in the leaſt, but e'en thank your 'ſelf, for being wanting to your ſelf. He liſten'd to me with great Attention; and being more affected with my Diſcourſe than I imagin'd he wou'd have been, he thank'd me very heartily for the Hints I gave him. He told me frankly, That his Youth and his Pleaſures had hitherto hindred him from applying himſelf to Buſineſs; but that he was reſolv'd to ſhake off this lazy, unactive Life, and to ſet every Wheel a going, in order to make himſelf conſiderable. I *will*, continued he, *communicate a Secret to you, which I never yet imparted to any one; You cannot imagine how much I am in the Cardinal's good Graces. You know, that he intends I ſhou'd marry one of his Nieces, and 'tis commonly believed, that his good Inclinations to me are grounded upon the Project of this Alliance. I my ſelf aſcribe part of his Kindneſs to it; but either I am exceedingly miſtaken, or elſe he has an unaccountable Fondneſs for my Perſon. I will truſt you with a greater Secret ſtill than this, which is, that I don't perceive in my ſelf the leaſt Inclination to love him; and to deal plainly with you, I am as cold to his Eminence, as his Eminence is to the other Courtiers.*

'I had much rather, *ſaid I to him* 'ly loved him, for you'll 'to conceal your ti

'of his Penetration. If you will be advis'd by 'me, ſee him but ſeldom in private; and when 'you are oblig'd to do it, entertain him with 'your Devotion to him in general, without de-'ſcending to nice Particulars, which may give 'him Leiſure to ſift you, and an Opportunity to 'know you. When the King and Queen are with 'him, when he ſeeks to divert himſelf with the 'ordinary Courtiers, never fail to make your Ap-'pearance among them; and there endeavour, 'by the moſt complaiſant and winning Carriage 'towards him, to ſecure that Friendſhip, which 'he is ſo diſpos'd, on his part, to cultivate. If he 'was really inclin'd to have a Favourite, his Fa-'miliarity wou'd be very advantageous to you; 'but as 'tis impoſſible his Affection ſhou'd be ſo 'diſintereſs'd, as not to be mixt with Deſign, a 'frequent Correſpondence with him, will make 'him diſcover your weak Side, before you are in 'the leaſt acquainted with his. Let a Perſon of 'your Age be Maſter of never ſo much Diſſimula-'tion, yet he'll find it a great Diſadvantage to 'have all his Actions ſcann'd by a prying old Mi-'niſter, who is ſuperior to him, as well by the 'Eminence of his Poſt, as that of his Experience. 'Take my Word for't, Sir, 'tis dangerous to ſee 'a Politician too often, when the Difference, and 'frequently the claſhing of Intereſts will not per-'mit us to repoſe an entire Confidence in him. 'If this Maxim ought to be receiv'd by other Na-'tions, much more ought it to be eternally pra-'ctis'd in ours, where our Penetration to diſcover 'others, is much greater than our Diſſimulation to 'conceal our ſelves. Don't preſume therefore 'that you are able to combat the Cardinal at his 'own Weapons, or to vie in Cunning and Fineneſs 'with him. Be ſatisfi'd with endeavouring to 'make your ſelf as agreeable to him, as you can,

'and leave the reſt to be brought about by his 'own Inclination. Inclination is a pleaſant Mo- 'tion of the Soul, which is therefore the dearer to 'us, becauſe it ſeems to be purely of our own 'Growth. It is the Product of our Tenderneſs, 'which fondly cheriſhes it with Pleaſure; in 'which Particular it differs from Eſteem, which 'is of foreign Extraction, and maintains the 'Ground it has won upon us, not by the Favour 'of our own Opinion, but by the Juſtice we are 'oblig'd to pay to virtuous Perſons.

'We ſhall, in all Probability, ſhortly ſee the 'time, when the Cardinal will have Occaſion for 'the Services of thoſe about him: Therefore you 'muſt make your ſelf conſider'd by him as a ſer- 'viceable Man, after you have gain'd his Love by 'being agreeable. The ſureſt way for you to be 'entirely in his Favour, is to let him ſee, that by 'making you his Friend, he will conſult his Inte- 'reſt, as well as gratify his Affection; and you 'will infallibly ſucceed in your Deſign, by pro- 'miſing him the Aſſiſtance of the Credit and Au- 'thority which you will gain, by ſteering a dif- 'ferent Courſe from that of the Duke of *Eſpernon*, 'without departing from his Intereſts, which 'ought always to be your own. 'Tis happy for 'you, that Nature has given you a Humour di- 'rectly oppoſite to his. Nothing in the Univerſe 'can be more contrary than the Sweetneſs of your 'Temper, and the Auſterity of his; than your 'complaiſant Carriage, and his ſplenetick Rough- 'neſs; in ſhort, than your inſinuating Addreſs, 'and his haughty imperious Behaviour. Let me 'therefore adviſe you to follow your own natural 'Temper, but take care not to be miſled by any 'Blaze of falſe Glory. It is no 'ſtinguiſh the falſe from the t

'*Haughtineſs* often paſſes

'and as we are too nice in whatever regards our 'Quality, ſo we ſhew leſs Concern than we 'ought for great Things, which better deſerve 'our Conſideration. The true Character of the 'Duke of *Eſpernon*, unleſs I am mightily miſtaken, 'is this: In the Reſpect that he demands, in the 'Devoirs that are paid him, he can eaſily forget 'what is owing to the *Governour*, and to the * *Co-* 'lonel, provided you pay that to the Duke of 'Eſpernon which does not belong to him. I don't 'pretend that Perſons of great Quality ought not 'to value themſelves upon being diſtinguiſh'd by 'their Rank, but then they ſhould endeavour to 'merit this Diſtinction, and not preſumptuouſly 'arrogate it to themſelves.

'It would be a ſcandalous Thing, for a Man 'tamely to part with any Privileges acquir'd by 'the Merits and Reputation of his Predeceſſors: 'Nor can he maintain theſe Rights with too much 'Reſolution, when he is left in Poſſeſſion of them; 'but it is not the ſame with new Pretentions, 'which are to be eſtabliſh'd by a nice obliging 'Addreſs, before the World takes any notice of 'them. In ſuch a Caſe, we muſt firſt make our 'Application to others, that they may afterwards 'inſenſibly do the ſame by us; and, inſtead of 'aſſuming by Arrogance, what may be deny'd 'with Juſtice, a Man of true Conduct will leave 'no Method untry'd, to procure that to be given 'him, which he does not demand.

'Be complaiſant, obliging, and liberal; let 'every Man find with you, both his Convenience 'and Satisfaction, and the World will, of its own 'accord, put that into your Hands, which you

* The Duke of Eſpernon was then Governour of Guienne, and Colonel (or General) of the French Infantry.

'will unſucceſsfully demand by an affected 'Haughtineſs. No one thinks it much to pay 'Reſpect, when it comes voluntarily from him, 'becauſe it lies in his Power whether he will pay 'it or no; and becauſe he thinks he rather gives 'you Teſtimonies of his Friendſhip, than of his 'Duty. The Jealouſy of maintaining one's Li-'berty, is common to all Mankind, but different 'People make it to conſiſt in different Things. 'Some throw off all manner of Superiority; and 'with ſome others, the Choice of their Superiours 'ſupplies the Place of Liberty. The *French*, par-'ticularly, are of this Humour; equally impa-'tient of Authority and Freedom: They won't 'have a Maſter put upon them, without Relu-'ctance; nor can they continue their own Ma-'ſters, without Diſguſt. This makes them conſi-'der how to beſtow themſelves; and being over-'ſatisfied with the diſpoſal of their own Wills; 'they ſubmit with Pleaſure, to a Maſter of their 'own chooſing. This, generally ſpeaking, is our 'natural Temper, which you ought to conſult, 'rather than your own, in the Conduct you are 'to obſerve in the World.

'There are Two Things among us, which di-'ſtinguiſh a Man from the reſt of the World; 'the firſt is the open Favour of the King; the 'ſecond, an acknowledg'd Merit in War. Fa-'vour, which in *Spain* does not abate the Pun-'ctilios about Precedency, removes abundance of 'Conteſts in *France*, where every one wholly 'purſues his own Intereſt, under the ſpecious Pre-'tence of honouring the Confidence or Inclina-'tion of his Prince. The moſt corrupted Per-'ſons, whoſe Number is very great, carry their 'Servitude, where they hope to find their For-'tune; and thoſe who leaſt devote themſelves to 'others, yet, for all that, pretend to ſome M t

'by their Submiſſions. There are, indeed, Men 'of falſe Generoſity, that take a Pride in deſpiſing 'the Miniſtry: And there are fierce Spirits, that 'think themſelves Men of Reſolution; but we 'have few Men of Addreſs and Dexterity enough 'to maintain their Dignity in the management of 'their Affairs. To take it right, the Favourites, 'with us, carry the World before them, if the 'Court does not depart from its receiv'd Maxims. 'As for Martial Merit, 'tis of extraordinary Im-'portance; and when a Man has worthily com-'manded great Armies, the Impreſſion of this 'Authority ſtill continues with him, and keeps its 'Ground, even at the Court it ſelf. We honour, 'with Pleaſure, a General, under whom we have 'acquir'd Honour; and even thoſe, who gain'd 'but very little of it, in their ſofter Moments 'remember, with Delight, their paſt Fatigues. 'We entertain our ſelves with our paſt Actions, 'though we are idle for the preſent; we call to 'mind the Dangers we have run, in times of Se-'curity; and the Image of War never preſents it 'ſelf to us, even in Peace, but we think both 'of the Command that has been exercis'd over 'us, and the Obedience we have paid. Now 'tis 'this Merit of War, which you ought to be am-'bitious to attain; this ſhould be the Scope of all 'your Endeavours, in order to get, one Day, 'the Command of an Army. A Poſt ſo Noble, 'and ſo Glorious, equals Subjects to Sovereigns 'in Authority; and as it ſometimes makes a pri-'vate Man a Conqueror, it may make the great-'eſt Prince the moſt miſerable Man upon Earth, 'if he neglects a Vertue ſo neceſſary to ſupport 'his Fortune. After you have carefully regulated 'your Conduct for the Court, and animated your 'Ambition for the Wars, it will then be neceſſary 'for you to procure your ſelf Friends, whoſe

'well-establish'd Reputation may contribute to fix 'yours, and who will cry up your new Application to Business, when they see you give your 'self up to it in good earnest.

'Of all the Men I know, there are none 'whom I should desire you to be more throughly acquainted with, than Monsieur *de* * *Paluau*, and Monsieur *de* † *Miossens*. The intimate 'Friendship I have, both with the one and the 'other, may, perhaps, incline you to suspect that 'I am partial in their Commendation; but I desire you to believe no such Matter; and take 'my Word for't, you will not easily find Two 'Persons of their Sincerity, and Honour, in the 'World. I own to you, however, that the Marquis *de* || *Crequi*'s Friendship, seems to me preferable to any other. His generous and lively 'Warmth for his Friends; his plain and unaffected Sincerity, make me have an infinite Esteem 'for him. Besides his noble Ambition, his Courage, his Genius in Military Affairs, and his 'Universal Knowledge, and a very particular 'Consideration to Friendship. We may give him, 'without the least Partiality, that noble Character 'which was bestow'd upon one of the Ancients, '*Ita ut ad id unum natus esse videretur quod aggrederetur*. When his Choice determin'd him to his 'present Employment, Nature had equally prepar'd him for all; he being capable of a hundred different Things, and as fit for any Profession as his own. He might acquire Reputa-

'tion

* Philip de Clerembaut, *Cou-* [illegible] Paluau, [illegible]
reschal of France *in* 1653, *an*

† Cæsar Phœbus d'Alb[illegible]
made a Mareschal of F[illegible]

|| Francis de Greq[illegible]
Mareschal of France

'tion by Learning, if he had not reſolv'd to gain 'it wholly by Arms. A noble Principle of Ambition does not admit little Vanities: However, 'he is not leſs Curious for it; and as in his private Studies he finds a particular Pleaſure in improving himſelf; ſo to the great Advantages of 'his Knowledge, he joins the Merit of concealing it diſcreetly. Perhaps you would not expect 'to find theſe Abilities in one of his Youth, which 'we ſeldom meet in the moſt advanc'd Age; and 'I own, that by a favourable Prepoſſeſſion, we 'ſometimes beſtow an Eſteem upon young Men, 'which they don't deſerve; but then ſometimes 'we are too ſlow in doing Juſtice to their Merits; 'forgetting to commend what they have worthily perform'd in a time of Exerciſe and Action, 'to praiſe them for what they have done in their 'Retirement and Solitude. We ſeldom proportion Reputation to a Man's Vertue; and I have 'ſeen a Thouſand Men in my time, that have 'been eſteem'd either for a Merit which they 'were not then in Poſſeſſion of, or for that which 'they had already loſt: But in the Marquis *de* '*Crequi*, the Caſe is quite otherwiſe. Whatever 'great Expectations he gives us of what he may 'be hereafter, he lets us ſee at preſent, enough 'to ſatisfy the moſt difficult; ſo that he is the 'only Perſon who may deſire that which others 'have Reaſon to be afraid of, I mean the Attention 'of Obſervers, and the Delicacy of good Judges.

'A Prime Miniſter, or Favourite, who would 'make it his Buſineſs to find out at Court, ſome 'Perſon worthy of his Confidence, could not, in 'my Opinion, pitch upon a Man that deſerves it 'more than Monſieur * *DE RUVIGNY*. You 'may,

* *The late Marquis* de Ruvigni, *Father to the Earl of* Galway.

'may, perhaps, find in ſome others, either brighter Parts, or ſome Actions that have made a greater Noiſe than his: But to take a Man altogether, and judge of him, not by any one Period, but the whole Tenor of his Life, I am acquainted with none, who better deſerves our Eſteem, and with whom we may longer maintain a Confidence without Suſpicion, and a Friendſhip without Diſguſt. Let People make what Complaints they pleaſe of the Corruption of the Age, there are ſtill faithful Friends to be found; but the greateſt Part of Perſons of Honour have a ſort of Rigidity with them, which tempts People to prefer the Inſinuations of a Pretender, to ſuch an auſtere Integrity. I have obſerv'd in thoſe Gentlemen, whom the World calls *Solid* and *Wiſe*, either a cumberſom Gravity, or a tireſom Dulneſs. Their good Senſe, which, perhaps, has been ſerviceable to you once in your Affairs, is ſo impertinent, as to diſturb your Pleaſures every Day. However, a Man is forc'd, in his own Defence, to keep fair and even with theſe Gentlemen, though they plague him never ſo much, in Conſideration that he may have an Occaſion, one time or other, to make uſe of their Service; and becauſe they never deceive you, when you confide in them, they think they have a right to teaze you when they pleaſe, although you have nothing to truſt them with. The Probity of Monſieur *Ruvigni*, which makes him altogether as proper for a Confident as any Body, is attended with nothing but what is eaſy and free: He is a cordial and agreeable Friend, whoſe Intimacy is ſolid, whoſe Familiarity is pleaſing, and whoſe Converſation is always ſenſible and improvi-

ligence on your ſide, and you will engage
o mind nothing but your Service; if you are
laiſant, he will be a Flatterer; expreſs an
tion for him, and he will be more ſenſible
than you cou'd well believe, or he himſelf
think to be. Then he quits all Conſidera-
of Intereſt, and animating himſelf with all
Zeal of Friendſhip, he will at laſt undertake
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lneſs; an Indifference ſhown without Deſign,
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e Raillery upon a Miſtreſs whom he loves, a
of his miſconſtru'd, or expos'd, paſs
for ſenſible Affronts; nay, without
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As no Man living is more capa-
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'tance with Monſieur *de Pellisson*, all the Agreeableneſs imaginable, and as much Safety and Secrecy as you can deſire. You muſt not expect to find in him the Forwardneſs of giddy young Fellows, who pretend to ſerve you, but whoſe Imprudence you have more reaſon to fear, than to be fond of their Heat. He will ever do punctually, what you ſhall deſire of him; and I dare engage he will be wanting in none of thoſe Offices which a nice Courtier is capable of performing. If your Friendſhip is but once well Knit, he will intereſt himſelf in your Conduct, and you will find him more ſerviceable to regulate that by his Advice, than proper to advance your Affairs by his Vigor. I ever found him a great Enemy to falſe Pretenders of Generoſity: and becauſe he has ever ridicul'd the Oſtentation of an affected Probity, ſome malicious People have concluded that he is no great Admirer of Sincerity. But I dare venture to ſay, That I never knew in any Man an integrity more natural, than I have found in him. He uſes no Deceit, no Artifice, no Fineneſs with his Friends; he is devoted to the Court, without any ſordid Proſtitution; and endeavours to pleaſe, by a Delicacy untainted with Adulation.

'An intimacy with Monſieur *de Mioſſens* will 'be more advantageous to your Affairs; particu-'larly in this critical Juncture, where almoſt eve-'ry thing is owing to Induſtry. He cannot fail 'making great Figure a Court, where there 'will be claſhing Inter and great Caballing 'He will make no Di of opening himſelf 'to you at firſt ſight, hopes that you may 'ſerve him upon Oc 'a fair Correſpond 'it his particular b 'obliging you in

'tle Diligence on your ſide, and you will engage
'him to mind nothing but your Service; if you are
'Complaiſant, he will be a Flatterer; expreſs an
'Affection for him, and he will be more ſenſible
'of it than you cou'd well believe, or he himſelf
'cou'd think to be. Then he quits all Conſidera-
'tion of Intereſt, and animating himſelf with all
'the Zeal of Friendſhip, he will at laſt undertake
'your Affairs with the ſame vigor as if they were
'his own. Induſtrious, punctual, diligent in the
'Proſecution of them; reckoning for nothing
'thoſe general Offices by which ordinary Friend-
'ſhips are entertain'd, he will not be brought to
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'with him for ſenſible Affronts; nay, without
'proportioning his Reſentment to the Offence,
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'ſelf upon you in Things of the greateſt impor-
'tance to you. As no Man living is more capa-
'ble of ſetting off and extolling your good Qua-
'lities, while he loves you, ſo no Man better
'knows how to expoſe your Infirmities and De-
'fects in the moſt aggravating manner, than he
'does, when he thinks you give him a juſt Pro-
'vocation to break with you. This is what you
'have to apprehend from his Humour; but it will
'be no difficult Matter to avoid it. To make ſure
elſe to do, but to
u ſhew the leaſt
Regard

'Regard to him, I dare engage that he will re-'turn it with far greater.

As for Monſieur *de Palluau*, replied the Duke of *Candale*, *I own to you, that I could like his Humour, as ſoon as any Man's in the World; and you will oblige me, ſince you have ſo particular a Share of his Friendſhip, if you will introduce me into his. I have as great an Eſteem for Monſieur* de Mioſſens *as you can have. I know well enough, that no Man can be Maſter of better Qualities; no Man has more Wit, or exerts it more readily, or more effectually than he does to ſerve his Friends: But he has hitherto ſhown ſo diſobliging a Behaviour to me, that I am reſolv'd never to make any Advances towards an Acquaintance with him. If he had any Inclination to court mine, or if you cou'd contrive a way to bring us together, and lay the Foundation of a Friendſhip between us, I ſhould take no leſs delight to ſee it effected, than I ſhould find my Advantage in it.*

Moret and the Chevalier *de la Vieuville*, had, it ſeems, poſſeſs'd the Duke of *Candale* with an ill Opinion of him, and he was inclinable enough of himſelf to receive it, out of a ſecret Pique of Honour, which made him reſent the Imperiouſneſs which Monſieur *de Mioſſens* aſſum'd with him on all Occaſions, and which his unactive and lazy Humour made him think not worth his while to oppoſe. I would not in this be underſtood, as if I call'd his Courage in queſtion: [illegible] he really did not want it; but the Eaſineſs [illegible] Temper, and his Indifference to all things, [illegible] of We-neſs in it; particularly on litt[illegible]ns, wh[illegible] he did not think important e[illegible]diſturb Quiet. Every Thing of *Eclat*, [illegible] mad[illegible] Noiſe in the World, was an[illegible] to

Glory; and [illegible]
Uſe of his S[illegible]
ther than he

nour, after he had ſlighted little Matters, which however made a Buſtle at the end. He was forward enough to hazard his Fortune, nay, and his Life too, when he thought his Reputation was throughly engaged; but he gave the World too much Advantage over him, by Supineneſs; and generally the World carried it too far, by maliciouſly ridiculing his Conduct, which made him loſe the Moderation of his Humour, that was generally ſoft enough, but always leſs ſoft than ambitious.

This is a ſhort Sketch of the Duke of *Candale*'s Character: But as he made Noiſe enough in the World, to give People a Curioſity to know him perfectly, it will not be amiſs to draw him in full Length. I have known but few Men, who had ſo many different Qualities: But he had this Advantage in the Commerce of the World, that Nature expos'd only thoſe to publick View, that were agreeable, and took care to conceal whatever might create Averſion. I never in all my Life beheld ſo noble an Air as his: All his Perſon was agreeable, and nothing came amiſs to him that lay within the reach of an ordinary Genius, both for a pleaſant Converſation, and Diverſions. A ſmall Acquaintance made him be beloved; but it was impoſſible for one to have a long intimacy with him, without being diſguſted; ſo little care did he take to preſerve your Friendſhip, and ſo fickle was he in his own: While he was thus indifferent. Men of Addreſs left him without breaking off abruptly, and brought down their Familiarity to a bare Acquaintance. Thoſe of more tender Inclinations, complain'd of him, as ſome do of an ungrateful Miſtreſs, whom they cannot however part with. Thus the Charms of his Perſon ſupported him in ſpight of all his Defects, and oblig'd even

thoſe

thoſe who had been provok'd by him, to have a favourable Opinion of him. As for him, he liv'd with his Friends, as the generality of Miſtreſſes do with their Lovers: Whatever Services you had done him, he ceas'd to love you, when you ceas'd to pleaſe him; being, like them, diſguſted with a long Acquaintance, and fond of the Pleaſure which a new Friendſhip gives, as the Ladies are of the tender Delights of a new-born Paſſion. However, he left his old Engagements without an open Rupture, and you would have given him ſome Uneaſineſs, to have broken off entirely with him; the Noiſe of ſuch a Separation having ſomething of Violence in it, which was contrary to his Nature. Beſides, he was not for excluding the return of an old Friend, who had been either agreeable or ſerviceable to him. As he was addicted to Pleaſure, and intereſted at the ſame time, he would come back to you upon the ſcore of your Agreeableneſs, and court you in his Neceſſities. He was extreamly Covetous, and yet a Spendthrift; fond of making a great Figure, tho' he did not like the Charge of it. He was Eaſie, and Vain-glorious; Selfiſh, but Faithful and Honeſt; Qualities very odly ſorted, but which, however, met together in the ſame Perſon. There was ſcarce any Thing troubled him more, than to be worſe than his Word; and when Intereſt, the uſual Director of all his Actions, made him break it, he was ſo diſſatisfy'd with himſelf, that he was aſham'd to ſee you, till he thought you had forgotten the Wrong he had done you. Then he would beſtir himſelf with new Vigour for you, and thought himſelf ſecretly oblig'd to you, for having reconcil'd him to himſelf. If his Intereſt was not concern'd, he would ſeldom diſoblige you; but then you were to expect as few good Offices from his Friendſhip, as Injuries from his Hatred;

Hatred; and 'tis ſufficient Matter of Complaint, among Friends, the not having any Thing to commend a Man for, but his doing us no Hurt.

As for the Fair Sex, he had for a long while an Indifference to them, or at leaſt took but little Pains to gain their Affections. When once he appear'd ſo amiable to them, they ſoon diſcover'd that his Indifference was owing rather to them, than to himſelf; And being acquainted with their own Intereſts, they began to form Deſigns upon a Man who was too ſlow in executing any upon them. In ſhort, they lov'd him, and then, at laſt, he knew what it was to love. Towards the latter part of his Life, all our Ladies began to caſt their Eyes upon him: The moſt retir'd of the Sex ſigh'd in ſecret for him; the moſt gallant, diſputing the Prize among themſelves, ſtrove to poſſeſs him, as their beſt Fortune. After he had divided them in their Intereſts of Gallantry, he reconcil'd them in their Tears for his Death. All felt they lov'd him, and a common Tenderneſs ſoon became a general Grief. Thoſe whom he had formerly lov'd, reviv'd the Memory of their old Paſſion, and fondly imagin'd that they had juſt now loſt, what they had loſt long before. Several that were indifferent to him, flatter'd themſelves that they would not have been always ſo; and accuſing Death of preventing their Happineſs, they mourn'd for ſo amiable a Perſon, of whom they might have been belov'd, had he liv'd. There were ſome that lamented him out of Vanity; and Ladies that never knew him, were ſeen to join their Tears with the Parties concern'd, to give themſelves a Merit of Gallantry. But his true * Miſtreſs made her ſelf Famous, by the Exceſs

* *The Counteſs of* Olonne.

ceſs of her Affliction; and had, in my Opinion been happy, if ſhe had kept it on to the laſt One Amour is creditable to a Lady; and I know not whether it be not more advantageous to their Reputation, than never to have been in Love.

A LETTER

To the Marquis DE LIONNE ||,

Who had ſent me word to write him a Letter which he might ſhew to the King.

DO not imagine, *Sir*, that I am over-fond of foreign Countries, becauſe you ſee me employ ſo little Care and Induſtry to procure my Return to my own. It proceeds not from true Supineneſs: Neither is it occaſion'd by a great Affection to the Places I am in, or an Averſion to that where you are. The Truth is, I would not beg of the King the leaſt Alleviation, before I had ſuffer'd what I ought to undergo, for having been ſo unfortunate as to diſpleaſe Him. But, after ſo many Years Misfortunes and Indiſpoſitions, I hope I may be allow'd to lay before you, in what manner I have fail'd; or, if I dare ſpeak it, clear my ſelf of an apparent Fault.

As

|| Hugues de Lionne, *Marquis* de Freſne *and* de Berny, *Miniſter and Secretary of State for foreign Affairs.*

As the blaming of thoſe that are oppoſite to us, is the moſt nice Commendation that can be given us, I thought I did artfully contribute to the Glory of the Genius that reigns at preſent, by expoſing the Weakneſs of that which govern'd heretofore. Not but that the Cardinal (*Mazarin*) had commendable Talents: But thoſe *Qualities*, which would have been applauded by Men, conſider'd in themſelves, are become contemptible by the Oppoſition of thoſe of the *King*: From whence it comes to paſs, That tolerably great Actions are eclips'd by others more ſhining; That a leſs Merit, when ſet near a greater, looks like a Defect; and, conſequently, that the King's Glory ruins the Reputation of his Miniſter: So that to find fault with the deſpiſing what his Eminency has done, little differs from being ſorry, that what his Majeſty performs, is admir'd.

I own, that if the Maxims that were then follow'd, were now put in practiſe, it would look as if an Approbation of them ſhould be requir'd; And we ſhould immediately give ours, out of reſpectful Duty: But ſince they are purpoſely laid aſide, and even the moſt oppoſite Schemes purſu'd, there's room for ſome ſcrupulouſneſs in not approving what's avoided, and 'tis a Piece of Prudence to reject what ſo *Wiſe a* KING thinks not fit to do.

Don't urge to me, That 'tis a Crime to attack the Reputation of a dead Perſon: For if that be admitted, he who ruins it, would be the firſt and greateſt Criminal himſelf. When he humbles the Haughtineſs of the *Spaniards*, and the Pride of the *Germans*; when he checks *Rome*, and ſubmits himſelf to the Church; when he ſupports the Empire againſt the Power of the *Turk*, at the ſame time that the King of *Spain* abandons the Emperor, and leaves the Dominions belonging to his Fa-

mily en[illegible] the Invaſion of the Infidels; when he makes War with ſo much Conduct and Valour, and Peace with ſo much Spirit and Wiſdom: What does he do, *I beſeech you*, but condemn by *his Actions*, what I have blam'd by *Writing*; and paſs a more ſevere and more poſitive Cenſure upon it before the whole World?

Never, doubt it, SIR, 'tis the KING himſelf who has done the Cardinal the Injury that is charg'd on me: His Majeſty's ſhining and admirable Qualities; his Actions; his Adminiſtration; his Counſels, have ſuggeſted to me the ſmall Idea I have of his Eminence: So that, in my preſent Condition, I muſt ask Pardon for a Thing, which 'tis not in my Power to repent of. But what Subject-matter of Complaint has the Cardinal, which is not common with him and all our *former* Kings? Have not their Reigns the ſame Fate with his Miniſtry? Are not their Atchievements drown'd, and their Reputation eclips'd, like his?

In former Times, we thought it ſufficient to maintain our ſelves againſt one Nation, in War with us: But now-a-days, all *Europe*, if one may ſpeak it, in Confederacy, does not find it ſelf capable to reſiſt us. Heretofore we accounted that a glorious Peace, by which ſome Place or other was reſtor'd to us; now the *Spaniards* ſeek their Safety in the yielding up of whole Provinces: And if *Juſtice did not ever regulate our Pretenſions*, what they yield up would be more conſiderable, than what they retain. Formerly, our Allies murmur'd for being ill-ſupported in the War, or abandon'd in the Peace: But in our Days, thoſe who were fallen, through their own Fault, have been rais'd up again by our Aſſiſtance; and the Influence of our Power has made up the whole Greatneſs of others; To adhere to

us,

us, is a certain Advancement; to be divided from us, almoſt a certain Fall.

As long as the KING ſhall act as he does, he authorizes me to ſpeak as I ſpeak: If they will have me recant, let him grow remiſs; abandon his Allies; and ſuffer his Enemies to retrieve their Forces. In ſuch a Caſe, I ſhall become favourable to the Cardinal, and cry up the ſame Things I have run down: But at this time, when the Nations who adhere to our Friendſhip, behold with Pleaſure our *preſent Government*, and, on the contrary, the Nations oppoſite to our Intereſt, regret, with Grief, our *laſt Miniſtry*, all my Reflections confirm me in what I have ſaid; and my Mind ſteady in its firſt Opinion, cannot be diverted to other Thoughts.

If the KING's Tenderneſs continu'd to the Memory of a Perſon, who was dear to him: If the Conſtancy of his Affection for a dead Man, have enclin'd him to take ill what I thought ſo much to his Advantage, I beſeech him to conſider, that my Intentions were diſappointed. I did not think to offend the Niceneſs of his Friendſhip, but rather fancied, that I had exquiſite Thoughts for the Advantage of his Glory. Miſtakes are excuſable in all Things: But an Error that proceeds from ſo noble and ſo excellent a Principle, leaves no room for Reſentment. Do not think, however, that I hereby deſign to give Leſſons, inſtead of putting up moſt humble Prayers; and inſtruct His MAJESTY of his *Duty*, inſtead of ſubmitting to his *Will*. I expect, with a perfect Reſignation, his Orders about my Fate; and I prepare my ſelf, either to acknowledge the *Pardon*, or patiently to ſuffer the *Puniſhment*. If he be ſo Gracious as to put an End to my Miſeries, he will add the Dependance of a *Creature*, to the Obedience of a Subject, and ſoften

the Conſtraint that binds us, by the Affection which begets our Devotion. But I little conſult my Thoughts when I ſpeak at this Rate: The Obligation in which I was born, is to me the ſtrongeſt Devotion in the World; and *Duty* has the ſame Charms for me, as Favours might have for others. In moſt Men, *Subjection* is only an *apparent Docility*; which while it affects a Submiſſive Air, ſtirrs up inward Murmurings; and with an humble look endeavours, by a ſecret Reſiſtance, to defend a Remainder of Liberty. It is not the ſame with me: Nature keeps nothing in Reſerve for it ſelf, when Obedience comes in Queſtion: The King's Orders meet with no Sentiments in my Soul that do not either prevent 'em by *Inclination*, or ſubmit to them, without Conſtraint, by *Duty*. What Severity ſoever I undergo, I ſeek a Comfort for my Sufferings, in the good Fortune of him who is the Cauſe of them; I alleviate the Hardſhips of my Condition, by the Felicity of his; and nothing can render me unhappy, ſince nothing can alter the Proſperity of his Affairs.

The IDEA *of a* WOMAN *that never was, nor will ever be found.*

IN all the beautiful Perſons I ever ſaw, if ſome Things were to be admired, there were others not to be touch'd upon, or ſuch as were to be diſguis'd with much Artifice; For to ſpeak the Truth, it is hard to commend all, and be ſincere. I am oblig'd to *Emilia* for leaving me purely in my natural Temper, equally enclin'd to commend what's commendable, as to keep exactly to the Truth. As ſhe does not ſtand in need of Favour

or

or Kindneſs, I have no occaſion either to conceal or flatter. To her it is owing, that I can now praiſe without Complaiſance; From her it proceeds, that the moſt prying Obſervers loſe that malicious Nicety, which is only employ'd in ſeeking out Faults; and as ſhe inſpires them with other Thoughts, they paſs with ſatisfaction from their uſual Cenſures, to their real Approbations.

It is certain that the Generality of Women are more indebted to our Flattery, than to their own Merits, for the Praiſes they receive from us. But *Emilia* is oblig'd only to her ſelf, for the Juſtice which is done her; and ſecure that ſhe deſerves Praiſe, 'tis her ſole Intereſt that Men ſhould not conceal it.

And indeed, if her Enemies ſpeak of her, it is not in their power to betray their Conſcience, and they confeſs with as much Truth as Reluctance, the Advantages which they are oblig'd to accknowledge in her: If her Friends enlarge themſelves upon her Commendations, it is not poſſible for them to add any thing to the Merit which affects them. Thus the former are forc'd to ſubmit to Truth, when they would follow the Dictates of their Malice; and the others, with all their Friendſhip, are but barely juſt to her; nor is it in their Power to be either Officious or Partial. She therefore expects nothing from Affection, as ſhe fears nothing from Spleen, in the Judgments that are made of her. But ſince every one is free to conceal his Opinions, *Emilia* may have Reaſon to fear the Malice of Silence, the only Prejudice that Rivals and Enemies can do her. But let us come from Generals, to a more particular Deſcription of her Perſon.

All her Features are regular, which but ſeldom happens: All her Features are regular and agreeable, which is ſcarce ever ſeen; for it ſeems,

that the Caprice of Nature produces Agreeableneſs from Irregularity, and that compleat Beauties, who have always ſomething to make them be admired, have rarely the Secret to pleaſe. *Emilia* has ſparkling Eyes, her Complexion is delicate, and ſmooth, with the beſt mixture of Red and White that can be imagined. Whiteneſs of Teeth, and Vermilion of Lips, are Expreſſions too general for a ſecret and particular Charm, which I cannot deſcribe. Were it not for her, that fine Turn of the lower part of the Face, wherein the Ancients placed Beauty, would be found no where but in the Idea of ſome Painter, or in the Deſcriptions which Antiquity hath left us: And to animate all this, you ſee in her looks a lively Freſhneſs, a healthful clear Complection; and ſuch a Plumpneſs as does not make us apprehend her growing fatter.

Her Shape is of a juſt Size, well proportion'd, and eaſie: As far from Conſtraint, as from that affected Negligence, which makes a Woman's Body look disjointed from the Hips, and ſpoils a good Carriage. Add to theſe, a noble Air, a grave, but natural Aſpect, neither formal, nor wild. Her Laughter, Speech, and Actions, are all agreeable and decent.

Her Wit is extenſive, without being vaſt; never loſing it ſelf ſo far in general Thoughts, as not to be able to return eaſily to particular Conſiderations. Nothing eſcapes her Penetration; her Diſcernment leaves nothing unknown: And I can't ſay, whether ſhe be more ready [illegible] unfolding a Myſtery, or at making a [illegible]ment upon Things that appear. She c[illegible] ke[illegible]nſel, without being myſterious; kno[illegible]ing [illegible] when ſpeak, and when to be ſ[illegible] Converſation, ſhe ſ[illegible] nothing at a ven[illegible]

Attention, and there appears nothing ſtrain'd in the moſt ſerious; her livelieſt Diſcourſes are exact, and her moſt natural Thoughts expreſt with a delicate Turn: But ſhe deſpiſes thoſe lucky Hits that fall from the Mind without Choice, and without Judgment, which as they are generally admir'd; ſo, for the moſt part, they make thoſe little eſteem'd that ſpeak them.

In all her Perſon, you ſee ſomething Great and Noble, which proceeds from a ſecret relation between the Air of the Face, the Qualities of the Mind, and thoſe of the Soul.

If She follow'd her natural Inclination, She would be too Magnificent; but a juſt Conſideration of her Affairs reſtrains her, and ſhe chuſeth rather to confine the Generoſity of her Humour, than to fall into a Condition, where ſhe muſt ſtand in need of that of others; equally reſolved not to be beholden to thoſe about her, as ready to ſerve Strangers, and warm for the Intereſt of her Friends. Not that theſe Conſiderations make her quit ſo Noble an Inclination; ſhe only regulates it in the Management of her Fortune: Her natural Temper, and her Reaſon, making her diſintereſſed, but not negligent.

Her good Sence and Dexterity, ſufficiently appear in her Management of Affairs, where ſhe ſhe engages freely, provided ſhe finds a Proſpect of any ſolid Advantage either for her ſelf, or her Friends. But ſhe hates to act meerly out of a Spirit of Reſtleſneſs; being equally averſe to buſie impertinent Stirring, and to an unactive Lazineſs, which vainly affects the Name of Tranquillity, to cover a real Careleſneſs.

After having deſcribed ſo many fine Qualities, [illegible]hat Impreſſions they make upon [illegible] paſſes in her own.

She

She has ſomewhat Majeſtical, that commands our Reſpect; ſomewhat ſweet and obliging, that wins our Inclination. She attracts and retains us, and we always approach her with Deſires that we dare not to expreſs.

To conſider her within, I don't believe her uncapable of the Sentiments ſhe gives: But as ſhe has no leſs a Command over her ſelf, than over you, ſhe maſters in her own Heart by Reaſon, what Reſpect conſtrains in yours.

Nature is ſo feeble in ſome Souls, that they have not the Power to form any Deſires; ſo boiſterous in others, that it produces Tranſports and Paſſions: Exact in *Emilia*, it has made the Heart ſenſible, which ought to be ſo; and has given to Reaſon, which ought to command, an abſolute Empire over her Motions.

Happy ſhe, that complies with the Tenderneſs of her Sentiments, without intereſſing the Delicacy of her Choice, or that of her Conduct: Happy, who in a Correſpondence eſtabliſh'd for the Comfort of Life, contents her ſelf with the Approbation of the better ſort, and her own Satisfaction; who fears not the Murmurs of the Envious, that are jealous of all Pleaſures, and malicious againſt all Vertues.

We know by an infinite Number of repeated Examples, that the Mind is blinded by Paſſion; and that Love can never be truly ſaid to have eſtabliſh'd his Power, till he has ruin'd that of our Reaſon: But our Admiration of *Emilia* increaſes, as our Knowledge becomes more refin'd; and that Paſſion, which always appear'd a Mark of Folly, is here the trueſt Effect of our Judgment.

The great Enemies of *Emilia* are only thoſe that have a falſe Knowledge of Things; and her Friends are all ſuch as know how to judge with Diſcretion. Every Man has more, or leſs Affection for

A LETTER

To the Count DE *LIONNE:

SIR,

IF I could diſcharge all the Obligations you have laid on me, by Thanks, I would moſt humbly return you a Thouſand; but ſince the leaſt of the Pains you have taken for me, is worth more than all the Compliments in the World, I would have you to quit Scores with your ſelf, by the Pleaſure which a Man of Honour finds in obliging others. You'll ſay, perhaps, I am ungrateful: If I am, 'tis not, at leaſt, after the ordinary rate; and knowing, as I do, the Delicacy of your Taſte, I believe I ſhall pleaſe you more by a refin'd Ingratitude, than by too common a Gratitude. If, by Misfortune, this way of dealing ſhould not pleaſe you, juſtifie me your ſelf; and by what you have done for me, judge of my grateful Senſe, which, indeed, is ſuch as it ought to be. Whatever be the Succeſs of your Endeavours, I ſhall always be infinitely oblig'd to you; for the good Intentions of thoſe who would do me Service, are ever very agreeable and acceptable to me, altho' they prove not ſucceſsful.

As for the Papers you mention, they are entirely at your diſpoſal; for nothing belongs to us with more Right, than what we get by our Induſtry.

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* *Firſt Gentleman of the King's Great Stable, and Nephew to the Marquis de Lionne, Miniſter and Secretary of State.*

Here is not an Imagination that at firſt ſurprizes, and ſoon after tires you. Her ſerious Moments do not make you purchaſe a ſolid Converſation at the Loſs of Gayety: Her Reaſon pleaſes, and her Judgment is agreeable.

I'll conclude by a Quality, which ought to be conſidered before all the reſt. She is Devout, without Superſtition, and without Melancholy; far remote from that Infirmity, which fancies Miracles wrought in every Thing, and, at every turn, is intoxicated with ſupernatural Nonſenſe; averſe to thoſe ſolitary Humours, which inſenſibly diffuſe in the Mind a Hatred of the World, and an Antipathy to Pleaſure.

She is not of Opinion, that we ought to retire from Human Society, to ſeek God in the Horrors of Solitude: She doth not believe, that to diſengage ones ſelf from a Civil Life, and to break off the deareſt and moſt reaſonable Commerce, is to be united to God, but rather to be tied to one's ſelf, and fooliſhly to purſue one's own Imagination. She hopes to find God amongſt Men, where his Goodneſs is moſt active, and his Providence appears to be more worthily employ'd; and there ſhe endeavours, by his Aſſiſtance, to enlighten her Reaſon, to perfect her Manners, to regulate her Conduct, both as to the Care of Salvation, and the Duties of Life.

Thus I have given you the Deſcription of a *Woman that is not to be found*, if 'tis poſſible for one to make the Deſcription of a Thing that is not; 'tis rather *the Idea of an accompliſh'd Perſon*. I would not look for it amongſt the M[illegible] becauſe there is always wanting in their C[illegible]ion, ſomething of that Sweetneſs which w[illegible] that of [illegible]men; and I thought it leſs imp[illegible] Woman the ſtrongeſt and f[illegible], than in a Man thoſe Ch[illegible] that are ſo natural to Wom[illegible]

Mais helas! quand l'Age nous glace,
Nos beaux Jours ne reviennent jamais.

But oh! when Age benums our Veins,
No longer ſprightly Joy remains.

The Report goes here, as well as at *Paris*, that the Peace is made || with *Portugal*; but this News comes from *Madrid*; and the *Portugueze* * Ambaſſador, with whom I play at *Hombre* every Day, has no manner of Account of it from *Lisbon*. Upon the Credit that is given to this Piece of News, he complains that *Portugal* is reckon'd for Nothing: And this is his Reaſoning. *People*, ſays he, *believe the Peace is made, becauſe they know* Spain *offers us every Thing; but who knows whether we will accept, even this Offer? I doubt, whatever comes from the* Caſtilians, *and will believe nothing, till I have Advice from* Lisbon. He has diſpatched an Expreſs thither about it, and concerning his Buſineſs in this Country. The Elector of *Cologne* is *Incognito* at *Amſterdam*; and the Prince of *Tuſcany* will arrive there in few Days. The Prince of *Strasburgh* is at the *Hague*, giving it out, that there will be a Peace; but few will give Credit to him; upon a firm Belief, that before the *Spaniards* are come to a full Reſolution to treat, the Armies will be in the Field. Do not envy them the Honour of loſing patiently: They let us gain what we will; for by their familiarity with Misfortunes, they do not ſtir much to prevent them.

This

|| *It was concluded the* 13*th of* February, 1668.
* Don Franciſco de Melos.

Induſtry. Your Dexterity in making this Theft, deſerv'd a better Recompence, by making you light on ſomething more Curious. 'Tis impoſſible to tell me more ingeniouſly than you do, that † *Emilia* is not much lik'd by the Ladies of *Paris*. To ſpeak the Truth, ſhe's ſomewhat *Dutch*-built: Her *Plumpneſs* enclines me to think that ſhe drinks foggy Beer; and her *Devotion*, that ſhe carries her Bible under her Arm every *Sunday*. I beg of you not to give any Body a Copy of the little Pieces I ſend you, except the LETTER which the Prince *de Turenne* had ask'd of you, in order to ſerve me, and which you had done well to have given him before now. I have made ſome Additions to the DISSERTATION on Mr. *Racine's* ALEXANDER, which makes it appear to me more tolerable than when you ſaw it. If the Earl of *St. Albans* deſires to ſee what's in your Hands, you may gratify his Curioſity; for I have not one Thought, that I would not truſt him with.

I ſhould extreamly rejoice to ſee the Marquis *de Coeuvres*'s Son married with the Daughter of the Marquis *de Lionne*, Miniſter of State, having always been a very humble Servant of both the Fathers. But when I conſider that I ſaw the Marquis *de Coeuvres* married; and his Son, with his Bib, come to the Biſhop of * *Laon*, whom he call'd *Papa*, to bid him *Good* † *Morrow*, I make a melancholy Reflection on my Age; and lifting up my Eyes to Heaven, with a Shrug of the Shoulders, I ſing, though not ſo agreeably as *Noblet*, *Mait*

† *See the foregoing Idea of a* ever will be found.

* *The preſent Cardinal of*

† *We ſhould ſay in En* *Cuſtom is not uſed in Franc*

To the ſame.

SIR,

IF you do me the Honour to write to me, pray let us leave out this *Sir*, and all other Ceremony that cramps the Freedom of a Commerce by Letters. I muſt deſire you, in the next Place, not to jeer me as you do, by the exceſſive Commendations you beſtow on Trifles. They were the Reſult of *Idleneſs*; on which I ſet no other Value, than with relation to the Amuſement they afford me, during ſome very tedious and melancholy Hours. I wiſh they may prove likewiſe an Amuſement to you: And, ſuch as they are, I'll not fail ſending you, by the next Poſt, the OBSERVATIONS *on* Salluſt *and* Tacitus, which I mention'd to you. The Firſt aſcribes all to the natural Conſtitution. With him all Events are the Effects of Men's Tempers; wherefore 'tis his chiefeſt Care to give us a true Knowledge of Men, by the admirable Characters he has left us. The other, turns all into Politicks, and makes a Myſtery of every Thing, aſcribing all to Craft and Addreſs, and little or nothing to a Man's Conſtitution. I then conſider how difficult it is, to find in the ſame Perſon, a perfect Knowledge of Men, and a profound Skill in Buſineſs; and in eight or ten Lines I ſhew, That Mr. *de Lionne*, the Miniſter, has reconcil'd two Qualifications, generally divided, which are found in him in the higheſt Perfection. It is ſo exceſſive cold, that for an Empire I would not write a Sheet of Paper. I'll ſend you alſo the DISSERTATION *on* ALEXANDER, in my Opinion, much more tolerable than as you have it. This is all I can do, in Return for all your Favours.

This is all you ſhall have of me at preſent. What you ask of me, out of Civility, to ſhew, I ſuppoſe, that you remember my Trifles at the *Hague*, is in ſuch ill Order, and ſo ill Written, that you could not ſo much as read it; and, beſides, I have good Breeding enough to ſave you the Tireſomneſs it would give you. There are, indeed, ſome Things which I like well enough; but then there are many others to be left out. If you deſire to have the Obſervations I have made on ſome *Latin* Hiſtorians, I will ſend them to you.

I intreat you to return my hearty Thank to M***. What Eſteem ſoever you may have for him, you would value him ſtill more, if you knew him as well as I do. Farewel, *Sir*; I am by Nature ſo grateful, that I cannot, either by Deſign or Study, become an Ingrate; and whatever was my Reſolution, at the beginning of this Letter, I cannot end it, without aſſuring you, I ſhall, as long as I live, remember the Obligations you have laid on me. I wiſh it may be a long Time;

But oh! when Age benums our Veins,
No longer ſprightly Joy remains.

If you did not value your ſelf more upon having Arms and Legs to be broken in the War, than on Writing, I ſhould tell you your Letter is as finely writ as it can be.

To the ſame.

I Should have great Excuſes to make to you; for not ſending what I promis'd, if it was worth it: But I am ingenious in delaying your being tir'd by my Trifles; wherein I give you a nice Proof of my Friendſhip. However, I ſhall over-look your Intereſt and mine; by tranſmitting to you the Pieces that are now tranſcribing. I addreſs one of them to Monſieur *Voſſius*, my Literary Friend, and with whom there's more to be learn'd, than with any Man I ever ſaw in my Life. I'll tell you, in the mean time, that I write to Men of the Sword and Courtiers, as a Wit and a Scholar; and that I converſe with the Learned, as a Man that has been a Soldier, and ſeen the World.

As to the frank Acknowledgment of my Fault, which you mention, I ſhould not have fail'd to make it, if I had deſign'd to ſhew what you ſtole from me: *But* no Body knows better than you, how far that was from my Thoughts. You will oblige me, by letting me know, whether I may entertain any Hopes of returning to *France*, or muſt reſolve to paſs the remainder of my Days in in Foreign Countries? Hope is the Source, or, at leaſt, one of the firſt Cauſes of Uneaſineſs; and Uneaſineſs is tolerable in Love only, where 'tis even pleaſurable: For you know the Song,

Pains of Love are ſweeter far;
Than all other Pleaſures are.

Every where elſe Diſquiet is a great Torment. We have not here *Corneille's* ATTILA; *and therefore* you'll oblige me to ſend it me, with ſome

of *Moliere*'s Plays, if there be any new Ones: For the Works of thoſe two Writers are the only Objects of my Curioſity. The Ancients taught *Corneille* to think well; and he thinks better than they. The other learn'd from them the Art of making, in Comedy, excellent Draughts of the Men and Manners of his Age; which had not before been ſeen on our Stage. I am inſenſibly become Learned in your Company: I am juſt now going to receive a Viſit from Monſieur *Voſſius*, to whom I ſhall talk of the War in *Flanders*. Farewel, Sir, I firſt baniſh'd a tedious Ceremony; I deſire you not to take it ill.

I forgot to deſire you to aſſure Count *de Grammont*, that I am over-joy'd to ſee him the Protector of the Houſe of † *Grammont*.

† *Count* de Guiche *having been a long time in Exile, at laſt obtain'd leave to return to* France, *by Count* de Grammont's *Intereſt. The Pleaſantry of Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Expreſſion runs on Count* de Grammont's *performing, what the Mareſchal his Brother had ſeveral times unſucceſsfully attempted.*

To the ſame.

YOU are none of thoſe who endeavour more to ſatisfy themſelves, as to the Honeſty of their Conduct towards their Friends, than to bring their Affairs to a good Iſſue. Your firſt Care of mine laid Obligations enough on me: But your Perſeverance, and all the induſtrious Pains you take, give me a ſort of Shame; and I ſhould not eaſily ſuffer them, if I did not think they may put me in a Condition to ſay

Gratitude. You know nothing is equal to the Tenderneſs of a Man in Diſgrace: *And as* I am naturally pretty ſenſible of the Favours done me; *you may* judge what ill Fortune has added to this good Diſpoſition. Of the Temper, and in the Condition I am, I give my ſelf over to the Impreſſion your Generoſity has made on me; and 'tis my moſt ſoft and tender Pleaſure to be touch'd by it: But ſometimes, ungrateful Reflections would biaſs my Judgment; and it comes into my Head, to examine cooly the Obligations I have to you. I ſwear to you, in good earneſt, that, after having conſider'd all you do for me, I wonder how an Acquaintance, which came about by Chance, could produce ſuch eager Concern in you, for the Intereſt of a new Friend.

It ſeems as if, by a ſecret Juſtice, the Relations of Mr. *de Lionne* would acknowledge the great Eſteem and Veneration I always had for him. The Marquis *de Leiſſens Lionne*, on his return from *Holland*, made my Buſineſs his own: But your Warmth in it ſtill ſurpaſſes his. I hope you will inſpire the Marquis *de* * * * with a Diſpoſition to favour me; and that, at laſt, his Father's good Offices will have the good Effect you have prepar'd. You can't imagine how ſenſibly I am affected with the new Favour the Marquis *de* * * * has receiv'd; which is owing to the great Services of the Father, and the great Hopes that are juſtly entertain'd of the Son; I mean the Hopes of the Services that are expected from him; for as to his Merit, it is already grown to Perfection, and there's no need of expecting any Thing further on that ſide.

I had ſcarce Leiſure to caſt my Eyes on † ANDRO-

† *of* Racine's *Tragedies.*

DROMACHE and † ATTILA; however, by the curſory View I had of them, it appears to me that ANDROMACHE has in it ſome *fine Thoughts*, and that 'tis but one Degree remov'd from the *Great*. Thoſe who ſhall not go to the Bottom, will admire it; but thoſe who are looking for perfect Beauties, will miſs ſomething in it, that ſhall hinder them from being fully ſatisfied. You have reaſon to ſay, that that Piece has loſt much by the Death of *Montfleury*: For it wants great Tragedians, to make up its Defects by Action. But, take it all together, it is a fine Piece, and very much above the *Indifferent*, tho' ſomewhat below the *Great*. ATTILA, on the contrary, muſt have got ſomething by the Death of *Montfleury*: For a great Tragedian, (as he was) would have ſtrain'd too high a Part, which is full enough of it ſelf; and his Ferocity would have made too great an Impreſſion on tender Souls. Not but that Tragedy had been admired in the time of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, when fierce and bloody Repreſentations were more reliſh'd, than the ſoft and tender. All the Thoughts are juſt; and I found ſome excellent Verſes in it. As for the Fable, or Plot, of thoſe two Pieces, I had not time to make the leaſt Reflection upon it.

I wiſh, with all my Heart, that *Corneille* may handle the Subject of *Hannibal*; and if he can bring into his Piece the Conference he had with *Scipio* before the Battle, I fancy he will make them ſpeak like the greateſt Men in the World, as they were indeed. I ſend you herewith the OBSERVATIONS *on* SALLUST, which I mention'd before; and I will ſhortly ſend you the DISSERTATION *upon* ALEXANDER,

† *One of* Chrneille's

DER, both indifferently tranſcrib'd. As for the Characters, they are ſo interwoven with the CONVERSATION with Mr. *de Candale*, that they are inſeparable from it, and I cannot yet ſend that Piece. Farewel: Love me always; and believe I am yours, more than any Body's elſe.

I know not whether Mr. *de Lionne* will be thought to be as polite, as nice, and as much a Man of Pleaſure as he is. When theſe Qualities produce nothing but a ſoft Idleneſs, they ſuit but ill with a Miniſter of State; but when a profound Stateſman, conſummate in Buſineſs, can ſo maſter them, as to put himſelf above them, and procure to himſelf, beſides, ſome agreeable, and even voluptuous Leiſure, his Merit, in my Opinion, reaches the higheſt Degree of Perfection.

OBSERVATIONS ON *Saluſt* and *Tacitus*.

To Monſieur † *VOSSIUS*.

I Once intended to have made an exact Criticiſm upon *Salluſt* and *Tacitus*; but being inform'd ſince, that others had done it before me; that I might neither wholly purſue, nor loſe my

† Iſaac Voſſius, *Son to the famous* John Gerard Voſſius.

Design, I have reduc'd my Thoughts to one single Observation, which I here send you.

In my Opinion, the latter turns every Thing into Policy; with him Nature and Fortune have very little to do in the Management of Affairs; and I am mistaken, if he does not often assign Causes too far-fetch'd for some Actions, which are altogether simple, ordinary, and natural.

When *Augustus* would set Bounds to the Empire, it is in his Counsel, out of a jealous Apprehension, lest another should have the Glory of extending it. The same Emperor, if you will believe him, to be secure before-hand that the Roman People will lament his Death, artfully consults for the Advantage of his Memory, by the Choice of his Successor.

The dangerous Temper of *Tiberius*, and his Dissimulation, are known to all the World; But whoever ascribes to that Prince a Craftiness in every Thing, is not sufficiently acquainted with the Temper of Man. Nature is never so much shackled, but that she preserves as great a Command over our Actions, as we can pretend to have over her Motions. Something of one's Temper always enters into the best form'd Designs: And it is not credible, that *Tiberius*, who was for so many Years subject either to the Will of *Sejanus*, or to his own infamous Pleasures, could in that Weakness and disorderly Life, act by so refin'd and mysterious a System of Politicks.

The poysoning [illegible] *annicus* causes not so much Horror at it [illegible] by reas[illegible] *Tacitus*'s Care to make us [illegible] Be[illegible] of the Spectators: So long [illegible] up in considering the differ[illegible] the indiscreet Fears of [illegible] Reflections of others;

and the ſecret Apprehenſions of *Agrippina*, his Mind is diverted from the Blackneſs of the Action, and from the ſad Image of this Death: Thus the Parricide eſcapes his Hatred, and the unhappy dying Perſon miſſes his Pity.

The Cruelty of the ſame *Nero*, in his Mother's Death, has too refin'd a Conduct. Altho' *Agrippina* had periſh'd by a Court-Intrigue ſo well manag'd, yet he ought, at leaſt, to have ſuppreſs'd half the Art: For, by that means, the Crime finds leſs Averſion in our Minds; and, if I may ſpeak it, gains upon the Judgment of the Readers, when ſo much Addreſs and Dexterity are put in the Management of it.

Tacitus, in moſt places, gives us Pictures too finiſh'd, where nothing of Art, indeed, is wanting; but he ſeldom conſults Nature, or paints after the Life. Nothing is finer than what he repreſents; but, frequently, they are Things that ought not to be repreſented. Sometimes he overſhoots the Point by too great a Depth and Penetration: Sometimes, by his too nice Speculations, he robs us of the true Objects, to leave us pleaſing Ideas in their room. What may be ſaid in his Favour, is, that, perhaps, he has oblig'd us more than he had done, had he related nothing but groſs trivial Things, that were not worth our knowing, and the Truth of which had been of no Importance.

Saluſt, who was of an oppoſite Genius, aſcribes as much to Nature, as *Tacitus* does to Policy. The greateſt Care of the former, is to ſhew us the Genius of Men, and afterwards Affairs come on naturally, by the Actions of thoſe Perſons whom he hath deſcrib'd, which are never far-fetch'd.

If you conſider with Attention, the Character of *Catiline*, you will neither wonder at that exe-

crable

crable Deſign, he engag'd in, to oppreſs the Senate, nor at that vaſt Project he fell upon, to make himſelf Maſter of the Republick, without the Aſſiſtance of the Legions. When you reflect on his Pliantneſs, his Inſinuations, his admirable Talent of bringing others to be of his Mind, and uniting factious Perſons to himſelf; when you conſider that ſo much Diſſimulation, was ſupported by ſo much Spirit and Reſolution, when there was a Neceſſity for Action: you will not be ſurpriz'd, that at the Head of all the ambitious, and corrupted Men, he was ſo near overturning the Commonwealth of *Rome*, and ruining his Country. But *Saluſt* doth not content himſelf with deſcribing Men in their Characters; he makes them deſcribe themſelves to us in Speeches, where you always ſee Nature copied to the Life. *Cæſar*, in his Oration, plainly enough gives us to underſtand, that the Conſpiracy did not diſpleaſe him. Under the Zeal which he pretends, for the Preſervation of the Laws, and the Dignity of the Senate, he lets us ſee, he had a ſecret Inclination for the Conſpirators: He is not ſo careful to conceal his Opinion of a Future State; the Gods are leſs conſider'd by him, than the Conſuls; and, in his Conceit, Death is nothing but the End of our Torments, and the Repoſe of the Miſerable. *Cato* makes his own Picture, after *Cæſar* has given us his. He ſpeaks like an honeſt well-meaning Man, but with a moroſe Air: The Auſ[illegible] of his Manners is [illegible] ſeparable from the In[illegible] of his Life; he [illegible] the Sourneſs of his [illegible] and the Roughn[illegible] his Temper, with th[illegible] Counſels he [illegible] vers.

That ſingle Expreſſi[illegible] *Conſuli*, w[illegible] vex'd *Cicero* ſo much, for[illegible] to his Mer[illegible] much as he [illegible] ught was [illegible] makes me [illegible]

comprehend both the good Intentions, and the vain Humour of that Conſul. In ſhort, by the various Deſcriptions of different Actors, I not only repreſent to my ſelf the Perſons, but I ſeem to behold all that paſs'd in the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*.

You may obſerve the ſame Thing in the Hiſtory of *Jugurtha*. The Deſcription of his Qualities, and his Humour, prepares you to ſee the Invaſion of the Kingdom; and three Lines ſhew his whole Method of making War. You ſee, in the Character of *Metellus*, with the Reſtoration of Diſcipline, a happy Alteration in the *Roman* Affairs.

Marius leads the Army to *Africk*, with the ſame Spirit with which he ſpoke at *Rome*. *Sylla* talks to *Bocchus*, with the ſame Genius that appears in his Character, little tied to Duty and Regularity, and ſacrificing all to his Paſſion of making Friends to himſelf. *Deni Parentes abunde habemus, amicorum unquam neque nobis, neque cuiquam omnium ſatis fuit.* Thus *Saluſt* makes Men act by their Temper, and thinks he ſufficiently obliges his Reader, by deſcribing them well. Every extraordinary Perſon that is repreſented, is exactly drawn, even when he has no conſiderable part in his Subject. Such is the Character of *Sempronia*, which, in my Judgment, is inimitable; nay, he goes out of his way, to give us the Pictures of *Cato* and *Cæſar*, which are really ſo fine, that I ſhould prefer them to entire Hiſtories.

To conclude my Obſervation upon theſe two Authors, Ambition, Avarice, Luxury, Corruption; in ſhort, all the general Cauſes of the Diſorders of the Republick, are very often alledg'd by *Saluſt*. I know not whether he deſcends enough to particular Intereſts and Conſiderations. One would think, that ſubtle and refin'd Counſels

ſeem'd

ſeem'd to him unworthy of the Grandeur of the Republick; and that is the Reaſon perhaps, why he traces up few Things to Speculation and Deſign; and almoſt every Thing to the Paſſions and Genius of Men.

In the Hiſtory of *Tacitus*, we ſee more Vices, more Wickedneſs, and more Crimes by far; but Ingenuity conducts, and Dexterity manages them; every one ſpeaks there always with Deſign; nothing is acted without Premeditation; Cruelty is prudent, and Violence diſcreet. In a Word, the Crimes with him are too delicate; whence it comes to paſs, that Perſons, even of the greateſt Integrity, come inſenſibly to reliſh the Art of Miſchief, which doth not wholly diſcover it ſelf at firſt, and that they learn to become Wicked, before they are aware, while they imagine only to improve in Skill. But to leave *Saluſt* and *Tacitus*, in their different Characters, I dare affirm that we but ſeldom meet together, a true Knowledge of Men, and a profound Intelligence of Things.

Thoſe that are brought up in Societies, that ſpeak in Aſſemblies, learn the Order, the Forms, and all the Matters that are debated in them. Paſſing from thence, through Embaſſies, they inſtruct themſelves in foreign Affairs, and there are but few things but what they become capable of, by Application and Experience. But when they come to ſettle at Court, they are perplex'd and awkard in their Choice of Perſons, without any Taſte of Merit, ridiculous in their Expences, and in their Pleaſures.

Our Miniſters in *France* are altogether free from theſe Defects; I may affirm it of them all without Flattery; and enlarge my ſelf a little upon Monſieur *de Lionne*, with whom I am better acquainted.

'Tis

'Tis in him, properly, that different Talents are reconcil'd; 'tis in him we find a curious Knowledge of the Merits of Men, and a conſummate Maſtery of Buſineſs.

To ſpeak the Truth, I have a thouſand Times admir'd, how a Miniſter, who hath confounded all the Politicks of the *Italians*; who hath diſorder'd the ſteddy Prudence of the *Spaniards*; who hath engag'd ſo many Princes of *Germany* in our Intereſts; and made thoſe, who with ſo much Difficulty ſtir for themſelves, to act for us, juſt as we would have them: I have admir'd, I ſay, how a Man, ſo dextrous in Negotiations, ſo well vers'd in Affairs, could have all the Delicacy of our moſt polite Courtiers, in his Converſation and Pleaſures. One may ſay of him, what *Saluſt* affirm'd of a great * Perſon of Antiquity, *That his Leiſure is Voluptuous*: But that by a juſt Diſpenſation of his Time, with his great facility in managing Buſineſs, of which he has got the Maſtery, never was any Affair retarded by his Pleaſures.

Amidſt the Diverſions of his Leiſure, amidſt his moſt important Employments, he ſtill dedicates ſome Hours to polite Learning, of which *Atticus* himſelf, one of the greateſt Ornaments of Antiquity, did not acquire a more curious Stock, in the Sweetneſs of his Repoſe, and the Tranquillity of his Studies. His Knowledge is Univerſal; and Learning, which very often debauches Nature, doth but adorn his; it throws off, with him, whatever it had of obſcure, difficult, uncouth,

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* *Sulla* * * * Literis Græcis atque Latinis juxta atque doctiſſimè eruditus, animo ingenti, cupidus voluptatum, ſed Gloriæ cupidior: otio luxurioſo eſſe; tamen ab negotiis numquam voluptas remorata, &c.

Saluſt. de Bello Jugurt.

uncouth, and gives him entirely all its Advantages, without corrupting the Clearneſs and Politeneſs of his Mind. No Man is better acquainted with the Works of the Ingenious than he; no Man writes better; he knows equally how to judge, and how to compoſe; ſo that I queſtion whether we ought to eſteem more in him, the Solidity of his Judgment, or the Brightneſs of his Genius. But it is time to leave his, and come to that of the Courtiers.

As they are not only educated, but have their ordinary Reſidence near Princes, they make it their particular Study to know them well: There is not an Inclination that is conceal'd from them, no Averſion unknown, no Weakneſs which eſcapes them. Hence reſult thoſe Inſinuations, Complaiſances, and all thoſe curious Meaſures which compoſe the Art of winning the Hearts, or, at leaſt, of reconciling the Wills of others; but either through want of Application, or becauſe they look upon thoſe Employments, which inſtruct a Man in Affairs, to be below them, they are equally ignorant of them all; and their Agreeableneſs coming to fail with their Age, they muſt conſequently loſe their Conſideration and Credit. Thus they grow old in the Cabinet, expos'd to the Raillery of the young Men, who can't endure their cenſorious Humour; with this difference, however, that theſe, for the moſt part, act agreeably to their Temper, while the others cannot abſtain from thoſe Things that don't become them; and, indeed, the moſt accompliſh'd Perſon, if he is not in a Poſt to ſerve others, will find it a hard Matter to keep himſelf from being ridiculous in his old Age. But it fares with them, as with our Ladies of Gallantry, who are ſtill pleas'd with the World, when that's no more pleas'd with them. If we were wiſe, our Diſguſt would

would be govern'd by that which others have for us; for when once we become unprofitable to the World, and can no longer ſupport our ſelves by the Merit of pleaſing, 'tis high time to think of making a Retreat. Lawyers, on the other ſide, appear leſs Genteel when they are young, by a falſe Affectation of the Court-Air, which makes them ſucceed in the City, though it renders them ridiculous at Court; but, at laſt, the true Knowledge of their Intereſt brings them back to their Profeſſion; and as they become conſummate in Buſineſs, in time they arrive to conſiderable Stations, where every Body, in general, ſtands in need of their Aſſiſtance. It is true, thoſe Courtiers who advance themſelves to Honours by great Employments, are of conſummate Abilities; and their Merit arrives to full Perfection, when to the Nicety of the Court, they joyn the Knowledge of Affairs, and Experience in War.

A DIS-

A DISSERTATION On RACINE's *Tragedy*, CALL'D *The Grand* Alexander.

To Madam * BOURNEAU.

SINCE I have read the *GRAND ALEXANDER*, the old Age of *Corneille* does not ſo much alarm me; and I am not ſo apprehenſive that the writing of Tragedies will End with him. However, I could wiſh, that, before his Death, he would adopt the Author of this Piece, and, like a tender Father, give a right Caſt to the Judgmenr of one, who alone deſerves to be his Succeſſor. I wiſh that he would give him a good Taſte of Antiquity, which he enjoys to ſo much advantage; that he would make him enter into the Genius of thoſe dead Nations, and know judiciouſly the Character of Heroes, that are now no more. This is, in my Opinion, the only thing which is wanting to ſo great a Genius. Some of his Thoughts are ſtrong and bold; his Expreſſions equal the Force of his Thoughts: But then you muſt give me leave to ſay, that he is not acquainted with *Alexander*, or *Porus*. By his Performance one would think, that he had a mind to give

* *Wife to Mr.* Bourneau, *Preſident of the Seneſchal's Court at* Saumur.

give the World a greater Idea of *Porus*, than of *Alexander*, in which it was not poſſible for him to ſucceed; for the Hiſtory of *Alexander*, as true as it is, has much of the Air of a Romance in it; and for an Author to make a greater Heroe than him, is to affect to deal in Fiction, and rob his Work, not only of the Credit of Truth, but the Agreeableneſs of Probability. Let us not therefore imagine any thing greater than this Conqueror of the World; otherwiſe our Imaginations will range too far, and ſoar too high. If we would give other Heroes an advantage over him, let us take from them the Vices which he had, and give them the Vertues which he had not: Let us not make *Scipio* greater, altho' there never was, amongſt the *Romans*, a Soul ſo aſpiring as his; he ſhould be made more juſt, more diſpos'd to do good, more moderate, more temperate, and more vertuous.

Let not thoſe that are moſt partial to *Cæſar*, againſt *Alexander*, alledge in his Favour, either his Paſſion of Glory, Greatneſs of Soul, or Firmneſs of Reſolution. Theſe Qualities are ſo conſpicuouſly ſhining in the *Grecian*, that to have had them in a higher Degree, would have been to have had them to Exceſs; but let them make the *Roman* more wiſe in his Undertakings, more dexterous in his Affairs, one that better underſtood his own Intereſts, and was more Maſter of himſelf in his Paſſions.

A very nice Judge of the Merits of Men, is contented to compare to *Alexander*, the Man whom he thought worthy of the higheſt Character: He durſt not attribute to him greater Qualities, but took away from him the bad: *Magno illi Alexandro par, ſed ſobrio neque iracundo* * *ſimillimus.*

* Valleius Paterculus (*Hiſt. Lib. II. c.* 41.) meaning Cæſar.

Perhaps theſe Conſiderations influenc'd our A
thor in ſome meaſure: perhaps, to make *P*
the greater Man, without diving into Fables,
thought it convenient to leſſen his *Alexander*.
that was his Deſign, 'tis impoſſible for him to h
executed it better; for he has made him ſo mo
rate a Prince, that a hundred others may be p
ferr'd to him, as well as *Porus*. Not but that
pheſtion gives us a fine Idea of him; that *Taxiles*
Porus himſelf, ſpeak advantageouſly enough of
Greatneſs: But when he appears himſelf, he
not Force enough to ſuſtain it; unleſs, out of M
deſty, he had a mind to appear an ordinary M
amongſt the *Indians*, in a juſt Repentance, for
ving been ambitious to paſs for a God amon
the *Perſians*. To ſpeak ſeriouſly, I can here
cern nothing of *Alexander*, but his bare Name;
Genius, his Humour, his Qualities, appear to
no where. I expect to find in an impetu
Heroe, ſuch extraordinary Motions, as ſho
excite my Paſſion; but I find a Prince of ſo lit
Spirit, that he makes no manner of Impreſſi
upou me.

I imagin'd to find in *Porus*, a Greatneſs of So
which would be ſomewhat more ſurprizing to
an *Indian* Heroe ſhould have a different Charac
from one of ours. Another Heaven, if I may
ſpeak, another Sun, and another Earth, produ
other Animals, and other Fruits: The Men ſee
to be of another Make, by the difference of the
Faces, and ſtill more, if I dare ſay ſo, by a
ſtinction of Reaſon: Both their Morals, and
Wiſdom peculiar to their Climate, ſeem there
over-rule and guide another ſort of Men, in an
ther World. *Porus*, however, whom *Quintus Cu
rius* deſcribes an utter Stranger to the *Greeks* a
Perſians, is here purely *French*. Inſtead of tran
porting us to the *Indies*, he is carried into *Fran*
whe

'Tis in him, properly, that different Talents are reconcil'd; 'tis in him we find a curious Knowledge of the Merits of Men, and a conſummate Maſtery of Buſineſs.

To ſpeak the Truth, I have a thouſand Times admir'd, how a Miniſter, who hath confounded all the Politicks of the *Italians*; who hath diſorder'd the ſteddy Prudence of the *Spaniards*; who hath engag'd ſo many Princes of *Germany* in our Intereſts; and made thoſe, who with ſo much Difficulty ſtir for themſelves, to act for us, juſt as we would have them: I have admir'd, I ſay, how a Man, ſo dextrous in Negotiations, ſo well vers'd in Affairs, could have all the Delicacy of our moſt polite Courtiers, in his Converſation and Pleaſures. One may ſay of him, what *Saluſt* affirm'd of a great * Perſon of Antiquity, *That his Leiſure is Voluptuous*: But that by a juſt Diſpenſation of his Time, with his great facility in managing Buſineſs, of which he has got the Maſtery, never was any Affair retarded by his Pleaſures.

Amidſt the Diverſions of his Leiſure, amidſt his moſt important Employments, he ſtill dedicates ſome Hours to polite Learning, of which *Atticus* himſelf, one of the greateſt Ornaments of Antiquity, did not acquire a more curious Stock, in the Sweetneſs of his Repoſe, and the Tranquillity of his Studies. His Knowledge is Univerſal; and Learning, which very often debauches Nature, doth but adorn his; it throws off, with him, whatever it had of obſcure, difficult, uncouth,

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* *Sulla* *** Literis Græcis atque Latinis juxta atque doctiſſimè eruditus, animo ingenti, cupidus voluptatum, ſed Gloriæ cupidior: otio luxurioſo eſſe; tamen ab negotiis numquam voluptas remorata, &c.

Saluſt. de Bello Jugurt.

One of the greateſt Faults of our Nation, is to make all Center in it, even to that Degree, as to call thoſe very Perſons Strangers in their own Country, who have not exactly, either our Air or Manners. Upon this ſcore we are juſtly reproach'd, for not knowing how to eſteem Things, but by the Relation they have to us, of which *Corneille* made a ſad, but undeſerv'd Experiment, in his *Sophoniſba*. *Mairet*, who deſcrib'd his, unfaithful to old *Syphax*, and in love with the young and victorious *Maſſiniſſa*, pleas'd the whole World, in a manner, by hitting upon the Inclination of the Ladies, and the true Humour of the Courtiers. But *Corneille*, who makes the *Greeks* ſpeak better than the *Greeks*, the *Romans* than the *Romans*, the *Carthaginians* than the Citizens of *Carthage* ſpeak themſelves: *Corneille*, who is, almoſt, the only Perſon that has a true Taſte of Antiquity, has had the Misfortune not to pleaſe our Age, for repreſenting the true Character of *Aſdrubal*'s Daughter. Thus to the Diſgrace of our Judgments, he that hath ſurpaſs'd all our Authors, and has, in this reſpect, perhaps, even ſurpaſs'd himſelf, by allowing to thoſe great Names all that was their due, could not oblige us to do him the ſame piece of Juſtice; being enſlaved by Cuſtom, to ſet a value on thoſe Things the preſent Mode recommends; and little diſpos'd by Reaſon, to eſteem thoſe Qualities and Sentiments, which are not agreeable to our own.

Let us then conclude, after ſo long a Reflexion, that *Alexander* and *Porus* ought to have preſerv'd their Characters entire; that it was our buſineſs to view them upon the Banks of *Hydaſpes*, ſuch as they were; not theirs to come to the Banks of the *Seine*, to ſtudy our Nature, and ſpeak our Thoughts. The Speech of *Porus* ſhould have had ſomethin[illegible] and extraordinary

in

in it. If *Quintus Curtius* has made himſelf admir'd for his Oration of the *Scythians*, where he gives them Thoughts and Expreſſions natural to their Nation, this Author might have render'd himſelf as much admir'd, by repreſenting to us, the Rarity of a Genius of another World.

The different Conditions of theſe two Kings, in which both of them behav'd themſelves ſo gallantly; their Vertue differently exercis'd in the Variety of their Fortune, beſpeak the Attention of Hiſtorians, and oblige them to deſcribe them to us. The Poet, who was at liberty to add to the Truth of Things, or at leaſt to ſet them off with all the Ornaments of his Art, inſtead of uſing Colours, and Figures to embelliſh them, hath taken away much of their Beauty; and whether the ſcruple of ſaying too much of them, did not ſuffer him to ſay enough; or whether 'tis owing to the Barrenneſs of his Invention, he falls vaſtly ſhort of the Truth. He might have enter'd into their moſt private Thoughts, and have drawn from the bottom of thoſe great Souls, as *Corneille* hath done, their moſt ſecret Motions; whereas he ſcarce goes ſo far as their bare outſide, little curious to remark well what appear'd aboveboard, and little prying to diſcover what lay conceal'd.

I could have wiſh'd, that our Author had laid the Streſs of his Skill in giving us a juſt Repreſentation of thoſe Great Men; and that in a Scene worthy of the Magnificence of the Subject, he had carried the Greatneſs of their Souls as high as it was poſſible.

If the Converſation of *Sertorius*, * and *Pompey*, had ſuch an Influence upon our Minds, what

* *See* Corneille's SERTORIUS, *Act III.* Scene I.

should not we expect from that of *Porus* and *Alexander*, upon a Subject so uncommon? I could likewise have wish'd, that the Author had given us a greater Idea of this War. And, indeed, the Passage of the *Hydaspes* is so strange, that it is hardly to be conceiv'd; a prodigious Army on t'other side the River, with terrible Chariots and Elephants, at that time formidable; the Lightning, Thunder and Tempests, which occasion a general Confusion; and, above all, when so large a River must be pass'd over in Skins; in short, a hundred dreadful Things, which astonish'd the *Macedonians*, and which made *Alexander* say, That at last he had found a Danger worthy of himself; all this, I say, ought to have rais'd the Imagination of the Poet, both in the Description of the Preparations, and the Recital of the Battle.

However, he scarce mentions the Camps of these two Kings, whom he robs of their true Character, to enslave them to imaginary Princesses. All that is either great or valuable amongst Men, the Defence of a Country, the Preservation of a Kingdom don't excite *Porus* to the Battle; he is encourag'd to it by the beautiful Eyes of *Axiana* alone, and the design of his Valour, is only to recommend himself by it to her. Thus Knight-Errants are describ'd, when they undertake an Adventure; and the finest Genius, in my Opinion, that *Spain* has produc'd, never makes *Don Quixot* enter the Lists, before [illegible] recommended himself to *Dulcinea*.

A Maker of Romances, may m[illegible] Heroe[illegible] according to his Fancy. Neither [illegible] gre[illegible] Importance, to confine one's self r[illegible] to th[illegible] true Character of an obscure Pri[illegible] who[illegible] Reputation we a[illegible] ect Stran[illegible] great Persons c[illegible] ty, so [illegible] Age, and better [illegible] ongst

ving themſelves; the *Alexanders*, the *Scipios*, and the *Cæſars*, ought never to loſe their Characters in our Hands: For the moſt injudicious Spectator perceives, that he is offended, when an Author aſcribes Faults to them, which they had not; or when he takes from them Vertues, which had made upon his Mind an agreeable Impreſſion. Their Vertues, once eſtabliſh'd, intereſt our Self-Love near as much as our own real Merit; and 'tis impoſſible to make the leaſt alteration in them, without making us feel this Change with Violence. Above all Things, we ought not to injure the Reputation of their Genius in the War, to render them more illuſtrious in their Amours; we may give them Miſtreſſes of our own inventing, we may mix Paſſion with their Glory, but let us take Care of making an *Anthony* of an *Alexander*; and not ruin a Heroe, confirm'd for ſo many Ages, meerly to favour a Lover of our own creating.

To baniſh Love out of our Tragedies, as unworthy of Heroes, is to take away that ſecret Charm which unites our Souls to theirs, by a certain Tie that continues between them; but then to bring them down to us by this common Sentiment, don't let us make them deſcend beneath themſelves, nor deſtroy what they poſſeſs above Men. Provided this Diſcretion be obſerv'd, I dare affirm, that there are no Subjects, where ſo univerſal a Paſſion as Love is, may not be introduc'd naturally, and without Violence. Beſides, ſince Women are as neceſſary in the Repreſentation, as Men, we ſhould give them frequent Occaſions to ſpeak of that which is moſt agreeable to their Nature, and of which they talk better than any thing elſe. Take away from ſome of the Fair Sex the Expreſſion of amorous Thoughts, and from others thoſe private Familiarities, into

which the mutual Confidence they have in each other leads them, and you reduce them, for the moſt part, to very tedious Converſations. Moſt of their Motions, as well as their Diſcourſes, ſhould be the Effects of their Paſſion; their Joy, their Sorrow, their Fears, and their Deſires, ought to have a little Tincture of Love, in order to be taking.

If you introduce a Mother rejoycing for the Happineſs of her dear Son, or afflicting her ſelf for the Misfortune of her poor Daughter, her Satisfaction, or her Grief, will make but a weak Impreſſion upon the Spectators. To affect us with the Tears and Complaints of this Sex, ſhew us a Miſtreſs that bewails the Death of a Lover; and not a Wife, that laments the Loſs of a Huſband.

The Grief of Miſtreſſes, which is tender and endearing, has a far greater Influence upon us, than the Affliction of an inveigling, ſelf-intereſted Widow, who, as ſincere as ſhe happens to be ſometimes, always gives us a melancholy Idea of Funerals, and their diſmal Ceremonies.

Of all the Widows that ever appear'd upon the Theatre, I can endure none but * *Cornelia*, becauſe, inſtead of making me think of Fatherleſs Children, and a Wife without a Spouſe, her Affections truly *Roman*, recal to my Mind, the Idea of ancient *Rome*, and of the Great *Pompey*.

This is all that may reaſonably be allow'd to Love upon our Theatres; let our Writers be contented with this, ſo far even the ſevereſt Rules of the Drama will allow of it; and let not its greateſt Favourers believe, that the chief Deſign of Tragedy, is to excite a Tenderneſs in our Hearts.

In

* *See* Corneille's CORNELIA.

In Subjects truly Heroick, a true Greatneſs of Soul ought to be maintain'd above all Things. That which would be pleaſing and tender, in the Miſtreſs of an ordinary Man, is often weak and ſcandalous in the Miſtreſs of a Heroe. She may entertain her ſelf, when alone, with thoſe inward Conflicts ſhe feels in her ſelf; ſhe may ſigh in ſecret for her Uneaſineſs; and truſt a belov'd and vertuous Confident, with her Fears and Griefs: But, ſupported by her Glory, and fortified by her Reaſon, ſhe ought always to remain Miſtreſs of her Paſſions, and to animate her Lover to great Actions by her Reſolution, inſtead of diſheartning him by her Weakneſs.

'Tis, indeed, an indecent ſight, to ſee the Courage of a Heroe ſoftned by Tears and Sighs; but then, if he haughtily contemns the Grief of a beautiful Perſon that loves him, he rather diſcovers the Hardneſs of his Soul, than the Reſolution of his Heart.

To avoid this Inconvenience, *Corneille* has no leſs regard to the Character of his Illuſtrious Ladies, than to that of his Heroes. *Æmilia* encourages *Cinna* to execute * their Deſign, and anſwers all the Scruples that oppoſe the aſſaſſinating of *Auguſtus*.

Cleopatra hath a Paſſion for *Cæſar*, and leaves nothing undone to preſerve † *Pompey*: She had been unworthy of *Cæſar*, if ſhe had not declar'd againſt the baſe Treachery of her Brother; and *Cæſar*, undeſerving of her, if he had been capable of approving ſo infamous an Action. *Dirce*, in *Oedipus*, vies Greatneſs of Courage with *Theſeus*, turning upon her ſelf the fatal Explanation of the Oracle,

* *See* Corn. CINNA, *Act I. Scene III.*
† *In the Tragedy of* POMPEY.

A LETTER

To the Count DE LIONNE:

I Know not yet what Succeſs your Endeavours to ſerve me will have; but I can aſſure you, they make a deep Impreſſion on a Man, who is very ſenſible of the leaſt Obligation that is laid upon him. I am more concern'd at your Illneſs, for the Trouble it brings upon you, than by the Hinderance it gives to your Sollicitations in my Affair. I am apprehenſive they may be ſomewhat too preſſing, with reſpect to the Prince of *Turenne*, and that I may become, at laſt, obnoxious to him, by the Importunity I give him. If he had not ſent me a Compliment by Count *d'Auvergne*, and Count *d'Eſtrades*, I would not have taken the Liberty, to deſire his Good Offices; for I never did him any Service that may oblige him to concern himſelf in my Behalf. If I admir'd him all my Life-time, 'twas only to do Juſtice to his great Qualities, and to Credit my own Judgment: But I never expected any Thing from it, becauſe, indeed, I had no Pretentions to any Thing. If he be ſo kind, as to be willing to oblige me, I ſhall be extreamly grateful; but if I am indifferent to him, I ſhall have no manner of Reaſon to complain.

The Kindneſs which you aſſure me the Marquis *de Lionne* has for me, gives me a ſecret Satisfaction, far greater than I ought to enjoy in my preſent Condition. If I was fully perſuaded of it, it would take up [illegible] and agreeably divert my [illegible]

what place ſoever I may be, pray aſſure him, that he will have, in me, a very unprofitable Servant againſt his Will, and no leſs zealous than your ſelf, in every Thing that concerns him; which, I think, is the moſt emphatical way I can uſe to expreſs my Sentiments.

Pray moderate the exceſſive Praiſes you beſtow on my Trifles. At the Time when you ſhew ſo much Sincerity in ſolid Things, and real Services, you have not the ſame Frankneſs in telling me your Opinion of what I ſend you. I might, with more Reaſon, tell you, that your Letter is the beſt written that ever I ſaw; but I am afraid to injure your Reputation, in a nice Country, where a Man cannot write much, and write well, without paſſing for a Pedant, or for an Author.

Your ANDROMACHE is very fine: Three of my Friends ſent me one each, by the Poſt, without conſidering how frugal a Man ought to be in a Common-Wealth. 'Tis not the Money I regard; but if the Burgomaſters were acquainted with this Laviſhneſs, they would turn me out of *Holland*, like a Man who might corrupt their Citizens. You are better acquainted with a popular State, when you free me from thoſe Expences, which you lay very judiciouſly on the * Ambaſſador, whom it becomes extreamly well to ſcatter his Money for the Honour of his Maſter, and the Dignity of the Crown. Nevertheleſs, as thoſe little Things are re-printed in *Amſterdam*, eight or ten Days after they came out in *France*, I would not put the Ambaſſador to ſo conſiderable an Expence, for Poſtage, too frequently. Thoſe that ſent me *Andromache*, have deſir'd my Opinion of it: As I told you before, it appear'd to me very

* Eſtrades, *the French Ambaſſador at the* Hague.

very beautiful; but I think that Paſſions may be carried further, and that there is in the Sentiments ſomething deeper than what's to be found in it: For what ought to be tender, is only ſoft; and what ought to excite Pity, raiſe nothing but Tenderneſs. However, take him all together, *Racine* deſerves the higheſt Reputation, next to *Corneille*.

To the ſame.

IF it were true, as you tell me, that Monſieur *de Lionne*, the Miniſter of State, ſhould like thoſe little Pieces I have ſent you, the Pleaſure of hitting ſo nice a Palate as his, would eaſily drown the Grief of my Diſgrace; and I ſhould think my ſelf oblig'd to the Misfortune of being an Exile, in which Condition, for want of Diverſions, I amuſe my ſelf with Trifles of this Nature. If he be not ſatisfy'd with the Picture I have made of his Accompliſhments, he muſt lay the Blame on his own Merit, which I could not be ſo happy as to expreſs well. Why is he a Man of ſo much Ability and Probity? I had rather find in him more Capacity and Nicety than I beſtow upon him, than to make him more Able, or more Nice, than I ſhould [illegible] him.

It fares with him, as w[illegible]ſe Women of extraordinary Beauty, in [illegible] Pictures [illegible] is ever ſomething wanting [illegible] who ought over-joy'd to ruin the Re[illegible] of all Pa[illegible]

Madam *Bourneau* has [illegible] a very Trick, in [illegible]ing a very [illegible] Opinion ſent her, [illegible]he Trag[illegible]onder. Woman, [illegible]often co[illegible] in and who h[illegible] deal[illegible]

that Piece of *Racine*, with a Deſire to give her my Judgment upon it; which I did, in haſte, without allowing my ſelf ſufficient Time to peruſe that Play with Attention. I deſir'd her, as earneſtly as poſſible, not to ſhew my Letter: But being leſs ſcrupulous than your ſelf, in following the Advice of Friends, I find ſhe has ſhewn it to all the World, and has now brought me into the Perplexity you mention. I hate extreamly to ſee my Name toſs'd about, particularly with Things of this Nature. I am unacquainted with *Racine*: But as he is a great Wit, I wiſh it were in my Power to ſerve him; and yet his greateſt Enemies could not have done worſe, than what I have done without Deſign. However, *Sir*, if, as you tell me, 'tis not poſſible to hinder the Printing of thoſe collected Pieces, 'tis better they ſhould be printed by the Copy you have, and as correctly as poſſible, than in ſuch a Confuſion as they have been handed about to the Printer: But, pray, take care that my Name be not put to them.

I don't deſire you to communicate to any Body the Side-wind * Juſtification of what I wrote at *St. John-de-Luz*: You know the Reaſon of it as well as my ſelf. I intended to praiſe him who is now on the Throne; but I know not whether my Praiſes are acceptable. Neither will you, I hope, part with the little Character which you did but imperfectly copy out; As for the reſt, it is wholly yours, and you may uſe it as you pleaſe. You would oblige me, however, to take ſpecial [illegible]re that nothing of it be printed: But, in caſe [illegible] cannot prevent it, I leave it entirely to your [illegible]ment and Diſcretion. Your

* *to the Marquis* de Lionne, *inſerted in this*

in the World; ſince nothing but your own Generoſity maintains me in your Affection: Which makes me believe that you have a mind to ſet an Example to Poſterity, which ſhe muſt deſpair ever to be able to imitate. In ſhort, I examine my ſelf every Way, and find nothing in me but what juſtifies the Diſguſt which others ought to entertain of my Perſon. Reflections wou'd be very irkſome to me, were they not alleviated by the Remembrance of a Perſon for whom I have the ſame Veneration, which ſo accompliſh'd a Merit gains him from every Body.

But I will no longer make ſo nice a Modeſty as yours uneaſie: And therefore proceed to the Judgment you have ask'd of me upon * BRITANNICUS. I have read it with Attention enough to obſerve fine things in it. It exceeds, in my Opinion, both ALEXANDER and ANDROMACHE: The Verſes of it are more magnificent; and I will not be ſurpriz'd if ſome *Sublime* be found in it. However I deplore the Misfortune of that Author, for having written ſo worthily upon a Subject which cannot afford an agreeable Repreſentation. And, indeed, the Characters of *Narciſſus*, *Agrippina* and *Nero*; and the black and horrible Idea which is entertain'd of their Crimes, cannot be effaced from the Memory of the Spectators; and whatever Efforts he can make to ſhake off the Thoughts of their Cruelties, the Horror he has for them, does, in ſome meaſure, deſtroy the Merit of the Play.

* One of Racine's *Tragedies*.

Of RETIREMENT.

THere's nothing more common with Old Men than to deſire a Retirement, and nothing ſo rare with them as not to repent it, when they are once retired. Their Souls, that are in too great a Subjection to their Humours, are diſguſted with the World for their own Tireſomeneſs; for ſcarce have they quitted this falſe Object of their Misfortune, but they are as angry with Solitude, as they were with the World, being uneaſie at themſelves, where nothing but themſelves can give them any Uneaſineſs.

The eſſential Reaſon that obliges us to withdraw our Selves out of the World, when we are Old, is to prevent that Ridicule and Contempt, to which Age generally expoſes us.

If we quit the World in good Time, they will ſtill preſerve the *Idea* of that Merit, which we had there. If we tarry too long in it, our Defects will lie open; and what we are then, will efface the Memory of what we were. Beſides, 'tis a ſhame for a Perſon of Honour to drag about him the Infirmities of Age at the Court, where the end of his Services occaſions that of his Intereſt.

Nature teaches us to reaſſume our Liberty, when we have nothing more to hope from Fortune. 'Tis what a Senſe of Decency, what the Care of our Reputation, what good Manners, and Nature it ſelf require from us. Nor is this all, for the World has likewiſe a Right to demand the ſame thing of us. Its Commerce furniſh'd us with Pleaſures, while we were capable of reliſhing 'em: And it would be Ingratitude to be a ſtranger to it, when we can-

As for my ſelf, I am fully reſolved to live in a Convent or a Deſart, rather than to give my Friends an Occaſion to pity me, or to furniſh thoſe that are not ſo, with a Subject for their malicious Mirth and Railery. But the Miſchief is, that a Man is not ſenſible, when he becomes either weak or ridiculous. It is not enough to know that we are gone for good and all; but we ought to be the firſt that perceive our Selves to be upon the Decline, and like prudent Men, to prevent the publick Knowledge of this Change.

Not that every Alteration that Age brings along with it, ought to inſpire us with the Reſolution of retiring. I own, we loſe a great deal by growing Old; but amongſt the Loſſes we ſuſtain, ſome of them are recompenc'd by conſiderable Advantages.

If after I have loſt my Paſſions, the Affections continue with me ſtill; I ſhall find leſs Inquietude in my Pleaſures, and more Diſcretion in the Conduct of my Life, in relation to the World. If my Imagination decays, I ſhall not pleaſe ſo much ſometimes; but then I ſhall be infinitely leſs troubleſom for the general part. If I quit the Crowd for a ſelect Company, my Thoughts will be more compos'd. If I come from a large Acquaintance to the Converſation of a few, 'tis becauſe I know how to make a better Choice.

Beſides, 'tis to be conſider'd, that if we change, we do it amongſt People that change as well as our ſelves; Men of equal Infirmities, or at leaſt ſubject to the very ſame. Therefore I ſhall not be at all aſham'd to ſearch in their Preſence ſome Relief againſt the Weakneſs of Age; nor ſhall I be afraid to ſupply by Art, what begins to fail me by Nature. A nicer Precaution againſt the Injury of Time, a more careful Management of a Health that daily becomes more feeble, cannot

ſcandalize any Men of Senſe, and we ought not to trouble our ſelves with thoſe that are not ſo.

To ſay the Truth, that which diſpleaſes in Old People, is not too affected a Care of their own Preſervation. We ſhould eaſily forgive them every thing that relates to themſelves, if they had but the ſame Conſideration for others. But the Authority they aſſume, is full of Injuſtice and Indiſcretion; for they prepoſterouſly thwart the Inclinations even of thoſe that bear the moſt with their Infirmities. Their long Courſe of Life, it ſeems, has untaught them how to converſe with Mankind, for they ſhew nothing but a Spirit of Moroſeneſs, Auſterity and Contradiction, to thoſe very Perſons, from whom they exact Affability, Docility and Obedience. All that they themſelves do, they imagine to be virtuous; and place among Vices every thing that lies out of their Power. And as they are conſtrain'd to follow Nature, where ſhe is tireſome and offenſive, they wou'd have others oppoſe what is ſweet and agreeable in her.

There is no part of our Life wherein we ought to ſtudy our own Humour with more Application than in Old Age; for it is never ſo difficult to be diſcover'd as then. An impetuous Young Fellow has a Hundred Returns, when he is diſſatisfied with his Extravagancies: But Old People devote themſelves to their Humour as if it was a Virtue; and take Pleaſure in their own Defects, becauſe they carry a falſe Reſemblance of the moſt commendable Qualities. In effect, as they grow more difficult, they vainly imagine that they become more delicate. They take up an Averſion to Pleaſure, believing that they are juſtly oppoſing the Current of Vice. A ſerious Air paſſes with them for Judgment; Phlegm for Wiſdom; and hence proceeds that ſupercilious Authority they allow

low themſelves to cenſure every thing: *Spleen*, ſupplying the Place of *Indignation* againſt Sin; and *Gravity* of *Sufficiency*.

The only ſure Remedy when we are come to this Paſs, is to conſult our Reaſon in the Intervals, when ſhe is diſingag'd from our Humour; and from a Reſolution to conceal our Defects from the Sight of the World. 'Tis all that our Wiſdom can do at this Juncture to hide them, and it would be a ſuperfluous Labour, to endeavour wholly to get clear of them.

'Tis at this Point of our *Life* that we ought to aſſign ſome Time between *it* and *Death*, and to chuſe a convenient Place to paſs it in Devotion, if poſſible, at leaſt with Prudence; either with a Devotion that gives us Confidence, or with Reaſon that promiſes us Repoſe.

When our Reaſon, which qualified us for the World, is, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, worn out with long uſing, a wiſe Man forms another out of it to ſerve him in his *Retreat*, which of ridiculous Fools, as we were growing in Converſation, makes us truly wiſe in reſpect of our ſelves.

Of all the Retreats that a Man can chuſe when he is Old, I ſhould infinitely prefer that of a Convent to all the reſt, if their Rules were leſs ſevere. 'Tis certain that Old Age ſhuns a Crowd, out of a nice and retired Humour, that cannot endure to be either importun'd or tired; and yet it avoids Solitude with greater Diligence, where it becomes a Prey to its own black Diſquietudes, or to ſullen vexatious Imaginations. The only remaining Relief againſt all this, is the Converſation of a virtuous Society: Now, what Society can better agree with it than a religious one, where one would think, all manner of human Helps ſhould be afforded, with more Charity than elſewhere, and where their Vows ſhould be uni-

ted to demand thoſe Succours from Heaven, which cannot reaſonably be expected from Men.

It is as natural for Old People to take up with *Devotion*, as it is ordinary with Young Men to abandon themſelves to *Pleaſures*. In the latter, Nature full charg'd, throws out of herſelf her Superfluity of Vigor, hunting after Voluptuouſneſs in external Objects: In the others, languiſhing Nature ſeeks in God what ſhe has loſt, and adheres more cloſely to him, to provide for herſelf a kind of Reſource in her Decay. Thus the ſame Spirit that leads to Society in our Wants, conducts us to God in our Languiſhings; and if Convents were inſtituted as they ought to be, we ſhould find in the ſame Place, both the Support of Heaven and the Aſſiſtance of Men: But after the manner they are ſettled, inſtead of an Alleviation of our Miſeries, we find there the Hardſhip of a blind Obedience, either in the Performance of unprofitable Things, or in the Forbearance of innocent ones. We find there an ordinary Sacrifice of Reaſon; Laws more difficult to be obſerv'd than the Divine and Political; Ordinances ſcandalouſly broke by Libertines, and impatiently born by the moſt Submiſſive.

I confeſs, we meet ſometimes with ſome religious Perſons of an ineſtimable Merit; ſuch as knew the Vanities of the World, which they have quitted; and the Grimace of that kind of Life, which they have embrac'd. Theſe are truly virtuous and devout Men, who refine the Dictates of Morality by thoſe of Piety. They live not only exempt from the Perturbation of Paſſions, but enjoy a moſt admirable Serenity of Mind; and are more happy in deſiring nothing, than the greateſt Monarchs in poſſeſſing all. Such Examples are indeed very rare: And the Virtue of thoſe religious Perſons is more to be admir'd, than their Condition to be embraced. For

For my part, I would never adviſe a Gentleman to engage in ſuch Obligations, wherein all the Rights of one's Will are generally loſt and ſwallow'd up. The Penance which a Man would willingly undergo, is made neceſſary; the Sin he deſigns to avoid, muſt be ſhun'd by Injunction; and the Good which he would do, is to be purſu'd by Conſtraint. Common Slavery goes no further than to force us to what we are unwilling to do: *But* that of Convents lays a Neceſſity upon us, even in Things that we are willing to perform.

The late † Queen of *Portugal*, who was as capable to manage her own Conduct in Tranquillity, as to govern a State in a Storm, had the Fancy to turn Nun, upon her reſigning the Government to her || Son; But after having examin'd the Rules of all the Religious Orders, with as much Care as Judgment, ſhe found none that allow'd either the Body the neceſſary Conveniencies of Life, or the Mind a reaſonable Satisfaction. 'Tis certain, that the Idea of a Convent is agreeable enough to one who ſeeks Innocence and Repoſe; but it is a hard Matter to find there the Contentment one fancied. If he does, which happens very rarely, he does not enjoy it long; And the beſt Caution one can uſe againſt entering into a Monaſtery, is to conſider, that the Generality of thoſe Religious Perſons continue there with *Regret*, and get out from thence, when they can, with *Joy*.

I could wiſh we had eſtabliſh'd Societies, where Gentlemen might commodiouſly retire, after they

† Luiſa-Franciſca de Guſman, *Daughter to the Duke of* Medina Sidonia, *and Wife to* Don Juan *Duke of* Braganſa, *who afterwards became King of* Portugal. *She died the* 18*th of* Febr. 1666.

|| Don Alfonſo.

have done the Publick all the Service they were able. When they were once enter'd here, whether out of a Conſideration of their future State, a Diſlike of the World, or a Deſire of Tranquillity, after ſo many different Agitations of Fortune, they might taſte the Delight of a pious Retreat, and the innocent Pleaſure of vertuous and agreeable Converſation: But in this Place of Repoſe, I would have no other Rules than thoſe of Chriſtianity, which are generally receiv'd every where. And, indeed, we have Ills enough to ſuffer, and Sins to commit, without creating new Torments, and new Crimes, by new Inſtitutions. 'Tis a Piece of Folly, to ſeek far from Court, a Retreat where a Man will live with more Hardſhip, and damn himſelf with more Eaſe, than in the Converſation of Men.

I hate the Auſterity of thoſe, who, to enlarge Duty, leave no room for Good-Will: They make all center in the Neceſſity of Obeying, without any other Reaſon, than conſtantly to exerciſe our Obedience; and, becauſe they ſtill delight in enjoying their Power. Now, I don't like Subjection to their Fancy; and am only for Docility to a wiſe and diſcreet Conduct. It is not reaſonable, that the ſmall remainder of Liberty, which Nature preſerves from the Laws of Politicks and Religion, ſhould be wholly Loſt in the Inſtitutions of theſe new Legiſlators; and that Perſons who enter a Monaſtery, through the Notion of Eaſe and Repoſe, ſhould find nothing there but Slavery and Pain.

As for my ſelf, were I in ſuch a Place, I would freely make Shift without Delights, at an Age when a Man's Reliſh of Pleaſures is, as it were, extinguiſh'd; but then I would have all Conveniencies, at a time when we more ſenſibly feel whatever offends us, as in Proportion we become more

more nice in the Purſuit of what pleaſes us, or are leſs tender in Relation to what affects us. Theſe Conveniencies, deſirable in old Age, ought to be as far remov'd from Plenty, that Cauſes Perplexity, as from Want, which creates Anxiety. To explain my Thoughts more clearly, I would have in a Convent, a cleanly and well-manag'd Frugality; where God ſhould not be look'd upon as a moroſe Maſter, who forbids agreeable Things, becauſe they are pleaſing; but where nothing ſhould pleaſe ſound Minds, but what's either Juſt, or entirely Innocent.

When Monſieur *Fouquet* was in Priſon, the Mareſchal *de Clerembaut* had his Head full of theſe Thoughts about Retirement. *How happy might a Man Live*, ſaid he, *in Society, where he could diveſt Fortune of that Juriſdiction ſhe pretends to have over him! We Sacrifice to this Fortune, our Eſtates, our Repoſe, our Years, perhaps unprofitably; and if we arrive to Poſſeſs its Favours, we Purchaſe the ſhort-liv'd Enjoyment, ſometimes at the Expence of our Liberty, and ſometimes of our Lives. But, ſuppoſe all our Greatneſs ſhould continue as long as we liv'd, yet it would at leaſt expire with our ſelves. And what uſe of their Grandeur have thoſe great Favourites made, who never beheld the Courſe of their Fortune interrupted? Don't they ſeem to have acquir'd this mighty Stock of Glory, and to have heap'd theſe prodigious Riches for no other End, than to make themſelves more ſenſible of the Torment of being neither able to quit nor keep them.* This was his uſual Diſcourſe for a whole Month we were together; and that agreeable Courtier, whoſe Converſation was the niceſt Delight his Friends enjoy'd, ſuffer'd himſelf to be entirely poſſeſs'd with this Train of Thoughts, ſometimes Judicious, but always melancholy.

I confeſs there is a certain Time when the wiſeſt Action we can do, is to quit the World:

But

But as fully perſuaded as I am of this Truth, I ſhould infinitely ſooner be directed by Nature to Retirement, than by my Reaſon. 'Tis by the Impulſe of the former, that in the midſt of the World, I live now after ſuch a faſhion, as if I were retir'd out of it. I ſtill continue in it, as far as I ſeek what pleaſes me; and am ſtill out of it, as far as I avoid whatever incommodes me there. Every Day I ſteal away from Acquaintances that weary, and Converſations that tire me. Every Day I entertain my ſelf in a ſweet Commerce with my Friends, and find the moſt ſenſible Pleaſure in their Company.

After my way of Living, I neither enjoy a full Society, nor a perfect Retirement. 'Tis only an innocent confining of my ſelf to thoſe Delights, which beſt agree with my Inclinations. Diſguſted with groſs Vice, and offended by the Practiſe of too rigid Virtue, I poſſeſs all thoſe harmleſs Pleaſures that are moſt ſuitable to the Repoſe of Old Age, and affect me in Proportion to what I am capable of reliſhing with Satisfaction.

When we approach our Fatal Urn,
And Life's decreaſing Lamp does feebly burn,
Nature, to Innocence inclin'd,
Purſues the Pleaſures of the Mind:
And ſhe, whoſe fierce impetuous Heat
Fir'd ev'ry Vein, now ſeeks a bleſt RETREAT.
'Tis true, when Love's *no more,*
Our brighteſt Days are o'er;
But when our ſcorching Noon *is paſt,*
Soft Ev'ning's *gentler Light ſucceeds at laſt;*
Then gladly we forget th'intemp'rate Blaze,
REASON *prevails o'er Rage, and ſolid Judgment ſways.*

A LET-

A LETTER

From Mr. CORNEILLE,

To Mr. De St. EVREMOND.

To return him Thanks for the Praiſes he had beſtow'd upon him, in the Diſſertation on Racine's ALEXANDER.

SIR,

THE Obligation I have to you, is of ſuch a Nature, as never to be worthily acknowledg'd by Thanks; and I am in ſuch Confuſion about it, that I ſhould ſtill take up with Silence, were I not apprehenſive, it ſhould paſs with you for Ingratitude.

Although ſuch weighty Applauſe as yours ought to be extream dear to us, there are yet Conjunctures which infinitely raiſe the Price of it. You honour me with your Eſteem, at a time when there ſeems to be a Party form'd to rob me of all. You ſupport me, when they fancy they have thrown me down; and you give me a noble Comfort, for the niceneſs of our Age, when you vouchſafe to allow me the true Taſte of Antiquity. This is a wonderful Advantage for a Man, who cannot doubt that Poſterity will depend upon your Judgment: And, after this, I muſt freely own to you, that I think I have ſome Right to treat as ridiculous, thoſe vain Trophies that are erected upon the imaginary Ruins of mine; and to look

down

down with Pity on thoſe obſtinate Prepoſſeſſions that were entertain'd for ancient Heroes, new caſt after our Faſhion.

Will you give me leave to add, in this place, that you have hit my weak Side; and that my SOPHONISBA, for whom you ſhow ſo much Tenderneſs, has the beſt Part of my own? How agreeably you flatter my Sentiments, when you confirm what I have advanc'd about the Share which Love ought to have in noble Tragedies, and with what Fidelity we ought to preſerve to thoſe Illuſtrious Ancients, thoſe Characters of their Time, Nation and Humour! I have hitherto been of Opinion, that Love was a Paſſion attended with too much Weakneſs to be predominant in an Heroick Poem: I would have it to be the *Ornament*, but not the *Subſtance*; and that great Souls ſhould not be acted by it, any farther than it is conſiſtent with nobler Impreſſions. Our *Beaux* and *Merry Sparks* are of a contrary Opinion; but ſince you declare for mine, 'tis a ſufficient Reaſon for me, to be extreamly beholden to you, and ever to profeſs my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble and
Obedient Servant,

CORNEILLE.

Mr. DE

Mr. DE ST. EVREMOND's ANSWER To Mr. CORNEILLE.

SIR,

I Don't doubt but you would be the moſt thankful Perſon in the World, if one ſhould do you any good Office, ſince you think your ſelf oblig'd for the Juſtice which has been done you. If you were to thank all thoſe who have the ſame Opinion of your Works with my ſelf, you muſt return Acknowledgments to all thoſe that underſtand them. I can aſſure you, that no Man's Reputation was ever ſo well eſtabliſh'd as yours is, in *England* and *Holland*. The *Engliſh*, who are naturally prone enough to value any thing of their own, renounce that Opinion, though often well-grounded, and think they do ſufficient Honour to their *Ben* † *Johnſon*, by calling him the *ENGLISH* CORNEILLE. Mr. *Waller*, one of the greateſt Wits of the Age, does ſtill impatiently expect your new Plays, and fails not tranſlating one or two Acts of them into *Engliſh Verſe*, for his own Satisfaction. You are the only Man of our Nation, whoſe Thoughts have the Advantage to hit his. He owns that they Speak and Write well in *France*; but of all the *French*, he ſays, that you alone

† Ben Johnſon *flouriſh'd, in the Reigns of* James *I. and* Charles *I. He undertook to reform the* Engliſh *Stage, and did it with great Succeſs. His* Comedies *are very admirable, and much beyond his* Tragedies. *He died in* 1637.

alone know how to think. Monſieur *Voſſius*, the greateſt Admirer of *Greece*, who cannot bear the leaſt Compariſon between the *Grecians* and the *Latins*, does yet prefer you before *Sophocles* and *Euripides*. After the Approbation of ſuch great Men, you ſurprize me, to tell me, that your Reputation is attack'd in *France*. Does it then fare with Good Taſte, as with Faſhions, which begin to ſettle amongſt Foreigners, when they are Old at *Paris*? I ſhould not wonder to ſee them have ſome Diſguſt for old Heroes, when we ſee a young one, who eclipſes all their Glory: But if we are ſtill pleas'd to ſee them repreſented upon our Theatres, how is it poſſible for them not to Admire thoſe you deſcribe? I believe the Influence of *Ill Taſte* is upon the Decline; and that the firſt Piece you ſhall give the Publick, will ſhow, by the return of your former Applauſe, both the Recovery of good Senſe, and the Reſtoration of Reaſon. I cannot conclude, without returning you moſt humble Thanks for the Honour you have done me. I ſhould think my ſelf unworthy of the Praiſes you beſtow on my Judgment; but as it is generally imploy'd in finding out the Beauties of your Works, I confound our Intereſts, and with Pleaſure gratify a Vanity mixt with the Juſtice I do you.

A LET-

A LETTER

To the Count DE LIONNE.

YOUR Impatience for my Return, increaſes mine, that I may have the Pleaſure to ſee you again: But you cannot intirely remove my Apprehenſions, that too earneſt Sollicitations with Monſieur *de Lionne*, the Miniſter, may render you leſs agreeable, and my Affair importuning. I ought to be ſo equitable, as to manage his Good Will, and believe that the weighty Affairs that lie upon his Hands, are ſomewhat more preſſing than my own. Your Activity for your Friends, gives me this Suſpicion; which, however, is not of long Duration; for your Addreſs heartens me again, and perſuades me, that you will always nick the time. I ſhould have been very ſorry that the Compariſon of the Prince, the *Sidewind Letter*, and the Character of —— ſhould have been at the diſpoſal of Mr. † *Barbin*. As for all the reſt, your Theft has made it yours, provided my Name do not appear in it; and I have no manner of Share in it: So that the Thing it ſelf, and the Management of it, depend upon you alone. You are too reaſonable, to be ſo concern'd as you ſeem to be, at what I have writ to you about the Printers in *Holland*. I had no other Deſign in it, than to let you ſee how much I value the Delicacy of ſo polite a Stile as yours: For, in truth, no Man can write better than you do.

The

† *A famous Bookſeller in* Paris.

The new Writing of * *Liſola* was printed at *Bruſſels*, and only Seven or Eight Copies of it were brought to this Place. One of my Friends read it to me, but would not let me have it. It is a Continuation of Remarks on the Letter of Monſieur *de Lionne*, the Miniſter; wherein he endeavours to prove, that all the Advances made at *Paris*, towards Peace, are only Amuſements, to hinder *England* and *Holland* from oppoſing the Conqueſt of the *Netherlands*; and maintains, that the Deſign of attacking *Franche-Comté*, and that of making Peace, were inconſiſtent; drawing Conſequences from every Thing. There are ſome Things very witty in his Remarks; but then there are too many Jeſts, for ſo important a Matter.

The *Spaniards* cannot avoid accepting the Alternative, *England* and *Holland* being the Umpires of the Peace; but the Marquis *de Caſtel* † *Rodrigo* wiſhes for nothing more than the Continuation of the War, which will bring the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* into his Party. They very much wiſh for Peace here, but neglect nothing that regards the War.

I am very much oblig'd to Monſieur *Corneille* for the Honour he does me. His Letter is admirable, and I know not whether he writes better in Verſe than in Proſe. I deſire you to deliver my Anſwer to him, and to aſſure him, That no Man in the World has ſo great an Eſteem for any Thing

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* Francis, *Baron* de Liſola, *born at* Beſanſon, *betook himſelf to the Emperor's Service, who employ'd him in ſeveral Embaſſies, wherein he made himſelf very advantageouſly known. During the War in* Flanders, *the Garriſon of* Liſle *having intercepted a Letter, which Mr.* de Lionne *wrote to the* **Mr.** de Liſola *publiſh'd ſome Remarks upon it. alſo ſome other Pieces againſt* France. *See* **Mr. B** *Dictionary, in the Article of* LISOLA.

† *Governour of the* Netherlands.

Thing that comes from him, as my ſelf. I have read neither AMPHITRYON nor LAODICE, but as I caſt my Eyes, by chance, upon the latter, the Verſes have kept up my Attention longer than I thought: I deſire you to return the Author Thanks, in my Name, for ſending me his Piece, which I ſhall read very carefully, and, without doubt, with great Pleaſure. You ſhall have no Compliments for your ſelf; for a well-eſtabliſh'd Friendſhip rejects whatever looks like Ceremony.

P. S. Since this Letter was written, I read an Act of LAODICE, which ſeems to me very fine. *Moliere* ſurpaſſes *Plautus* in his AMPHITRYON, as well as *Terence* in his other Plays.

To the ſame.

NOthing is ſo agreeable to Friendſhip, as well as Love, as the Demonſtration of a true Affection, which cannot be better expreſs'd, than by bearing a part in the Misfortunes of thoſe we Love. Your Concern for the Miſcarriage of my Affair, takes off one half of my own, and puts me in a Condition to bear the other patiently. I knew nothing of what you write to me, none of my Friends having been forward, no more than your ſelf, in ſending me a melancholy Piece of News: But this Diſcretion, as obliging as it is, gives me to underſtand, That they have but an ill Opinion of my Conſtancy. Seven full Years of Misfortunes ought, at leaſt, to have inur'd me to Sufferings, if they have not been able to form in me a Vertue ſuperior to them. To end a Moral Diſcourſe, impertinent in him that makes it, and too ſevere for him we entertain, I'll tell you, in

few Words, That I should have been glad to see again the pleasantest Country I know of, and is *it* some Friends, as dear to me for the Demonstrations of their Friendship, as in consideration of their Merit. However, a Man must not be driven to Despair, because he lives in a Nation where Delights are scarce. I content my self with *Indolence*, where I cannot enjoy *Pleasures*. I had still Five or Six Years to relish Plays, Musick, and Good-Cheer, and I must take up with Policy, Order, and Oeconomy; and form to my self a languishing Amusement from the Contemplation of the grave *Dutch* Vertues. You will oblige me to return a Thousand most humble Thanks to Monsieur *de Lionne*, the Minister, for his Kindness to me. I am so unprofitable a Servant, that I dare not even mention *Gratitude*; but I am not the less sensible of the Obligation. You will oblige me likewise, to acquaint me with the State of my Affairs, and what Answer has been return'd. Your Letter will certainly be receiv'd in the Packet of Monsieur *d'Estrades* when he is here. As for the Airs and Novelties, I will not put him to so much Charge for Postage: But pray send me nothing but what you like very well, either in Musick, or of any other kind. As for those Trifles with which I amus'd my self now and then, I have nothing but about one half of a Discourse, which is not yet copied fair. About a Year ago, the Fancy took me to treat of *Interest in Persons altogether corrupted*; *The too rigid Vertue*; *and the Sense of a Man of Honour, who keeps a Medium, and draws from both what ought to enter the Commerce of the World.* I had left those Papers in *England*, and found them lost, except some Periods of the last Writing. I shall endeavour to make them up again; but as they have too great a Connexion with those that are lost, I be[illegible] different.

INTEREST

IN

Perſons altogether Corrupted.

The Corrupted ſpeaks.

I Have paſs'd, Gentlemen, through all Conditions, and after an exact Reflection upon Life, I find but two Things that can deſerve the Thoughts and Application of a wiſe Man; the Care of *Getting*, and that of *Hoarding*.

Honour is nothing but the Infatuation of young Men; 'tis by that a Man begins his Reputation, when he is a *Fool*, and he concludes it by that which is call'd *Corruption*, ſo ſoon as he becomes *wiſe*.

As for me, I never had my Mind poſſeſs'd with Chimeras. Duty, Friendſhip, Gratitude; and the reſt of thoſe Errors, that entangle Coxcombs and Fools in their Snares, have not given me a Moment's Trouble in all my Life. Nature ſent me into the World with the true Principles of Intereſt, which I have improv'd by Study, and fortified by Experience. Greedineſs, which cauſes the ſame Thirſt after Wealth, as Ambition doth after Power, has rais'd me to great Advantages, without making me careleſs of the ſmalleſt Profits.

There are a hundred different ways of getting, which are but ſo many different Rewards of our Induſtry. It would be a difficult Thing to aſſign all the particular Ways of getting; but a Man can never be deceiv'd, if he makes it his principal

Maxim, to *prefer the Profitable before the Honeſt*: To apply one's ſelf to the Profitable, is to follow the Intention of Nature; which, by a ſecret Inſtinct, leads us to what is agreeable to us, and obliges us to make all Things center in our ſelves. *Honour* is an imaginary Duty, which meerly for the Conſideration of others, makes us abſtain from the Goods we might enjoy, or part with thoſe which we ſhould retain.

As for what relates to Hoarding; Is it not reaſonable, we ſhould manage with Care, what we have acquir'd with Difficulty? So long as we have Money in our Coffers, we ſhall have Friends and truſty * Servants: If we exhauſt it by a vain Liberality, we ſhall only give the World liberty to be Ungrateful, when we have loſt that which ſecur'd to us the Services and Reſpect of others. There are but a few grateful Perſons, and though we ſhould meet with ſuch, it is certain, that the Price of Gratitude very rarely comes up to that of the Benefit.

There is one Thing of great uſe, which I have happily practis'd; and that is, Gentlemen, to promiſe eternally, and very rarely to perform. A Man gets more Services by Promiſes, than by Preſents: For Men generally endeavour to deſerve, what they hope from us; but are beholden to themſelves only for what they receive; and either look upon it to be a Recompence of their Pains, or an Effect of their Induſtry. However, of all the ſeveral ſorts of the Ungrateful, theſe ſeem to me to be the leaſt dangerous, becauſe they undeceive us immed[illegible], and never put us to the Expence of a ſecon[illegible]

You

* *This is one of* Machia[illegible]

You will meet with others much more to be fear'd, who perpetually extol the Good which is done them, ſo far as to trouble the whole World with their Acknowledgments: They have always the Name of their Benefactor in their Mouths, and his Picture in their Chambers; But what do they propoſe to themſelves from this vain Shew of Gratitude? They imagine it gives them a Title to a new Pretention; and whilſt you think they are employ'd about acknowledging the Favour which they ſo lately receiv'd, they think they have already done enough to deſerve another, and will not be wanting to ask for it. A fine Subtlety indeed, of this Age, to turn Gratitude towards what is to come, which, till now, was nothing but the Sence of a paſt Obligation!

As you are to live with Perſons, that have their Deſigns upon you, 'tis your Buſineſs to uſe all Caution againſt them; but without putting your Judgment to the Expence of examining their good and evil Intentions, the beſt way will be, to ſecure your ſelf by a general Diſtruſt of all Mankind. However, not to create an univerſal Diſguſt, which would make all the World abandon you, it will be proper to appear diſintereſted ſometimes, out of a ſecret Deſign of Intereſt; it will be convenient, now and then, to do ſome Publick Actions of ſeeming Generoſity, though indeed 'tis but all Artifice; and to force your Nature to do a Favour as Nobly, as if it came from a true Inclination. By this means, you will efface the remembrance of what is paſt, and make the World expect great Matters from you for the future.

[redacted]ut on theſe rare Occaſions, the Secret is, to
lan of an eſtabliſh'd Merit, or one who
able Qualities is generally belov'd:
al Eſteem, or Friendſhip, every

one fooliſhly thinks himſelf oblig'd by a Favour, which is receiv'd but by one ſingle Perſon. After the Noiſe of ſo noble an Action, let the World continue in the good Opinion of your Generoſity, and take Pleaſure ſometimes in enjoying the Flattery of ſupple Slaves, and the Approbation of ill Judges.

As by this Conduct you have rais'd Deſires, and permitted Hopes to be entertain'd, all thoſe that think themſelves deſerving, will ſtrive to ſhew it in your Preſence. Your Enemies will endeavour to find out ſecret Ways to reconcile themſelves, that they may not be excluded from your Favours. Your Friends, animated by a new Zeal, will do their utmoſt to deſerve them; and thoſe Perſons, that are particularly devoted to you, will redouble their Care and Diligence in ſerving you.

Then, when you ſee all the World concur in your Praiſe, you may inſenſibly betake your ſelf again to your uſual Method. Your Acquaintance will become more difficult; to have a bare Sight of you will be no ſmall Condeſcenſion; to ſpeak with you will be a greater; your Frowns will drive away the troubleſom, and your Smiles will ſatisfie the fooliſh; your Familiarity, as unprofitable as it may be, will be taken for a mighty Favour; and, to conclude all, in a Word, you will practiſe all your vain Things with others, and prudently reſerve all the ſolid Ones for your ſelf.

THE

Too Rigid VIRTUE.

The Virtuous Perſon ſpeaks.

I Have paſs'd, as well as you, through all Conditions, and after an exact Reflection upon Life, I find but two Things that can render it happy: To moderate our Deſires, and to make a good Uſe of our Fortune.

They, to whom Reaſon affords Repoſe, which Opinion takes away from us, live free from many Misfortunes, and are in a Condition of enjoying the moſt real Bleſſings. A Man, advanc'd to Greatneſs, who makes others find their Fortune in his, joins a great Merit to a great Happineſs; he is not the more happy by the Wealth he enjoys, than by that which he knows how to give: But he, who, like you, courts all Mankind for his Intereſt, and will not ſuffer any to ſhare Advantages with him, makes himſelf unworthy of common Society, and deſerves to be excluded from all Converſation.

Notwithſtanding the ill Opinion I have entertain'd of you, I cannot but think, that there is a Vanity in the Confeſſion of your Vices. Nature has not left it in your Power to be ſo wicked, as you would appear to be. A Man is not abſolutely ungrateful, with Impunity; he doth not betray, without Remorſe; nor is he ſo greedy of another's Wealth, and ſo tenacious of his own, without Shame. And though you had convinc'd your ſelf, free from inward Struggles, and Agitations, you are ſtill to account

count with the World, whoſe importunate Reproaches, and troubleſom Accuſations, you muſt be forc'd to endure.

As for the mercenary Principle of Intereſt, you were talking of, 'tis that which renders you contemptible: For Story tells us of illuſtrious Villains, but there never was an illuſtrious Miſer in Nature. Greatneſs of Soul cannot conſiſt with the ſordid Baſeneſs of Avarice. Beſides, what can be more unjuſt, than to engroſs that which is the Soul of Commerce and of publick Conveniency, to make no uſe at all of it? 'Tis no better than foſtering of Crimes, and to rob the Publick by a continu'd Theft, of what was once extorted from private Perſons.

Thoſe that take away with Violence, in order to ſcatter with Profuſion, are far more excuſable. Their Expence is, as it were, a kind of Reſtitution; and the Loſers ſeem to recover ſome part of their Poſſeſſions, when Magnificence expoſes to their Eyes, what Force had wreſted out of their Hands. If an ill Reputation is indifferent to you, if Injuſtice hath no Influence upon you, yet have, at leaſt, ſome regard to your own Repoſe.

Since all your Deſires center in Money, whether it be in your own Cuſtody, or another's, it equally diſquiets you; you are mad to be diſappointed of getting it; what you poſſeſs, keeps you in perpetual Pain; and if you loſe it, you are upon the Rack of [illegible] air: Now, as nothing is ſo agreeable, as [illegible] Riches, and to make a right uſe of them [illegible] is nothing [illegible] uneaſie, as to be greedy, [illegible] frugal, [illegible] ſame time.

I confeſs, your Di[illegible]on ungra[illegible]er-ſons, is no leſs ingen[illegible] true; bu[illegible] ſwer t[illegible] it may b[illegible] that th[illegible]

of yours proceeds more from your Obſervation, than your Experience. Your mighty Precaution againſt Ingratitude, ſhews leſs Hatred for it, than Averſion for Generoſity; and really you don't leſs avoid the Thankful, than the Ungrateful. Both one, and the other, receive Favours, and your Intention is to beſtow none; though, perhaps, you may forgive an Injury that is done you, yet you are irreconcilable when you have done a Kindneſs, if it doth not hook in a greater.

Since I am inſenſibly engag'd in this Matter of Benefits, I will carry it on a little further. There are ſome Men of the Humour of Cardinal *Ximenes*, who never agree to what is requeſted of them, becauſe they would not be prevented, they ſay, in their Deſigns, nor diſturb'd in the Order of the Good they intend to do. There are Men ſo jealous of the Honour of their own Actions, that they reject every Thing which is ſuggeſted them by others. This may come ſometimes from a good Principle, and be found in lofty Souls; but, for the moſt part, they are diſhonourable Jealouſies, and falſe Niceties of Honour, which proceed from a real unwillingneſs to do Kindneſſes.

Let us ſuffer the Miſerable to explain their Neceſſities to us, ſince we do not ſo much as think of them in our Plenty. Let us not be aſham'd of owing the Thoughts of a good Action to another; and let us leave all the Avenues free to thoſe that adviſe us to do well. In the mean time, we ſhould think our ſelves too eaſie, did we not ſhew our ſelves difficult to be perſuaded to what is good, while we receive what is ill with the moſt implicit Credulity, and believe we are Maſters of our ſelves. Every one fears the Aſcendant of his Friends, if they intend to procure a good Office from him; every one takes a malicious Secret, and the Artifice of thoſe ill Impreſſions that are

given

given him, to come from a Sincerity of Heart, and a real Friendſhip. And yet 'tis in this latter Caſe, our Caution is warrantable; 'tis here we may be upon our Guard with Jealouſie; 'tis here we ought to defend our ſelves from nice Inſinuations, which inſenſibly lead us to do ill.

But to leave Diſcourſes that are too general; What are you the better for making all Acceſs to you ſo difficult? What ſignifies that great Art, which rules every Line of your Face; which governs your *Smiles* and *Frowns*? To give ſeaſonably, and to refuſe with Reaſon, would be more beneficial for others, and more advantageous for your ſelf. There is no great Merit in being able to over-reach thoſe who have their Dependance upon you. You think you ſhew the Subtlety of your Wit, while you only diſcover the Malice of your Nature.

The great Pains you take to delude the Expectations of others, will delude the Deſigner, and come home to your ſelf at laſt. Every Day brings you Riches, and every Day retrenches the Uſe of them; your Wealth increaſeth, and your Senſes, which ſhould enjoy it, decay. You acquire Things that are wholly foreign to you, and in the mean time loſe your ſelf.

What are you the better then for all theſe fine Advantages of Nature? What Benefit do you reap by this Noble Genius of Intereſt? You paſs your Life amongſt ſuperfluous Treaſures, while Covetouſneſs doth not allow you the Diſpoſal, and Nature deprives you of the Enjoyment of them. How unhappy is your Fortune, both in relation to your ſelf and others, which perſecutes you with Inquietudes within, and Envy without!

The

The SENSE

Of an honeſt experienc'd Courtier, upon Rigid Virtue, *and* Baſe Intereſt.

I Am concern'd, Sir, that a Virtue too rigid ſhould animate you ſo ſtrongly againſt Vice. Have more Indulgence, I beſeech you, for the Vicious, or at leaſt ſhew a little more Gentleneſs in the manner of your Correction.

I know that Reaſon was given us to regulate our Morals: But Reaſon, heretofore ſavage and auſtere, was civiliz'd with Time, and, at preſent, preſerves very little of its primitive Rigour. It wanted Auſterity, at firſt, to eſtabliſh Laws, in order to prevent Outrage and Violence: It was afterwards ſoften'd, to introduce Civility into Humane Society: It became nice and curious in the ſearch of Pleaſures, to render Life as agreeable, as before it was endeavour'd to be made ſecure and civil. Thus, Sir, we ought to forget that time, when it was enough to be ſevere, to be thought virtuous, ſince Politeneſs, Gallantry, and the Knowledge of Pleaſures, make up great part of our Merit at preſent.

As for the Hatred of villainous Actions, it ought to continue ſo long as the World does; but give leave to Gentlemen of refin'd Palates, to call that *Pleaſure*, which Clowns and ill-bred People call *Vice*; and don't make up your Virtue of old muſty Notions, which the primitive Mortals deriv'd from their natural Savageneſs.

In my Opinion, you begin but ill with the Courtiers, to preach up inceſſantly to them the Moderation of their Deſires, ſince they particularly value

rupt one, I confeſs; but ſtill it had been a Republick.

Therefore, Sir, let us not ſo fix our Eyes on the World, as it ought to be, as not to be able to ſuffer it as it is: However, let not this Indulgence be ſhewn to our ſelves. Let us ſhew Forbearance and Temper to others, but be ſevere to our ſelves; Enemies to Vice in our own Conſciences, let us not expreſs any Horror for the Vicious, leſt we make the whole World our Enemy.

For what can you propoſe to your ſelf, by railing at covetous and ungrateful Men, as ſo many Monſters that affright you? I know that Ingratitude and Avarice are abominable Qualities; but ſince they are ſo common in the World, either you muſt reſolve to bear with them, or retire into a Deſart; and carry that Virtue along with you into your Retirement, which will make you be hated at Court.

If you would reform the Ungrateful, perſuade Great Men to make a better Choice of the Perſons, whom they intend to oblige. When we find them more nice and careful in the Diſtribution of their Favours, thoſe that are oblig'd by them, will make it their particular Study to be grateful to their Benefactors. If you would change the Humour of a fordid Miſer, don't think to effect it by fine Speeches: All the Morality in the World may be preach'd to him without effect; Repreſent to him the conſiderable Fortunes which ſome have rais'd by being at a ſmall Expence; poſſeſs him with the Contempt which a penurious way of living draws upon a Man; ſhew him what Advantages Perſons of the ſame Rank, with himſelf, have above him, meerly by uſing a prudent Liberality; and to cure him of this baſe Intereſt, don't be wanting to ſet before his Eyes another that is honourable. Repre-

Repreſent to your Man of Artifice and Self-Ends, that all his Machines will turn againſt himſelf. He would have his Servants faithful to him, yet the Example of his own Treachery will corrupt them. As he values himſelf upon his ingenious Addreſs, in promiſing much, and performing nothing; ſo others will claim a more ingenious Right to cheat him, and every one will reward himſelf at his Expence. He entertains his Friends in a ſcandalous unprofitable Familiarity, whereby he gives them an Opportunity to ſpy out his Faults, and to pry into his Affairs, without engaging them, by any Tie, to Reſervedneſs and Secrecy.

As for thoſe premeditated good Offices, that proceed purely from Deſign and Artifice, as they are only a ſlight Intermiſſion of a Knaviſh Conduct, ſo they produce no more than a light Suſpenſion in our Affections; and ſo ſoon as the deſigning Miſer returns to his former Practice, the World is immediately even with him, and turns to its former Averſion.

By the like Reaſons you may make him ſenſible of the Advantages he may draw from Virtue, and the Prejudice which a ſordid purſuit of one's Intereſt carries with it. This is the Niceneſs I expect in the Manner of your Reproofs: For I cannot endure that you ſhould ſet up for a Philoſopher, or a profeſt Caſuiſt, and declaim with a ſplenetick and ſupercilious Vehemence againſt Vice. In ſhort, Sir, what can you hope from this fine Harang

Riches, and every Day
Your Wealth increaſes,
enjoy it, decay; you
your ſelf. Theſe Pe
otherwiſe; the M
Coffers, makes them

ſpent in getting it. The Weakneſs of their Senſes is repair'd, as they imagine, by the Increaſe of their Riches; and when they decay in Vigour, they think that in ſome manner they make up the Loſs, by the Improvement of their Wealth. Your Wiſdom, Sir, is too refin'd for Men that are ſo corrupted; there is too great a diſtance between you and them, to be able to meet together: Let us be content to be virtuous, in regard of our ſelves, and not affect a Probity which will render us troubleſom to others; let us court the Acquaintance of Men of Integrity, without having any Averſion for thoſe who are not ſo. Let us bear with all ſorts of Perſons, but converſe moſt with thoſe who can beſt pleaſe us.

As there are few Men of ſo conſummate a Virtue, that they can wholly ſatisfy you; ſo, on the other Hand, there are few ſo extreamly vicious, that you muſt be forc'd to break off with them. Beſides, as we may find Defects in the moſt virtuous Man, when we ſtudy him diligently, we may likewiſe diſcover ſome good Qualities in the Man who is leaſt ſo, if we will be at the Pains to examine him. We very rarely find either all Virtue, or all Vice in any Man: The good and the bad Qualities are blended together, and a nice Diſcernment may eaſily diſtinguiſh them.

A Covetous Man has his Friends, and is not wanting to ſerve them, although he loves his Money much better than them. If he be a Man of Intereſt, he will uſe it in their Behalf, and be glad to employ his Diligence, to be excus'd from more ſubſtantial Offices of Friendſhip.

Another Man will deſerve your Intimacy, by his diſintereſted Friendſhip, and his agreeable Converſation, though his Lazineſs, and want of Application, may render him unſerviceable to

you,

you, when he ought to act vigorouſly in your behalf. I know ſome Perſons of this Temper, who are at Death's Door, if they are to ſtir never ſo little for you, and whoſe natural Supineneſs will not let them move one ſtep for you; but, at the ſame time, you may command their Purſes and Fortunes, if you'll excuſe their Application and Induſtry.

As ſome Perſons are too frugal in their Nature, but at the ſame time very agreeable, to take from them all Suſpicion of Expence, frequent their Houſes but ſeldom, and enjoy with Pleaſure their Company in your own.

Another Man is very ready to ſerve you, that would not acknowledge any Obligation you ſhould lay upon him; and being himſelf not very punctual, in Point of Gratitude, will leave the Acknowledgment of the Favour he does you, to your own Diſcretion.

There are ſome light-headed, extravagant Perſons in the World, whoſe ordinary Acquaintance you ought to avoid; but whoſe Raſhneſs may be more ſerviceable to you, upon ſome Occaſion or other, than the Prudence of the Wiſe. Prudent Men will not act ſo vigorouſly in your Intereſt, but their Judgment will help to regulate your Conduct.

Beſides, we are not always the ſame. We do too much Honour to Human Nature, when we aſſign Uniformity to it. He that neglects you to Day with Coldneſs, will, by ſome extraordinary Turn of Mind, feel [illegible] an Opportunity to ſerve you to Morrow. In [illegible] Men are changeable, various, made up of [illegible] and ill Qualities. Let us make all the hone[illegible] them [illegible] we can, and not avoid Men [illegible] might, with as much Reaſon, [illegible]

It is time to ſum up, in a few Words, all that may be ſaid upon Opinions ſo oppoſite: They have this common in their Oppoſition, that they keep us too devoted to our ſelves, tho' in a different manner.

The one, through Fondneſs of a Vertue, which is only beneficial to our ſelves, would carry us into a Deſart, and deter us from the common Offices of a civil Life; The other brings us into Society, that we may make our own private Advantage of the Publick. If we follow the firſt, every Thing will be Vice with us, becauſe we frame to our ſelves an Idea of Vertue that the World never practis'd. If we will be govern'd by the latter, there will be no more Faith, nor Honour, nor Integrity, left amongſt us. We muſt live among Men, as if we were not of the ſame Species; indifferent to their Merit, exempt from their Paſſions, inſenſible of their Pleaſures, and ſtudious of nothing but our own Intereſt.

On one ſide, the Speculations are too pure and refin'd; on the other, too baſe and corrupted: But we can better make Shift without a Good, which produces not an unprofitable Vertue, than ſuffer the Effects of ſo dangerous a Corruption.

A LETTER

To the Count DE LIONNE.

SIR,

PErhaps you are not at *Paris:* Perhaps you are; and in this laſt Caſe, your Silence may be rather the Effect of your Forgetfulneſs, than of your Abſence. But, ſuppoſe it were, I am too much beholden to you for your paſt Services, to complain of your preſent Indifference. I don't inquire after you, to fatigue you for an Anſwer, or renew a Correſpondence that would rob you of ſome Hours, which you know how to beſtow to better Purpoſe. But, Sir, you ſtill owe ſomething to our Friendſhip, and you will diſcharge the Obligation, if you can find ſome way, either by your ſelf, or any Body elſe, to let me know that you are in Health. This Piece of News will give me a Joy, in which you are more concern'd than any other; and if you were of my Temper, you would be of my Opinion, that to be well, is better than to command the whole World. No Treaſures are worth one Year's Health.

Pardon, Sir, the Chat of an infirm Man, who enjoying a quarter of an Hour's Health, thinks no other Subject ſo proper to be talk'd on. You were, perhaps, of my Humour, when you enjoy'd ſome Eaſe of the Pains occaſion'd by your broken Arm, and your other Wounds. Now you are perfectly cur'd, reliſh the Pleaſure of it, and let me make melancholy Reflections on the Song you have taught me:

But oh! when Age benums our Veins.
No longer ſprightly Joy remains!

If there be any Airs as agreeable as this in the Muſick of the FEAST OF VERSAILLES, I deſire you to ſend them me prick'd, and you will oblige one who is more than ever, *&c.*

To the ſame.

I Receiv'd, juſt now, the Letter you have done me the Honour to write to me, with the Airs you have ſent me. I ſhould have a Thouſand Thanks to return to you; but knowing, as I do, your Inclination to oblige me, you will, I hope, allow me to be ſomewhat ſlow in making Acknowledgments; for the continual Repetition of Favours, might fatigue ſo tender a Gratitude as mine. Be perſuaded, however, that I have a due Senſe of your Kindneſs; and that you may more abſolutely diſpoſe of me, than of any Man you know.

I never was more ſurpriz'd in my Life, than to ſee expos'd to Sale here, three little Books that are father'd upon me, and are now Printing at *Amſterdam*. It is about Twenty Years ſince I made ſome ſhort Diſcourſes on the Reflections that are contain'd in one of thoſe little Books; but know not who got them from me. Continue, I beſeech you, to love me always: And be perſuaded, that you'll never have a ſurer Friend, or one more paſſionate to ſerve you. When there is ſomething Curious and Diverting, I entreat you to ſend it me: Particularly *Monſieur* Arnaud's

and the reſt is ſtill in Confuſion: However, ſuch as it is, I ſhall tranſmit it to you. You will infinitely oblige me to ſend me all that's New, provided it be Curious, and ſcarce.

To the * *ſame.*

IF I conſulted nothing but Diſcretion, I might ſave you the Trouble of receiving ſome of my Letters, and the Fatigue of an Anſwer, which your Civility will incline you to write; but as 'tis my Temper to conſult my own Satisfaction as much as yours, you will not take it ill if I enjoy that which I find in entertaining you; and all that I can do for you, Sir, is not to abuſe it, by too frequent an Enjoyment. If you knew what a great Trouble it is to me to forbear it, you would eaſily forgive what I do, for the Violence I undergo in not doing more.

I am return'd to a Court, after having liv'd Four Years in a Republick, without either Pleaſure or Entertainment: For I think the *Hague* is the *true Seat* of *Indolence*. I know not how I put new Life into my Sentiments: But, however, the Fancy took me to feel ſomething more quick and lively; and a fond Imagination that I might return to *France*, made me pitch upon *London*, as a *Medium* between the *French* Courtiers, and the *Dutch* Burgomaſters. Hitherto, I was contented to take up with the *Heavineſs*, or to ſpeak more obligingly, the *Gravity* of the Gentlemen of *Hol-*

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* *Mr.* de St. Evren *his Return to* Englan-

land; But as I do not find my ſelf much nearer *France* than I was, ſo the *Vivacity* I have ſtudied, is very injurious to my Repoſe; ſince it draws me back from *Indolence*, without advancing me to *Pleaſure*. That I mean, which I fancied to my ſelf in ſeeing you at *Paris*: For, to ſpeak the Truth, I find here a great deal, amongſt abundance of Men of Honour.

Your Friend the Duke of *Buckingham*, has told me, that I was very much beholden to Mr. *de Lionne* the Miniſter: To whom I intreat you to return a Thouſand Thanks from me. I am one of his Admirers; But my Admiration is not worth the Pains he has taken: And indeed, 'twas only his Generoſity that prompted him to act ſo nobly. Pray, be your ſelf ſo generous, as now and then, to remember

Your moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant.

To the ſame.

ALtho' I ſhould not regret Monſieur *de Lionne* the Miniſter, out of my own Intereſt, yet, out of meer Regard to you, I would have received the News of his * Death, with great Sorrow. I am inform'd he is generally lamented at *Paris*; and I can aſſure you, that the Foreigners honour his Memory with the ſame Sentiments that the *French* entertain of him. Whatever was the Merit of the great Miniſters of our State,

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* *In the Year* 1671.

they they have a long Term of Years to come: But we become more dear to our ſelves, as we are neareſt loſing our ſelves.

Heretofore my roving, wandring Fancy, rambled after all manner of foreign Objects: At preſent my Mind contracts it ſelf to the Body, and unites more ſtraitly with it: Not, indeed, out of any Senſe of Pleaſure from ſuch an Alliance, but out of Neceſſity of the mutual Succour and Aſſiſtance, which they endeavour to afford one another.

In this languiſhing Condition, I yet retain ſome Pleaſures; but I have loſt all Senſe of Vice, without knowing whether this Change be owing to the Infirmity of a decay'd Body, or the Moderation of a Mind better improv'd in Wiſdom than heretofore. I fear my Age has a greater Share in it than my Virtue; and that I have more Reaſon to complain, than brag of the Obedience of my Inclinations. And, indeed, it were prepoſterous for me to aſcribe to my Reaſon the Power of ſubjecting my Deſires, if they are too weak to revolt: So that what Wiſdom ſoever Men at my Years may boaſt of, it is hard to diſtinguiſh, whether thoſe Paſſions, we now no longer feel, be ſubdued or extinguiſh'd.

Whatever it be, when our Senſes are no longer affected by external Objects, nor our Souls mov'd by their Impreſſions, it is properly no more than a State of Indolence: Yet is not this Indolence without its Charms. For to think himſelf exempt from all Uneaſineſs, is enough to give Joy to a reaſonable Man. The Enjoyment of Pleaſure is not always required; the Privation of [illegible] managed, renders our Condition ſuffi-

isfortune befel me, I was natural-
f it, without daſhing this hap-
py

py Conſtitution with any Thoughts of Conſtancy: For Conſtancy is only dwelling longer upon our Miſeries. It appears the moſt amiable Virtue in the World to thoſe who are under no Afflictions; but is truly an additional Torment to ſuch as ſuffer. Reſiſtance only frets us; and inſtead of eaſing the firſt Pain, begets a ſecond. Without Reſiſtance we ſuffer only the Evils inflicted on us; with it, our own Improvements too. For this Reaſon, under my preſent Calamities, I reſign all to Nature; and reſerve my Prudence for ſuch a Juncture of Time, as I have nothing to ſuffer. Then by reflecting upon my own Indolence, I turn into Pleaſure the Pains I endure not; and by this Means make happy the moſt indifferent State of Life.

Experience is form'd with Age; and Wiſdom is commonly the Reſult of Experience. But when this Virtue is aſcrib'd to Old Men, it does not follow that they are always Maſters of it. This is certain, that they have always the Liberty to be wiſe; and to knock off decently, thoſe Fetters which Prejudice has put upon the World. They only are allow'd to take Things for what they really are. Reaſon does, as 'twere, plant every thing in our Education; which is afterwards in a manner quite over-run by Fancy. Now Age only has the Power to drive out the one from what ſhe had uſurp'd, and to reſtore the other to what ſhe had loſt.

For my part, I obſerve religiouſly all real Duties. The imaginary I decline or admit, as I like or diſlike 'em. For in things to which I am not oblig'd, I think it equal Wiſdom to reject what does not pleaſe me, or to accept what does. Every Day frees me from one Link at leaſt of the Chain, nor is it leſs for the Advantage of thoſe from whom I diſengage my ſelf, than me, who regain my

my Liberty. They are as great Gainers in the Loſs of a uſeleſs Man, as I ſhould have been a Loſer, by idly devoting my ſelf any longer to 'em.

Of all Ties, that of Friendſhip is the only one that is endearing to me; and were it not for the Diſgrace of having my Affection ſlighted, I cou'd love meerly for the Pleaſure of loving; even where I ſhould not be belov'd again. In Love ill plac'd, the Sentiments of Amity entertain us purely by their own agreeable Sweetneſs: But we ought to diveſt our ſelves of a juſt Hatred for the Intereſt of our own Quiet.

Happy were that Mind which could entirely reſiſt ſome Paſſions, and only unbend it ſelf to ſome others. It would then be void of Fear, Sadneſs, Hatred, or Jealouſie. It wou'd deſire, without Violence; hope, without Uneaſineſs; and enjoy, without Tranſport.

The State of Virtue is not a State of Indolence. We ſuffer in it, a perpetual Conflict betwixt Duty and Inclination. Sometimes we admit what's ſhocking to us, and ſometimes oppoſe what we like; being generally under a Conſtraint, both in what we do, and in what we forbear. *On the contrary*, the State of Wiſdom is ſweet and calm. It reigns peaceably over our Movements, being only to govern well as Subjects, what Virtue was to combat as Enemies.

I can ſay one thing of my ſelf, as extraordinary as true, *viz.* that I never felt in my ſelf any Conflict between Paſſion and Reaſon. My Paſſion never oppos'd what I reſolv'd out of Duty; and my Reaſon readily comply'd with what a Sence of Pleaſure inclin'd me to. I don't aim at Praiſe on account of this eaſie Agreement; on the contrary, I confeſs I have often been the more vicious for it. Not out of any perverſe

Diſpo-

Diſpoſition to Evil, but becauſe the Vice was entertain'd as a Pleaſure, inſtead of appearing as a Crime.

It is certain, the Nature of Things is much better diſcover'd by Reflection on 'em, when paſt, than by their Impreſſions when felt. Beſides, the great Commerce with the World, hinders all Attention in Youth. What we ſee in others hinders us from examining well our ſelves. Crowds pleaſe us at an Age, when we love (as one may ſay) to diffuſe our ſelves. Multitudes grow troubleſome at another, when we naturally return to our ſelves, or, at moſt, to a few Friends, who are moſt ſtrictly united to us.

'Tis this Humour, that inſenſibly withdraws us from Courts. We begin through that to ſeek ſome Medium between aſſiduous Attendance and Retirement. We grow afterwards aſham'd to ſhew an old Face amongſt young Fellows, who, inſtead of taking our Gravity for Wiſdom, laugh at us for appearing in publick Places, where nothing but Gallantry and Gaiety is to be ſeen.

Let us not flatter our ſelves with our Judgment: A brisk Buffoonry will run it down; and the falſe Glittering of a youthful Fancy, will turn to Ridicule, the moſt Delicate of our Converſations. If we have Wit, let us make a better uſe of it in private Companies; for in a Crowd the Qualities of the Mind maintain themſelves but ill, againſt the Advantages of the Body.

This Juſtice which we are oblig'd to do our ſelves, ought not to make us unjuſt to the young Men. We ought not ſuperciliouſly to cry up our own Times, or with Moroſeneſs, perpetually run down the preſent, which is favourable to them. Let us not rail at Pleaſures when we are paſt them, or cenſure Diverſions, whoſe only Crime is our Incapacity to enjoy them.

Our

Our Judgments ought to be always the ſame. 'e may live, but muſt not judge by Humour. here is in mine ſomething ſingular, which akes me attend more the Trouble, than the ɔmp of Magnificence. Shows, Feaſts, and great ſſemblies, invite me to the Sight of 'em: But e Inconveniencies I muſt ſuffer deter me. The egant Harmony of Conſorts engages not me ſo uch, as the Difficulty of adjuſting 'em tires ıe. Plenty diſguſts me at Meals; and Rarities ėm to be an affected Curioſity. My Fancy ınnot recommend any thing to my Palate by ıe Scarcity. But I am for the Choice of Things ıſily to be had, that I may preſerve a Delicacy ıdependent upon Fancy.

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of READING, *and the* CHOICE *of* BOOKS.

I Am as fond of Reading as ever, becauſe it depends more particularly on the Mind, which ecays not like the Senſes: But in truth, I ſeek n Books my Pleaſure, rather than my Inſtruction. ıs I have leſs time for Practice, I have leſs Cuioſity to learn. I have more need of a Stock of ife, than of Methods of Living; and the little hat remains, is better entertain'd and cheriſh'd ɔy things agseeable, than inſtructive. The Latin Authors afford me the moſt, and I read whatever think fine, a Thouſand times over, without being cloy'd.

A nice Choice has confin'd me to a few Books; n which I ſeek rather *ſound* than *fine Wit*; and the *rue Taſte* (to uſe a *Spaniſh* Expreſſion) is generally *ound in the* Writings of conſiderable Men. I

am

am pleas'd to diſcover in *Tully's* EPISTLES, both his own Character, and that of thoſe Perſons of Quality that wrote to him: As for *Tully* himſelf, he never diveſts himſelf of his Rhetorick; and the leaſt Recommendation to his moſt intimate Friend, is as artificially inſinuated, as if he were to prepoſſeſs a Stranger in an Affair of the greateſt Conſequence in the World. The Letters of the reſt have not thoſe Turns; but in my Mind, they have more good Senſe than his; and this makes me judge very advantageouſly of the great and general Abilities of the *Romans* at that time.

Our Authors perpetually cry up the Age of *Auguſtus*, upon the account of *Virgil* and *Horace*; and perhaps more yet upon the ſcore of *Mæcenas*, who encouraged Men of Learning, than for thoſe Men of Learning themſelves. It is certain, nevertheleſs, that their Parts, as well as Courages, began at that time to decay. Greatneſs of Soul was converted to circumſpect Conduct, and ſound Diſcourſe to polite Converſation: And if we conſider what remains of *Mæcenas*, I know not whether he had not ſomething *effeminate*, which was made to paſs for *delicate*. *Mæcenas* was *Auguſtus's* great Favourite; the Man that pleas'd, and whom all the polite and ſprightly Wits endeavour'd to pleaſe: Now is it not likely that his Judgment over-ruld the reſt, that they affected his Air, and aped, as much as they cou'd, his Character?

Auguſtus himſelf leaves us no great Idea of his *Latinity*. What we ſee of *Terence*; what was reported at *Rome* of the Politeneſs of *Scipio* and *Lælius*; the Remains of *Cæſar*; and what we have of *Cicero*, with the Complaint of this laſt for the Loſs of what he calls, *Sales*, *Lepores*, *Venuſtates*, *Urbanitas*, *Amœnitas*, Feſtivitas, Jucunditas; all

theſe

theſe together, I ſay, make me believe, upon better Conſideration, That we muſt pitch on ſome other time than that of *Auguſtus*; to find the ſound and agreeable Wit of the *Romans*, as well as the pure and natural Graces of their Tongue.

It may be ſaid, That *Horace* had a very nice Palate in all theſe Matters; which perſwades me that the reſt of his Cotemporaries had not. For the Nicety of his Reliſh conſiſted chiefly in finding the Ridicule of others. Were it not for the Impertinencies, falſe Manners, and Affectations which he laugh'd at, his Senſe wou'd not at this very Day appear ſo very juſt.

Of POETRY.

I Own the *Auguſtean* Age to have been that of excellent Poets; but it follows not, that it was that of ſound Judgment. *Poetry* requires a peculiar Genius, that agrees not overmuch with good Senſe. It is ſometimes the Language of Gods; ſometimes of Buffoons; rarely that of a Genleman. It delights in Figures and Fictions, always beſides the Reality of Things, tho' it be that only, that can ſatisfy a ſound Underſtanding.

Not but that there is ſomething Noble in making agreeable Verſes; but we muſt have a great Command of our Genius, otherwiſe the Mind is poſſeſs'd with ſomething foreign, which hinders it from the free management of it ſelf. *He's a Blockhead* (ſays the *Spaniard*) *that can't make two Verſes, and a Fool that makes four.* I own, if this Maxim prevail'd over all the World, we ſhould want a Thouſand fine Works, the reading

of

of which gives us a very delicate Pleaſure; but this Saying reſpects Men of Buſineſs, rather than profeſs'd Poets. Beſides, thoſe that are capacitated for ſuch great Performances, will not reſiſt the Force of their Genius, for what I can ſay; and it is certain, that amongſt Authors, thoſe only will write few Verſes, who find themſelves more crampt by their own Barrenneſs, than by my Reaſons.

Excellent *Poets* are as requiſite for our Entertainment, as great *Mathematicians* for our Uſe: But it is ſufficient for us to be acquainted with their Works, and not to engage our ſelves in the ſolitary Enthuſiaſm of the one, or to exhauſt our Spirits in Meditation like the other.

Comick Poets are of all moſt proper for the Converſe of the World: For they make it their Buſineſs to draw to the Life what paſſes in it, and to expreſs the Sentiments and Paſſions of Men.

How new a Turn ſoever may be given to old Thoughts, that ſort of Poetry is very tedious which is fill'd with Similes of the Morning, Sun, Moon, and Stars. Our Deſcriptions of a Calm and a Tempeſtuous Sea, repreſent nothing which the Ancients have not expreſs'd much better.

Now a-Days we have not only the ſame Ideas, but the very ſame Expreſſions, and Rhymes. I never hear of the Harmony of Birds, but I prepare my ſelf for purling Streams; the Shepherdeſſes are always lolling upon Fern, and you may ſooner find a Grove without a Shade in its proper Seat, than in our Verſes. This muſt neceſſarily, at length, be very tedious; which cannot happen in Comedy, where with Pleaſure we ſee thoſe Things repreſented which we may perform, and where we feel Motions like thoſe we ſee expreſs'd.

A Tale

A Tale of Woods, Rivers, Meadows, Fields, and Gardens, makes but a very languiſhing Impreſſion upon us, unleſs their Beauties be wholly new: But what concerns Humanity, its Inclinations, Tenderneſſes, and Affections, finds ſomething in the inmoſt Receſſes of our Souls prepar'd to receive it: The ſame Nature produces and receives em, and they are eaſily transfus'd from the Actors to the Spectators.

Of ſome SPANISH, ITALIAN, *and* FRENCH BOOKS.

THE Delicacy of Love ſooths me, and its Tenderneſs touches me; and as in *Spain* they love the beſt of any Country in the World, I am never weary of reading in their Authors amorous Adventures. I am more affected with the Paſſion of one of their Lovers, than I ſhou'd be with my own, were I yet capable of any. The very Imagination of thoſe Amours raiſes in me certain Motions for the Gallant, which I cou'd never feel for my ſelf.

There is, perhaps, as much Wit in the other Writings of that Nation, as in ours; but it is a kind of Wit that gives no Satisfaction, except that of *Cervantes* in *Don Quixot*, which I cou'd read all my Life, without being diſguſted one ſingle Moment.

Of all the Books I ever read, *Don Quixot* is that, of which I ſhou'd be moſt ambitious to have been the Author. Nothing in my Opinion, can contribute more to the forming in us a true Taſte of every thing. I wonder how *Cervantes* cou'd, as it were out of the Mouth of one of the greateſt

Fools in the World, ſhew himſelf Maſter of all the Underſtanding and Knowledge imaginable. I admire the Variety of his Characters, which are of the moſt uncommon Stamp in the World, and, at the ſame time, the moſt Natural.

Quevedo, indeed, appears a very ingenious Author; but I eſteem him more for his Thought of burning all his own Books, when he read *Don Quixot*, than for having been able to compoſe 'em.

I am not acquainted enough with *Italian* Poetry, to taſte its Delicacy, or admire its Graces and Beauties; I meet with ſome Hiſtories in that Tongue above all the Moderns; and ſome Treatiſes of Politicks, even above what the Ancients have written.

As for the Morality of the *Italians*, it is full of *Conceits*, or pointed Witticiſms, which rather ſhew a Fancy that endeavours to glitter, than a ſolid Senſe founded on deep Reflections.

I have a great Curioſity for every thing that is fine in *French*; and am very much diſtaſted at a thouſand Authors, that ſeem only to have written for the Reputation of being Authors. I read not for the Credit of having read abundance; which ties me up to certain Books, where I'm aſſur'd to meet Satisfaction.

Montaigne's ESSAYS, *Malherbe*'s Poems, *Corneille*'s Tragedies, and *Voiture*'s Works, have eſtabliſhed to themſelves, as it were, a Title to pleaſe me during [illegible]

Montaigne has no[illegible]ne Succeſs with [illegible], through the whol[illegible] of their Lives; he particularly lays [illegible], the Young Old are pleas'd to [illegible]ſelves in him, Reſemblance of the[illegible]. The S[illegible] termed[illegible] to theſe [illegible]'em off [illegible] ture [illegible] Profeſſ[illegible]en they

in *Montaigne* that fits 'em. The Art Military employs the General; Politicks the Stateſman; Divinity the Churchman; and Law the Judge.

Montaigne returns upon us, when Nature has brought us back again to our ſelves; and when an advanc'd Age, in which we truly feel what we are, recalls the Prince as well as his meaneſt Subjects, from a Concern for his Dignity, to the more near and ſenſible Concern for his Perſon.

I write not this out of any Impulſe of Vanity, which prompts Men to make their Fancies publick. I feel my very Soul (*if I may ſo ſpeak*) in what I ſay; and underſtand my ſelf better by expreſſing the Notion I have form'd of my ſelf, than I could by private Thoughts and inward Reflections.

The *Idea* a Man has of himſelf by a bare Attention to internal Meditations, is always a little confus'd. The Image which is outwardly expreſs'd, is much more exact, and gives us a much truer Judgment of our ſelves, when it is again ſubmitted to the Examination of the Mind, after having been laid before our Eyes. Beſides, the flattering Opinion of our own Merit, loſes half its Charms, as ſoon as it comes into the Light; and the Complacency of Self-Love inſenſibly vaniſhing, leaves behind it only a Diſguſt of its Sweetneſs, and Shame for a Vanity as fooliſhly entertain'd, as judiciouſly quitted.

To equal *Malherbe* to the Ancients, I require nothing finer than his own Compoſitions. I wou'd only ſtrike out of his Works what is not worthy of him. It were Injuſtice to make him yield to any one: But it will ſuffice for the Honour of our own Judgments, if we make him give place to himſelf.

We may ſay the ſame of *Corneille*; he wou'd be above all the Tragedians of Antiquity, if he were

not in ſome of his Pieces much below himſelf. He is ſo admirable in what is fine, that he takes away all Patience for what is indifferent. What in him is not excellent, methinks is naught; not that it is really ſo, but becauſe it wants the Perfection of the reſt. It is not enough for him to pleaſe us lightly, he's bound to touch us to the very quick. Some Authors may be allow'd ſimply to move us: And theſe Emotions are pleaſing enough, when we have nothing elſe in view, than to be tenderly affected; But with *Corneille* our Souls are prepar'd for *Raptures*; and if they be not tranſported, they are left in a Condition more uneaſie than Languor.

It is, I confeſs, difficult always to charm: Very hard at Pleaſure to raiſe a Mind from its Temper, and, as it were, to unhinge a Soul: But *Corneille* by having done it ſo often, has laid upon himſelf an Obligation to do it always. Let him expunge what is not Noble enough for him, and he will leave us in a full Admiration of thoſe Beauties which no one can parallel.

I ſhould not excuſe *Voiture* for a great many of his Letters, which he ought to have ſuppreſs'd, had himſelf been the * Publiſher: But he was like ſome Fathers, equally Kind and Prudent, who have a natural Affection for their Children, and, in ſecret, cheriſh thoſe that want Worth, thereby to avoid expoſing their Judgments to the Publick by their Indulgence. He might have ſhew'd all his Fondneſs to ſome of his Works; for there is ſomethin[illegible] 'em ſo Ingenious, ſo Polite, ſo Fine, a[illegible] takes away all Reliſh

* VOIT[illegible]
his Nephew I

Roman Urbanitas; Eclipſes quite through the Wit of the *Italians*, and the Gallantry of the *Spaniards*.

We have in *French* ſome particular Pieces of admirable Beauty; ſuch are the Funeral ORATIONS of the Queen of *England*, and that of *Madame* (the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*) by the Biſhop of *Condom*.* There is a certain Spirit diffus'd through theſe Diſcourſes, which gives us as great an Opinion of the Author before he is known, as of his Work after 'tis read. His Character is impreſs'd on all that he ſays; ſo that altho' I never ſaw him, I paſs eaſily from the Admiration of his Diſcourſe to that of his Perſon.

Of CONVERSATION.

HOW great ſoever the Pleaſure of Reading is to me, yet that of Converſation will ever moſt ſenſibly affect me. The Acquaintance of the Ladies would afford me the ſweeteſt, if the Satisfaction we find in converſing with the Lovely, did not put us to the Trouble of being upon our Guard againſt their Charms. Yet this is a Violence I rarely ſuffer: As my Age renders me unacceptable, my Experience makes me nice; and if they can't be pleas'd with me, I am, by way of Return, as hardly ſatisfy'd with them. There are ſome indeed, whoſe Merits make a conſiderable Impreſſion on my Mind, but their Beauty has little Influence on my Heart: And if I am at any time ſurprized by it, I preſently re-

* James Benigne Boſſuet, *firſt Biſhop of* Condom, *and then of* Meaux. *He died the* 12*th of* Auguſt N. S. 1704.

duce my Paſſion to a pleaſing reaſonable Friendſhip, that has none of the Uneaſineſs of Love.

The firſt Merit with the Ladies is to be in love with them; the next, the being the Confident of their Inclinations; the third, the ingenious improving and ſetting off all that is amiable in them: If nothing will win their Hearts, we may, at leaſt gain upon their Minds by Praiſe; for next to the Lover, to whom all muſt yield, he pleaſes 'em moſt, who affords 'em Means of being better pleas'd with themſelves. When you converſe with them, take great Care never to leave 'em in Indifference; they are, from their Souls, averſe to ſuch Coldneſs: Wherefore, either make your ſelf belov'd, or indulge their Paſſions, or make 'em find themſelves more lovely. For, after all, Love of ſome ſort or other, they muſt have; their Hearts are never void of that Paſſion. Direct a poor Heart how to employ it.

'Tis true, ſome of 'em can have Eſteem, and even Tenderneſs without Love; and others there are as capable of Secrecy as the moſt Truſty of our Friends. I know ſome that have no leſs Wit and Diſcretion, than Charms and Beauty: But thoſe are Rarities, that Nature wantonly beſtows on the World, either by Deſign or Caprice; and we can draw no Conſequences in Favour of the Generality from Things ſo particular, and from Qualities ſo uncommon. Women ſo extrordinary, ſeem to have borrow'd the Merit of Men; and perhaps, 'tis a kind of Revolt from their Sex, to ſhake off the natural Conditions of it for the real Advantages of ours. I confeſs, I have formerly been more difficult in the Choice of the Men with whom I convers'd, than at preſent I am; and I think my ſelf not ſo much a Loſer in point of Delicacy, as a Gainer in point of Senſe. I then ſought for Men that cou'd pleaſe me in

every

every thing, I now ſeek every thing that may pleaſe me in any Man.

A Man in all Reſpects agreeable, is too great a Rarity, and it is no Wiſdom to hunt for what we are hardly ever like to find. That Delicacy of Pleaſure, which our Imagination paints to us, is what we ſeldom enjoy; the ſickly nice Fancy gives us a Diſreliſh of thoſe things which we might poſſeſs, during the whole Courſe of our Lives.

Not that, to ſay Truth, it is impoſſible to find ſuch Jewels; but it is very rarely that Nature forms 'em, and that Fortune favours us with 'em. My good Stars made me know one of this Rank in *France*, and another of equal Merit in a foreign *Country*, who was the whole Delight of my Life. Death has robb'd me of this Treaſure, and I can never think on that cruel Day, on which my Lord *d'Aubigny* died, but I may ſay, with a true and ſenſible Regret,

——————*Quem ſemper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum, ſic Dî voluiſtis, habebo. Virg. Æneid V.

In the Meaſures you will take for Society, you muſt reckon not to find good things ſeparately. Expect to meet Solidity with Prolixity; Agreeableneſs with Want of Senſe; and Science with Ridicule. You will find theſe Qualities promiſcuouſly blended, not only among thoſe Men whom we may, at Pleaſure, make choice of, or avoid, but even among thoſe whom our Intereſt, or other Ties as obligatory, ſhall bind you to.

I have convers'd with a Man of the brighteſt natural Parts in the World, who being ſometimes weary of the happy Facility of his Genius, engag'd in Arguments of Science and Religion, in

Romans are more beholden for the Bea
Sentiments, than to their own Wit or Virt
who ſufficiently diſcovers himſelf wit
named, becomes an ordinary Man whe
for himſelf. He dares ſay any thing
or a *Roman*: A *French-man* or *Spaniar*
Courage; and when he ſpeaks for
quite diſpirited. He racks his Imagin
that is Noble to adorn his Old *Hero*
would ſay, that he debarr'd himſelf the
of his own Wealth, as if he were not
Uſe of it.

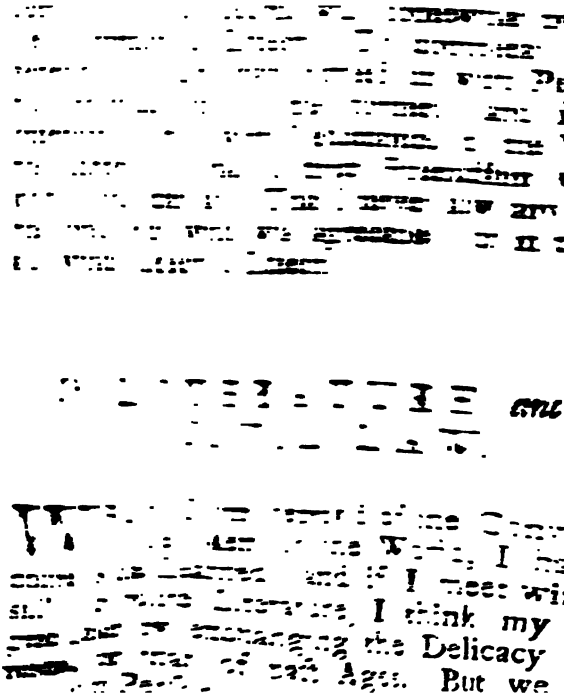
If you know the World perfectly,
in it abundance of Men valuable for th
and as contemptible for their Failin
not they ſhould always exert their A
diſcreetly cover their Infirmities. . Y
'em often ſlight their Virtues, and fo
their Defects. It reſts upon your J
make a better Choice than themſel
your Addreſs, to draw from 'em
which they cou'd not eaſily communic

greateſt Comfort of my Life. I have known Men as witty as any I have ever ſeen, who have join'd the Pleaſure of their Friendſhip, to that of their Company. I have known ſome Ambaſſadors of ſuch bright Parts, that they ſeem'd to me to make a conſiderable Loſs, whenever the Duty of their Character ſuſpended the Exerciſe of their private Excellencies.

I formerly thought that there were no well-bred and polite Men but in our Court; that the Effeminacy of warmer Climates, and a kind of Barbarity in the Colder, hinder'd the Natives from being rais'd to this Pitch, except very rarely. But Experience has, at length, convinc'd me, that there are ſuch every where; and if I have not diſcover'd it ſoon enough, it is becauſe it is difficult for a *French* Man to reliſh any but thoſe of his own Country. Every Nation has its Excellence, with a certain Turn proper and peculiar to its Genius. My Judgment, too much wedded to our own Air, rejected as faulty what was foreign to us. Becauſe we ſee 'em imitate us in the Faſhion of things exterior, we wou'd impoſe upon 'em the Imitation of us, even in the Dreſs of Virtue too. In truth, the Grounds of any eſſential Quality, are every where the ſame; but we endeavour to fit the Extrinſicks to our Humour; and thoſe among us that pay the greateſt Deference to Reaſon, muſt have with it ſomething to gratify their Fancies. To ſpeak ingenuouſly, the Difference I find between us and others, in the Air, or Manner that diſtinguiſhes Nations, is, that ours is induſtriouſly affected, and that of other Nations impreſs'd by Nature, as it were in an indelible Character.

In all my Life, I have never known but two Perſons that were univerſally taking, and thoſe too differently. The one had agreeable Qualities

of



Of all the Men I ever knew, Antiquity is the moſt indebted to Mr. * *Waller*; he lends it his beautiful Imagination, and his nice and delicate Judgment; ſo that he enters into the Genius of the Ancients, not only to underſtand rightly what they thought, but ſtill to embelliſh their Thoughts.

I have ſeen within a few Years abundance of Criticks, and but few good Judges. Now, I don't affect that ſort of learned Men, that rack their Brains to reſtore a Reading, which is not mended by the Reſtitution. The whole Myſtery of their Learning lies in what we might as well be ignorant of, and they are abſolute Strangers to what's really worth knowing. As they are incapable of having nice Sentiments and Thoughts, ſo 'tis impoſſible for them to enter into the Delicacy of a Sentiment, or the Fineneſs of a Thought. They may ſucceed well enough in expounding Grammarians, who applied themſelves to the ſame Study, and whoſe Genius was the ſame: But they can never hit that of a polite, well-bred Man among the Ancients, becauſe theirs is diametrically oppoſite to it. In Hiſtory, they neither mind Men, nor Affairs: They lay the whole Streſs on Chronology; and for the Date of a Conſul's Death, will neglect the Knowledge of his Character, and of the Tranſactions during his Conſulſhip. *Tully*, with them, will never be any more than a Declaimer of *Orations*; or *Cæſar* than a Writer of *COMMENTARIES*: The *Conſul* and the *General* eſcape their Notice; the Spirit that

* Waller *was generally admir'd for the Delicacy of his Genius. There's ſomething ſo Polite, even in his Poems, that no* Engliſh *Author can reach it.*

that animates their Works is unperceiv'd; and the principal Matters they treat of, unknown.

I own I value infinitely a *Criticiſm on the Senſe*, if the Expreſſion may be allow'd. Such is the excellent Work of *Machiavel* upon the DECADES of *Livy*; and ſuch wou'd be the Reflections of Monſieur *de Roban* upon *Ceſar*'s COMMENTARIES, had he penetrated deeper into his Deſigns, and expos'd to a clearer Light the ſecret Springs of his Conduct. I muſt own nevertheleſs, that he has equal'd the Penetration of *Machiavel* in his Remarks upon the Clemency of *Cæſar* in the Civil Wars. But we may ſee, that his own Experience of ſuch Wars, furniſh'd him with abundance of Hints for thoſe judicious Obſervations.

Next to the Study of Polite Learning (for which I have a more particular Affection) I love the Science of thoſe great *Lawyers* and *Civilians*, who might themſelves be Legiſlators; who re-aſcend to that Original Juſtice that ſettled Humane Society; that know what Liberty Nature allows in eſtabliſh'd Governments; and how far the natural Liberty of private Perſons is reſtrain'd for the Publick Good, by neceſſary Politicks. Theſe Inſtructions might be found in the Converſation of Mr. * *Sluſe*, with as much Pleaſure as Profit. From *Hobbs*, that great Genius of *England*, we might alſo receive theſe noble Lights; tho' with leſs Exactneſs, becauſe he carries ſome things too far, and is altogether upon Extreams in others.

Were *Grotius* yet alive, all things might be learn'd of that Univerſal Scholar, who is yet more valuable for his Reaſonings than for his Learning.

Now

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* *A Canon of St.* Lambert *at* Liege; *and Brother to Mr.* Sluſe, *Secretary of the Briefs to the Pope, and afterwards a Cardinal.*

Now he is dead, his Writings reſolve the moſt important Difficulties; and were Juſtice only regarded, they might be a ſtanding Rule to all Nations in Points of War and Peace. His Book, *De Jure Belli & Pacis*, ought to be the chief Study of Sovereign Princes, their Miniſters, and generally of all ſuch as have any Share in the Government of the People.

Nay, even the Knowledge of that Law which deſcends to the Affairs of private Men, ought not to be ſlighted. But this is left to the Care of the Gentlemen of the *Gown*, and denied to Princes as a thing below them; tho' every Moment of their Reign, they give Decrees, or iſſue out Warrants that extend to the Fortunes, Liberties, and Lives of their Subjects. They are only entertain'd with Harangues about Valour, which is only an Inſtrument of Deſtruction; and Diſcourſes of Liberality, which is but a more regular Method of ſquandering, unleſs they be bounded by Juſtice. 'Tis true, the Doctrine of every Virtue, ought to be ſuited to the Neceſſities of every one's Temper: To infuſe Liberality into the Covetous, to excite the Unactive with the Thirſt of Glory; and curb, as much as is poſſible, the Ambitious with the Reins of Juſtice. But amongſt all the Diverſity of Tempers, Juſtice is ſtill moſt requiſite; for it keeps up Order as well in him that does it, as in them to whom it is done. Nor is this a Conſtraint that limits the Power of a Prince; for in doing it to others, he learns to do it to himſelf; and ſo it is in him a voluntary Act, tho' we neceſſarily receive it from his Power.

I read not an Hiſtory of any Prince better educated, than *Cyrus* the Great. They were not contented exactly to inform him what Juſtice was in all Reſpects, but they made him put their Inſtructions

ſtructions in Practice, as often as Occaſion offer'd ſo that they did, at the ſame time, imprint th Notions of Juſtice on his Mind, and eſtabliſh a Habit of being juſt in his Soul.

The Education of *Alexander* was of ſomewh too large an Extent: He was taught the Know ledge of every thing in Nature, but himſelf. Hi Ambition went afterwards as far as his Learning; and having endeavour'd to know all, he grew de ſirous to conquer all. But he had little or no Method in his Conqueſts, and abundance of Irregularity in his Life; for want of knowing what he ow'd to the Publick, to private Men, and to himſelf.

No Men whatſoever can take too effectual a Care to be juſt, for they have naturally too ſtrong a Biaſs the contrary way. Juſtice is the Foundation and the Fence of all Society; without it we ſhould ſtill be Savages and Vagabonds; and our Impetuoſity would ſoon reduce us to our Primitive Confuſion, out of which we are happily extricated. Yet inſtead of chearfully acknowledging the Benefit, we find ſome Reluctance in ſubmitting to that happy Subjection it keeps us in, and ſtill long after that fatal Liberty which would prove the Unhappineſs of our Lives.

When the Scripture tells us that the Juſt are few, it means not, in my Opinion, that no Men are inclin'd to good Works: But it ſeems to intimate, how little they are inclin'd to act as they ſhould, out of a Principle of Juſtice. And indeed, were Men's good Actions exami they would moſt of 'em be found to have the ſource from the Conſideration of ſome other Good Nature, Friendſhip and Benevol Springs from whence they our Neighbours Wants; Generoſity obliges: Juſ

in all, is laid aſide as burthenſome; and Neceſſity alone gives it a Share in our Actions. Nature endeavours to find a kind of Self-Complacency in thoſe firſt Virtues, where we act upon pleaſing Motives: But in this ſhe finds a ſecret Violence, where another's Right extorts from us what we owe, and we rather acquit our ſelves of our own Obligations, than lay any upon them by our Beneficence.

It is a ſecret Averſion to Juſtice that makes us fonder of Giving than Returning, of Obliging than Acknowledging. Thus we ſee the moſt Liberal, Generous Men, are not uſually the moſt Juſt. Juſtice includes a Regularity that lays a Conſtraint upon 'em, as being founded on a conſtant Method of Reaſon, and oppoſite to thoſe natural Impulſes, which are the Hinges upon which Liberality almoſt always moves.

There is, I know not what Heroical in great Liberality, as well as in great Valour; and there is a great Analogy between thoſe two Virtues; the one raiſing the Soul above the Conſideration of Wealth, and the other puſhing on Courage beyond a Concern for Life. But with all theſe gay and generous Motives, without good Conduct, the one becomes ruinous, and the other fatal.

Thoſe whom croſs Accidents of Fortune have undone, are pitied by all the World, becauſe it is a Misfortune attending the Condition of Humanity, to which every Body is liable: Thoſe that are reduc'd to Miſery by vain Profuſion, raiſe more Contempt than Commiſeration; becauſe it is the Effect of a private Folly, from which every [illegible] Conceit to think himſelf free. always ſuffers a little by her ſelf of an uneaſie le Folly of the Prodigal,

digal, inſtead of reſting upon the Proſpect of the Beggar. All things conſider'd, it is enough for private Men to be beneficent; nor ought this to be thought a Facility of Nature, that lazily parts with what it has not Strength to keep. I deſpiſe the Weakneſs which is prepoſterouſly call'd *Liberality*; and hate no leſs the Vanity of thoſe that never do a Kindneſs but for the Pleaſure of boaſting of it.

Of INGRATITUDE.

THere are not ſo many ungrateful Men as 'tis generally thought; becauſe there are not ſo many generous Men as we imagine. He that in Silence ſuppreſſes a Favour receiv'd, is an unthankful Fellow, that deſerv'd it not. But he that proclaims one that he has done, turns it to an Injury, ſhewing to your Diſgrace the Neceſſity you had of him, and the Relief he has given you through Oſtentation. I would have a Man of Honour ſomewhat ſhy of receiving Obligations, and ſenſible of 'em when receiv'd: I would have him that obliges, ſatisfied with the Generoſity of the Action, and not think of any Acknowledgment from the Party oblig'd. When a Return is expected, it is no longer Liberality; it is a ſort of Trade, which the Spirit of Intereſt would introduce into Favours.

'Tis true, there are ſome Perſons whom Nature has made ungrateful: Ingratitude is the main Ingredient in their Compoſition; with that their Heart, their Soul, and every Part is ſeaſon'd: They make no Returns to Love, not becauſe they are hard and inſenſible, but becauſe they are ungrateful.

This

This *Ingratitude*, which is rooted in one's *Heart* or *Conſtitution*, is, of all the Kinds of it, the moſt oppoſite to Humanity: For generous Perſons may ſometimes ſhake off the Remembrance of a Benefit, to eaſe themſelves of the Trouble that ſome Obligations are apt to give. But Friendſhip knits, not fetters us together; and without ſome extraordinary Violence to Nature, it is impoſſible to reſiſt its tender engaging Charms.

I am inclin'd to believe that Women ought not to reſiſt ſo generous a Sentiment, whatever Pretence may be ſuggeſted, from a Regard for Virtue. And indeed, they think themſelves virtuous, and are only ungrateful, when they refuſe their Affection to paſſionate Lovers, who ſacrifice every thing for 'em. To be too kind, would be a Treſpaſs on the Rights of Honour; not to be ſenſible enough, is to croſs the Nature of their Hearts, which they ought to keep free from Perturbation, if poſſible, but not from a Tender Impreſſion.

The *Ingratitude of the Soul is* a natural Propenſity, not to acknowledge a Service, without a Regard to Intereſt. Avarice may ſometimes ſuppreſs an Acknowledgment, to avoid the Expence of a Return; but pure Ingratitude is, without farther Deſign in it ſelf, averſe to all Requitals.

There is another ſort of Ingratitude, founded on a Conceit of our own Worth, when Self-Love repreſents a Favour beſtow'd upon us, as a Piece of Juſtice done to us.

The Love of Liberty has likewiſe its Ingratitude, as well as Self-Love. The only Subjection it allows, is to the Laws; but out of Abhorrence of a Dependance, it hates the Memory of Obligations that ſhew a Superiority in the Benefactor. This makes *Republicans ungrateful*. They think

that a Diminution of their Liberty, which is allow'd to Gratitude. Thus *Brutus* thought it meritorious to ſacrifice his Obligations to Liberty. All the Kindneſſes heap'd on him were converted to Injuries; when he began to look upon 'em as Fetters. To ſum up all, he cou'd kill a Benefactor, that was like to become a Maſter. An abominable Villany amongſt the Partiſans of Gratitude! An admirable Virtue with the Sticklers of Liberty!

As there are Men purely ungrateful, out of a meer Senſe of Ingratitude, ſo there are ſome meerly thankful, out of a pure Senſe of Thankfulneſs. Their Hearts are ſenſible not only of good Turns, but even of good Will too; and have of themſelves a Propenſity to acknowledge all manner of Obligations.

According to the great Diverſity which is found both in Gratitude and Ingratitude, there are ſome poor Spirits that think themſelves oblig'd by every thing, as well as vain Humours, that think themſelves oblig'd by nothing.

If Self-conceit has its proud Ingrates, Diſtruſt of Merit has its weak Thankful ones, that take common Juſtice for a particular Obligation.

This Diffidence produces an *Inclination to Subjection*, and the latter is the diſtinguiſhing Character of this kind of thankful Men. As they are incumber'd with Liberty, and aſham'd of Servitude, they raiſe up chimerical Obligations, to give an honourable Colour to their Dependence.

I will not reckon among the Grateful, thoſe poor Wretches that think themſelves oblig'd, for not being hurt. They are not only Slaves, but Slaves that have not even the Courage to [illegible] well. To theſe Wretches, all Treatm[illegible] gorous is favourable, and [illegible] an Inj r y, they think

I have but one Word more to ſay about a certain Gratitude of Courtiers, which has not ſo much Reſpect to the Paſt, as Deſign upon the Future. They acknowledge Obligations to thoſe whom Fortune has plac'd in any Poſt to oblige 'em; and by an affected Gratitude for Favours never done, inſinuate themſelves into thoſe, in whoſe Power it is to do 'em, and induſtriouſly put themſelves in the way of 'em. This artificial Acknowledgment, as 'tis undoubtedly no Virtue, ſo neither is it a Vice, but rather a Dexterity, which it is lawful for a Man either to make uſe of, or guard himſelf againſt.

The Great ones in Requital, have a Trick as artificial to excuſe themſelves from doing Kindneſſes, as the Courtiers can have to engage 'em to it. They reproach Men with Services never done, and complain of Ingratitude, tho' they have hardly ever obliged any one, to draw from hence a ſpecious Pretence to oblige no Body.

But let us diſmiſs this affected Gratitude, and theſe myſterious Complaints of Ingratitude; and let us ſee what is to be wiſh'd for in the Pretences to, and the Diſtribution of Benefits. I cou'd wiſh in thoſe that claim them more Merit than Addreſs, and in the Diſpoſers more Generoſity than Oſtentation.

Juſtice reſpects every thing in the Diſtribution of Favours; it regulates the Liberality of the Giver, and weighs the Merit of the Receiver. Generoſity thus circumſtantiated is an admirable Virtue: otherwiſe, it is the Motion of a Soul truly noble, but ill-govern'd; or a wild vain-glorious Humour, that thinks Reaſon a Clog to it.

There are ſo many things to be conſider'd in Diſtribution of Benefits, that the ſafeſt way is obſerve ſtrict Juſtice, and conſult Reaſon th as to thoſe we make the Objects of

'em, and about what we are able to give. But even among thoſe that intend ſtrict Juſtice, how many are miſ-guided by the Error of their Temper, either in rewarding or puniſhing? When we give way to Inſinuation, and yield to Complaiſance, Self-Love repreſents to us as Juſtice, a Laviſhneſs to them that flatter us; and we reward 'em for the Artifice they uſe, to deceive our Judgments, and impoſe upon the Imbecillity of our Wills.

They deceive themſelves yet more eaſily, who miſtake a moroſe ſevere Temper for an Inclination to Juſtice. The Itch of puniſhing is ingenious in 'em to ſet an ill Gloſs upon every thing. Pleaſure, with them is Vice, and Error a Crime. A Man muſt diveſt himſelf of Humanity to eſcape their Rigour. Miſled by a falſe Notion of Virtue, they think they chaſtiſe Criminals, while they delight in tormenting the Miſerable.

If Juſtice appoints a great Puniſhment, (which is ſometimes neceſſary) it is proportion'd to ſome great Crime; but is never harſh or rigorous. Severity and Rigour are no part of it, but ſpring from the Humours of thoſe Perſons that think they practiſe it. As theſe ſorts of Puniſhments flow from Juſtice without Rigour, ſo likewiſe does Pardon in ſome Caſes, rather than from Clemency. To pardon Faults of Error, is but Juſtice to the Failings of our Nature. The Indulgence we ſhew to Women that have Intrigues, is likewiſe rather a Juſtice to their Weakneſs, than a Pardon of their Sin.

Of RELIGION.

I Might deſcend to ſeveral other Particulars relating to Juſtice; but it is now high time to proceed to Religion, which ought to be our principal care. None but Mad-men can depend upon a Life that muſt certainly have an End, and which may end every Hour.

Meer Curioſity will make us inquiſitive to know what ſhall become of us after Death. We are too dear to our Selves to conſent to the irrecoverable Loſs of our Souls. Self-Love ſecretly oppoſes the Notion of Annihilation. We are deſirous to exiſt always, and the Mind, which is concern'd in its own Preſervation, improves this Deſire, by affording ſome Light into a thing of it ſelf ſo obſcure. On the other hand, the Body finding by certain Experience that it muſt die, and being unwilling to die alone, furniſhes Reaſons to involve the Soul in one common Ruin; whilſt the Soul frames one to believe, it may ſubſiſt for ever. I have Searched for all the Light I could both from the Ancients and Moderns to aſſiſt my Reflections in diving into ſo abſtruſe a Myſtery: I have read all that has been Written on the Immortality of the Soul, and after I have done ſo with all poſſible Attention, the cleareſt Proof that I find of the Eternity of my Soul, is my own conſtant Deſire that it may be ſo.

I wiſh I had never read *Monſieur Deſcartes's Meditations*: The great Reputation of that excellent Man among us, would have given me ſome implicit Belief of the Demonſtration he promiſes us; But there appeared to me more Vanity in the Aſſurance he gives us, than Solidity in his Arguments; and how deſirous ſoever I was to be con-

vinc'd by his Reasons, all that I can do in his favour or my own, is to remain in the Uncertainty I was in before.

I leave the Study of *Metaphysicks* to make an Enquiry into Religions, and tracing it up to that Antiquity of which I am so fond, I find among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, nothing but a Superstitious Idolatrous Worship, or Politick Humane Contrivances, establish'd for the Government of Men. It was not difficult for me to see the Advantages of the Christian Religion over all the rest; and submitting my self the best I can, with Reverence to the Belief of its Mysteries, I leave my Reason to taste with Pleasure the Purest, and most perfect Morality in the World.

Amidst the Diversity of Beliefs that divide Christianity, the true *Catholick* engages me as well by my own free Election, were I yet to chuse, as by the habitual Impression it has long since made upon me.

But this Adherence to my own, does not Animate me against other Peoples Belief; and I never entertain'd that indiscreet Zeal which inspires a Hatred for some Persons, because they do not agree with us in Opinion. This False Zeal is the Result of Self-love, and a secret Deceit represents to us an Excess of Complacency in our own Sentiments, under the Form of Charity towards our Neighbours.

What we now call RELIGIONS, is indeed but a *Difference in Religion*, and not *a Different Religion*. I rejoyce that my Faith is more sound than a *Protestant*'s: yet instead of Hating him for this Difference of *Opin*[illegible] I Love him [illegible] he agrees with me in th[illegible] [illegible] length to agree in [illegible] [illegible] municate in some [illegible] can never be in[illegible]

from Division be suppress'd. Men may seek one another as Sociable, but they never re-unite with their Enemies.

Dissimulation and Hypocrisy in Religion, are the only Things that ought to be Odious: For whoever believes *bona fide*, altho' his Belief should be wrong, deserves Pity, and not Persecution. *Blindness* in the Body bespeaks our *Compassion*; why then should that of the Mind excite our *Hatred*? Under the severest Tyranny of former Ages, the Understanding was allow'd its full Liberty; But now a-Days there are Notions among Christians, wherein the Perswasion of what one cannot believe is impos'd as a Law! In my Opinion, every Body ought to be Free in his Belief, provided it does not tend to raise Factions that may endanger the publick Tranquility. Churches do of Right belong to Sovereigns; according to whose Will and Pleasure they are either open'd or shut up; But our own Hearts are a private Church, wherein we are allow'd to worship * their Master.

Besides, the Difference of Doctrine in some Points peculiar te every Sect, I observe, as it were, a sort of particular Spirit that distinguishes them. The Catholick tends particularly to the Love of God, and Good Works. We look upon this first Being as an Object sovereignly amiable, and tender Souls are touch'd with the sweet and agreeable Impressions it makes on 'em. Good Works follow necessarily from this Principle; for

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* *The Emperor* Constantius Chlorus, *tho' a Pagan, was con-* [illegible] *down the Churches of the Christians, and would* [illegible] *lence against them*, CONSTANTIUS, [illegible] n Præceptis videretur, Conventicula, [illegible] tui poterant, dirui passus est; verum [illegible] d est in Hominibus, incolume serva- [illegible] *rs.* §. 15.

Love once receiv'd within, actuates us without, and puts us upon endeavouring all we can to pleaſe him we love. All we have to fear in this caſe is, leſt the Source of this Love, the Heart, ſhould be corrupted by the mixture of any Paſſion altogether Humane. It is likewiſe to be feared, that inſtead of obeying the Ordinance of God, we ſhould frame Methods of ſerving him according to our own Fancies. But if this Love be real and pure, nothing in the World yields ſuch true Sweetneſs and Satisfaction. The inward Joy of devout Souls, riſes from a ſecret Aſſurance they have of being agreeable to God; and the true Mortifications, and holy Auſterities are nothing elſe but affectionate Sacrifices of themſelves.

The *Reformed Religion* diveſts Men of all confidence in *their own* Merit. The Opinion of *Predeſtination*, which they begin to be diſguſted with, but dare not forego, leſt they ſhould be thought to recant, leaves the Mind languid, unmov'd, without Affection, under pretence of waiting with ſubmiſſion for the Will of Heaven. They are Content barely to obey, and ſeek not to pleaſe; and in a ſet common Worſhip, make God the Object rather of their Regularity than their Love.

To preſerve Religion in its *Purity*, the *Calviniſts* endeavour to reform every Thing that appears Human; but ſometimes to debar Man of what is Human, they retrench too much of what is addreſs'd to God. Their diſlike of our Ceremonies, makes 'em induſtrious to refine upon us: Yet when they have attain'd to this dry naked Purity, they find not in themſelves a ſufficient ſtock of Devotion; and thoſe that are Pious amongſt 'em excite in themſelves a particular Spirit, which they think Supernatural; ſo much are they diſguſted with a Regularity which to them ſeems too common.

There

There are in matters of Worſhip two ſorts of Humours. The one wou'd be always adding to, and the other always retrenching what is Eſtabliſhed. In the firſt, there is a Hazard of giving too much Out-ſide to Religion, and covering it with ſo many Exteriors, that the real Ground of it cannot be ſeen through 'em. In the other, the Danger is, leſt after having retrench'd all that appears ſuperfluous, Religion it ſelf ſhould be cut off. The Catholick might, indeed, ſpare ſome Ceremonies; yet that hinders not, but that Men of Underſtanding may ſee well enough through 'em.

The Reform'd uſe too little, and their ordinary Worſhip is not ſufficiently diſtinguiſh'd from the common Functions of Life. In Places where it is not tolerated, the Difficulty prevents their Diſguſt, and the Diſpute raiſes a Warmth that animates them. Where it rules, it produces only an exact Compliance with Duty, ſuch as either the Civil Government, or any other Obligation might do.

As for Good Works among the Reformed, they are only the Effects of their Faith, and the Reſult of their Belief. We are agreed on both ſides, that every Chriſtian is bound to Believe, and Live aright, but our ways of expreſſing it differ: They ſay, that *Good Works without Faith are but Dead Works*; and we, that *Faith without Good Works is but Dead Faith.*

The Miniſter *Morus* was wont to ſay amongſt his Friends, 'That his Church had ſomething 'too hard in its Tenets; and he adviſed People 'never to read St. PAUL's EPISTLES, 'without ending with that of St. *James*: For fear, 'ſaid he, leſt St. *Paul*'s Heat againſt the Merit of '*Good-Works*, ſhould inſenſibly make us ſomewhat 'remiſs in the Practice of 'em.

It

good Underſtanding in *Doctrine*. Let us but join in *Good Works*, and we ſhall not long be of ſeparate *Faiths*.

I conclude from this ſhort Diſcourſe, that it is an ill Method of converting Men, to attack 'em by affronting their Judgments. A Man * defends his Notions either as true, or as his own; and however it be, he raiſes a hundred Objections againſt the Perſon that wou'd convince him.

Nature has given to every one his proper Senſe, and ſeems to have engag'd him to it by a ſecret fond Indulgence; he can ſubmit to the Will of another, tho' he be free; he can own himſelf inferiour in Courage and Virtue; but he is aſham'd to confeſs a Submiſſion to another Man's Senſe. And his moſt natural Reluctance is to acknowledge a Superiority of Reaſon in any one whomſoever.

As our chief Advantage is to be born reaſonable, *ſo* our greateſt Jealouſie is to find that others pretend to be ſo, more than our ſelves. If we conſult the Converſions of ancient Times, we ſhall find that the Souls were mov'd, but the Underſtandings very little convinc'd. The firſt Diſpoſition to receive the Truths of *Chriſtianity* is form'd in the Heart. In Things purely natural, 'tis the Mind's Part to conceive, and its Knowledge goes before the Affection for the Objects: But in Things ſupernatural, the Soul is taken, is affected, it adheres, and unites it ſelf, without comprehending 'em.

[illegible] better prepar'd our Hearts for the [illegible] D's Grace, than our Under- His Immenſity con- founds

by Means of which we may inspire ea
the ſame Movements: For in Diſputes
ligion the Mind in vain ſtrains it ſelf to
us ſee, what we ſee not: But in a ſwe
pious Familarity, it is eaſie for the Soul to
Sentiments.

To conſider well the Chriſtian Religion,
make one think, that God had depriv'd it
Light of our Minds, that it might turn
upon the Motions of our Hearts. *To love*
our Neighbour includes all, ſays St. *Paul*.
what is this, but to require a Diſpoſition of
as well towards God as Man? It is propo
oblige us to do out of a Principle of Love
the Civil Government enjoins by rigorous
and Morality preſcribes by a ſevere Or
Reaſon.

Charity makes us relieve and ſuccour,
Juſtice forbids us to do Wrong. The latt
Difficulty hinders Oppoſition; the other
Pleaſure procures Relief.

Thoſe who have the true Sentiments th
Religion inſpires, can't be unfaithful to

ſparing them Diſguſts and Repentance. More ſkilful than voluptuous Philoſophy in the Science of Pleaſures; and wiſer than ſevere Philoſophy in Point of Morality, it refines our Taſte to Delicacy, and our Sentiments to Innocence.

Look upon Man in a civil Society, if Juſtice be neceſſary, yet 'tis a Reſtraint to him. In the pure State of Nature, his Liberty will have ſomething of Barbarity in it; and if he govern himſelf by Morality, his Reaſon is auſtere. All other Religions ſtir up in the Mind tempeſtuous Thoughts, and troubleſome Paſſions. They raiſe againſt Nature ſuperſtitious Fears, or a furious Zeal: Sometimes to the ſacrificing our Children, like *Agamemnon*; at other times to the Devoting our ſelves, like *Decius*. Only the Chriſtian Religion compoſes all our Inquietudes; ſoftens all our Fierceneſs; ſets all our tender Movements a-going, not only for our Friends and Neighbours, but for the Indifferent, and even for our Enemies.

This is the End of the Chriſtian Religion, and this was once the Practice of it. If it be otherwiſe now, it is becauſe we have let it loſe its Influence on our Hearts, and given way to the Encroachments of our Imaginations upon it. Hence ſprings the Diviſion of our Minds about *Faith*, inſtead of the Union of our Wills in *Good Works*; inſomuch, that what ought to be a Band of Charity betwixt Men, is now become the Subject of their Quarrels, Jealouſies and ill Nature.

From this Diverſity of Opinions has ariſen that of Parties, and the Adherence to Parties, has caus'd Perſecutions and Wars. Many Thouſands have died in diſputing about the *Manner* of Receiving, what, 'twas agreed on all Hands,

we

we do receive in the Sacrament. 'Tis a Miſch
that ſtill continues, and will laſt till Relig
quits the *Curioſity* of our Minds for the *Ten*
neſs of our Hearts; and diſguſted with the food
Preſumption of our Enquiries, returns to the ſwe
Motions of our *Love*.

The End of the Firſt Volume.